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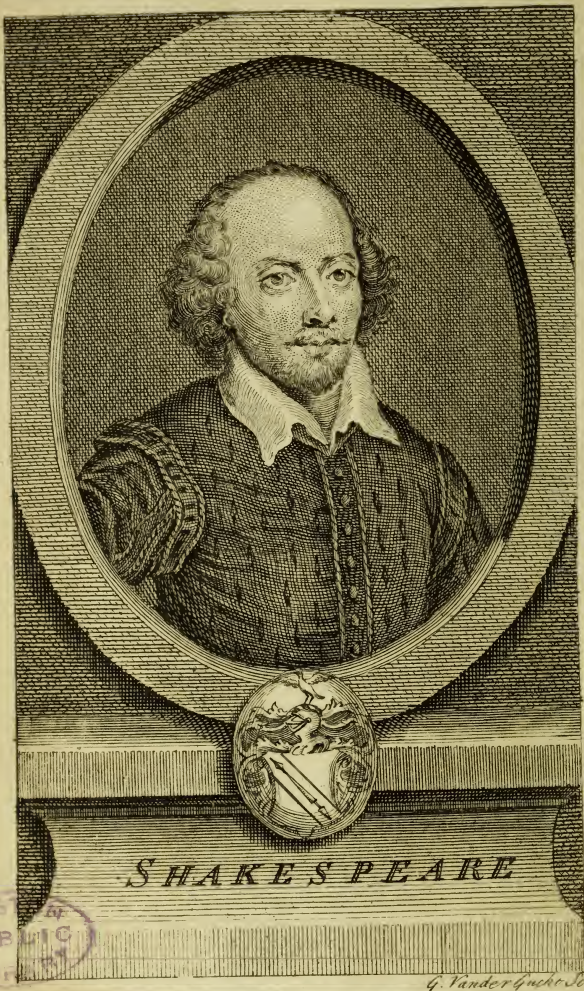
SHAKESPEARE
G. Vander Gucht Sc.

THE

WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE:

IN

EIGHT VOLUMES.

Collated with the Oldeſt Copies, and Corrected:
With NOTES, Explanatory, and Critical:

By Mr. *THEOBALD.*

The THIRD EDITION.

I, Decus, i, noſtrum: melioribus utere Fatis. Virg.

LONDON:

Printed for *J.* and *P. Knapton*, *S. Birt*, *T. Longman*, *H. Lintot*, *C. Hitch*, *J. Hodges*, *J. Brindley*, *J.* and *R. Tonſon* and *S. Draper*, *B. Dod*, and *C. Corbet*.

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Knapp
Feb. 5, 1920
I
8 vols.

VOLUME *the* FIRST,

CONTAINING,

The TEMPEST.
The MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.
The Two GENTLEMEN of VERONA.
MERRY WIVES of WINDSOR.
MEASURE for MEASURE.

TO

Her ROYAL HIGHNESS, the

PRINCESS of *WALES*.

MADAM,

AS I am conſcious, that no Compoſition of my own could be worthy to be laid at Your *Royal Highneſs*'s Feet; It is my Happineſs, as an Editor, to have this Opportunity of approaching You, by ſubmitting to Your Protection the beſt *Dramatic* Poet that theſe Kingdoms could ever boaſt of. He enjoy'd, whilſt living, the Favour of the Greateſt

Queen

Queen that has ſat on the *Engliſh* Throne; and therefore, I hope, is intitled to Your *Royal Highneſs*'s Smiles over his Urn.

Could I picture out his Character equal to its Merits, the World would ſoon diſcover a ſort of Parallel betwixt the Poet and his Patroneſs. His Excellencies were as great, as they were various; his Beauties ſtrong, and all native; the Frame of his Mind as ſweet and candid, as his Countenance was open and engaging; and his Sentiments as chaſt, as his Conceptions were noble: He knew how to charm without Affectation; and had the wondrous Force of preſerving all Hearts, that once felt the Influence of his Attractions.

After what I have ſaid, MADAM, I am afraid the Duty of this Addreſs

Addreſs ſhould be miſconſtrued a Panegyrick on Your *Royal Highneſs*. But I have profeſs'd myſelf unequal to the Task of drawing his Portraiture, and my humble Sphere in Life ſets me at too great a Diſtance to take even the Out-lines of Your Perfections. I would not therefore, where I cannot preſume to do Juſtice, be thought to deſcend to the unbecoming Art of Flattery. I muſt lanch out, indeed, a great way, to make myſelf liable to that Imputation, with regard to Your *Royal Highneſs*; but Dedications are generally ſuſpected of Over-ſtraining.

How far ſo ever, MADAM, my Vanity or my Ambition might miſlead me into that Tract, I'll oblige myſelf to govern Both by my Duty;

Duty; and turn all Attempts of Praiſe and Compliment into Veneration and pious Wiſhes. That You may long continue to bleſs the Eyes and Arms of the PRINCE, Your *Illuſtrious Conſort*; and that You may continue to bleſs the Nation with a numerous Succeſſion of Princes, to the future Glory and Security of our Eſtabliſhment, is my ardent Prayer; and in That I will center the only Merit, by which I would pretend to profeſs Myſelf,

MADAM,

Your ROYAL HIGHNESS's

moſt Dutiful and moſt Obedient

Humble Servant,

LEW. THEOBALD.

THE PREFACE.

THE Attempt to write upon SHAKESPEARE is like going into a large, a ſpacious, and a ſplendid Dome thro' the Conveyance of a narrow and obſcure Entry. A Glare of Light ſuddenly breaks upon you, beyond what the Avenue at firſt promis'd: and a thouſand Beauties of Genius and Character, like ſo many gaudy Apartments pouring at once upon the Eye, diffuſe and throw themſelves out to the Mind. The Proſpect is too wide to come within the Compaſs of a ſingle View: 'tis a gay Confuſion of pleaſing Objects, too various to be enjoyed but in a general Admiration; and they muſt be ſeparated, and ey'd diſtinctly, in order to give the proper Entertainment.

And as in great Piles of Building, ſome Parts are often finiſh'd up to hit the Taſte of the *Connoiſſeur*; others more negligently put together, to ſtrike

ſtrike the Fancy of a common and unlearned Beholder: Some Parts are made ſtupendiouſly magnificent and grand, to ſurpriſe with the vaſt Deſign and Execution of the Architect; others are contracted, to amuſe you with his Neatneſs and Elegance in little. So, in *Shakeſpeare*, we may find *Traits* that will ſtand the Teſt of the ſevereſt Judgment; and Strokes as careleſly hit off, to the Level of the more ordinary Capacities: Some Deſcriptions rais'd to that Pitch of Grandeur, as to aſtoniſh you with the Compaſs and Elevation of his Thought: and others copying Nature within ſo narrow, ſo confined a Circle, as if the Author's Talent lay only at drawing in Miniature.

In how many Points of Light muſt we be oblig'd to gaze at this great Poet! In how many Branches of Excellence to conſider, and admire him! Whether we view him on the Side of Art or Nature, he ought equally to engage our Attention: Whether we reſpect the Force and Greatneſs of his Genius, the Extent of his Knowledge and Reading, the Power and Addreſs with which he throws out and applies either Nature, or Learning, there is ample Scope both for our Wonder and Pleaſure. If his Diction, and the clothing of his Thoughts attract us, how much more muſt we be charm'd with the Richneſs, and Variety, of his Images and Ideas! If his Images and Ideas ſteal into our Souls, and ſtrike upon our Fancy, how much are they improv'd in Price, when we come

to

to reflect with what Propriety and Juſtneſs they are apply'd to Character! If we look into his Characters, and how they are furniſh'd and proportion'd to the Employment he cuts out for them, how are we taken up with the Maſtery of his Portraits! What Draughts of Nature! What Variety of Originals, and how differing each from the other! How are they dreſs'd from the Stores of his own luxurious Imagination; without being the Apes of Mode, or borrowing from any foreign Wardrobe! Each of them are the Standards of Faſhion for themſelves: like Gentlemen that are above the Direction of their Tailors, and can adorn themſelves without the Aid of Imitation. If other Poets draw more than one Fool or Coxcomb, there is the ſame Reſemblance in them, as in that Painter's Draughts, who was happy only at forming a Roſe: you find them all younger Brothers of the ſame Family, and all of them have a Pretence to give the ſame Creſt: But *Shakeſpeare*'s Clowns and Fops come all of a different Houſe: they are no farther allied to one another than as Man to Man, Members of the ſame Species: but as different in Features and Lineaments of Character, as we are from one another in Face, or Complexion. But I am unawares lanching into his Character as a Writer, before I have ſaid what I intended of him as a private Member of the Republick.

Mr. *Rowe* has very juſtly obſerv'd, that People are fond of diſcovering any little perſonal Story

of the Great Men of Antiquity: and that the common Accidents of their Lives naturally become the Subject of our critical Enquiries: That however trifling such a Curiosity at the first View may appear, yet, as for what relates to Men of Letters, the Knowledge of an Author may, perhaps, sometimes conduce to the better understanding his Works: And, indeed, this Author's Works, from the bad Treatment he has met with from Copyists and Editors, have so long wanted a Comment, that one would zealously embrace every Method of Information, that could contribute to recover them from the Injuries with which they have so long lain o'erwhelm'd.

'Tis certain, that if we have first admir'd the Man in his Writings, his Case is so circumstanc'd, that we must naturally admire the Writings in the Man: That if we go back to take a View of his Education, and the Employment in Life which Fortune had cut out for him, we shall retain the stronger Ideas of his extensive Genius.

His Father, we are told, was a considerable Dealer in Wool; but having no fewer than ten Children, of whom our *Shakespeare* was the eldest, the best Education he could afford him was no better than to qualify him for his own Business and Employment. I cannot affirm with any Certainty how long his Father liv'd; but I take him to be the same Mr. *John Shakespeare* who was living in the Year 1599, and who then, in Honour of his Son,

Son, took out an Extract of his Family-Arms from the Heralds Office; by which it appears, that he had been Officer and Bailiff of *Stratford* upon *Avon* in *Warwickſhire*; and that he enjoy'd ſome hereditary Lands and Tenements, the Reward of his Great Grandfather's faithful and approved Service to King *Henry* VII.

Be this as it will, our *Shakeſpeare*, it ſeems, was bred for ſome Time at a Free-School; the very Free-School, I preſume, founded at *Stratford*: where, we are told, he acquired what *Latin* he was Maſter of: but, that his Father being oblig'd, thro' Narrowneſs of Circumſtance, to withdraw him too ſoon from thence, he was thereby unhappily prevented from making any Proficiency in the Dead Languages: A Point, that will deſerve ſome little Diſcuſſion in the Sequel of this Diſſertation.

How long he continued in his Father's Way of Buſineſs, either as an Aſſiſtant to him, or on his own proper Account, no Notices are left to inform us: nor have I been able to learn preciſely at what Period of Life he quitted his native *Stratford*, and began his Acquaintance with *London*, and the *Stage*.

In order to ſettle in the World after a Family-manner, he thought fit, Mr. *Rowe* acquaints us, to marry while he was yet very young. It is certain, he did ſo: for by the Monument, in *Stratford* Church, erected to the Memory of his Daugh-

ter *Susanna*, the Wife of *John Hall*, Gentleman, it appears, that she died on the 2d Day of *July*, in the Year 1649, aged 66. So that she was born in 1583, when her Father could not be full 19 Years old; who was himself born in the Year 1564. Nor was she his eldest Child, for he had another Daughter, *Judith*, who was born before her, and who was married to one Mr. *Thomas Quiney*. So that *Shakespeare* must have entred into Wedlock, by that time he was turn'd of seventeen Years.

Whether the Force of Inclination merely, or some concurring Circumstances of Convenience in the Match, prompted him to marry so early, is not easy to be determin'd at this Distance: but 'tis probable, a View of Interest might partly sway his Conduct in this Point: for he married the Daughter of one *Hathaway*, a substantial Yeoman in his Neighbourhood, and she had the Start of him in Age no less than 8 Years. She surviv'd him, notwithstanding, seven Seasons, and dy'd that very Year in which the *Players* publish'd the first Edition of his Works in *Folio*, Anno Dom. 1623, at the Age of 67 Years, as we likewise learn from her Monument in *Stratford*-Church.

How long he continued in this kind of Settlement, upon his own Native Spot, is not more easily to be determin'd. But if the Tradition be true, of that Extravagance which forc'd him both to quit his Country and Way of Living; to wit, his being engag'd, with a Knot of young Deer-stealers,

ers, to rob the Park of Sir *Thomas Lucy* of *Cherle-cot* near *Stratford:* the Enterprise favours so much of Youth and Levity, we may reasonably suppose it was before he could write full Man. Besides, considering he has left us six and thirty Plays, at least, avow'd to be genuine; and considering too, that he had retir'd from the Stage, to spend the latter Part of his Days at his own Native *Stratford*; the Interval of Time, necessarily required for the finishing so many Dramatic Pieces, obliges us to suppose he threw himself very early upon the Play-house. And as he could, probably, contract no Acquaintance with the Drama, while he was driving on the Affair of Wool at home; some Time must be lost, even after he had commenc'd Player, before he could attain Knowledge enough in the Science to qualify himself for turning Author.

It has been observ'd by Mr. *Rowe*, that, amongst other Extravagancies which our Author has given to his Sir *John Falstaffe*, in the *Merry Wives* of *Windsor*, he has made him a Deer-stealer; and that he might at the same time remember his *Warwickshire* Prosecutor, under the Name of *Justice Shallow*, he has given him very near the same Coat of Arms, which *Dugdale*, in his Antiquities of that County, describes for a Family there. There are two Coats, I observe, in *Dugdale*, where three Silver Fishes are borne in the Name of *Lucy*; and another Coat, to the Monument of *Thomas Lucy*,

Son of Sir *Willam Lucy*, in which are quarter'd in four ſeveral Diviſions, twelve little Fiſhes, three in each Diviſion, probably *Luces*. This very Coat, indeed, ſeems alluded to in *Shallow*'s giving the *dozen* White *Luces*, and in *Slender* ſaying, *he may quarter*. When I conſider the exceeding Candour and Good-nature of our Author, (which inclin'd all the gentler Part of the World to love him; as the Power of his Wit obliged the Men of the moſt delicate Knowledge and polite Learning to admire him;) and that he ſhould throw this humorous Piece of Satire at his Proſecutor, at leaſt twenty Years after the Provocation given; I am confidently perſuaded it muſt be owing to an unforgiving Rancour on the Proſecutor's Side: and if This was the Caſe, it were Pity but the Diſgrace of ſuch an Inveteracy ſhould remain as a laſting Reproach, and *Shallow* ſtand as a Mark of Ridicule to ſtigmatize his Malice.

It is ſaid, our Author ſpent ſome Years before his Death, in Eaſe, Retirement, and the Converſation of his Friends, at his Native *Stratford*. I could never pick up any certain Intelligence, when He relinquiſh'd the Stage. I know, it has been miſtakenly thought by ſome, that *Spenſer*'s *Thalia*, in his *Tears of his Muſes*, where ſhe laments the Loſs of her *Willy* in the Comic Scene, has been apply'd to our Author's quitting the Stage. But *Spenſer* himſelf, 'tis well known, quitted the Stage of Life in the Year 1598: and, five Years after this,

this, we find *Shakespeare*'s Name among the Actors in *Ben Jonson*'s *Sejanus*, which first made its Appearance in the Year 1603. Nor, surely, could he then have any Thoughts of retiring, since, that very Year, a Licence under the Privy-Seal was granted by K. *James* I. to him and *Fletcher*, *Burbage*, *Phillippes*, *Hemings*, *Condel*, &c. authorizing them to exercise the Art of playing Comedies, Tragedies, &c. as well at their usual House call'd the *Globe* on the other Side of the Water, as in any other Parts of the Kingdom, during his Majesty's Pleasure: (A Copy of which Licence is preserv'd in *Rymer*'s *Fœdera*.) Again, 'tis certain, that *Shakespeare* did not exhibit his *Macbeth*, till after the Union was brought about, and till after K. *James* I. had begun to touch for the *Evil:* for 'tis plain, he has inserted Compliments, on both those Accounts, upon his Royal Master in that Tragedy. Nor, indeed, could the Number of the Dramatic Pieces, he produced, admit of his retiring near so early as that Period. So that what *Spenser* there says, if it relate at all to *Shakespeare*, must hint at some occasional Recess he made for a time upon a Disgust taken: or the *Willy*, there mention'd, must relate to some other favourite Poet. I believe, we may safely determine that he had not quitted in the Year 1610. For in his *Tempest*, our Author makes mention of the *Bermuda* Islands, which were unknown to the *English*, till, in 1609, Sir *John Sum-*

mers made a Voyage to *North-America*, and diſcover'd them: and afterwards invited ſome of his Countrymen to ſettle a Plantation there. That he became the private Gentleman, at leaſt three Years before his Deceaſe, is pretty obvious from another Circumſtance: I mean, from that remarkable and well-known Story, which Mr. *Rowe* has given us of our Author's Intimacy with Mr. *John Combe*, an old Gentleman noted thereabouts for his Wealth and Uſury: and upon whom *Shakeſpeare* made the following facetious Epitaph.

Ten in the hundred lies here ingrav'd,
'Tis a hundred to ten his Soul is not ſav'd;
If any Man ask who lies in this Tomb,
Oh! oh! quoth the Devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe.

This ſarcaſtical Piece of Wit was, at the Gentleman's own Requeſt, thrown out extemporally in his Company. And this Mr. *John Combe* I take to be the ſame, who, by *Dugdale* in his Antiquities of *Warwickſhire*, is ſaid to have dy'd in the Year 1614, and for whom at the upper end of the Quire, of the Guild of the Holy Croſs at *Stratford*, a fair Monument is erected, having a Statue thereon cut in Alabaſter, and in a Gown, with this Epitaph. " Here lyeth enterr'd the Body of " *John Combe* Eſq; who dy'd the 10th of *July*, " 1614, who bequeathed ſeveral Annual Charities " to the Pariſh of *Stratford*, and 100 *l.* to be lent " to fifteen poor Tradeſmen from three years to

" three

" three years, changing the Parties every third " Year, at the Rate of fifty Shillings *per Annum*, " the Increaſe to be diſtributed to the Almes-poor " there."——The Donation has all the Air of a rich and ſagacious Uſurer.

Shakeſpeare himſelf did not ſurvive Mr. *Combe* long, for he dy'd in the Year 1616, the 53d of his Age. He lies buried on the North Side of the Chancel in the great Church at *Stratford*; where a Monument, decent enough for the Time, is erected to him, and plac'd againſt the Wall. He is repreſented under an Arch in a ſitting Poſture, a Cuſhion ſpread before him, with a Pen in his Right Hand, and his Left reſted on a Scrowl of Paper. The *Latin* Diſtich, which is placed under the Cuſhion, has been given us by Mr. *Pope*, or his Graver, in this Manner.

IN GENIO Pylium, *Genio* Socratem, *Arte* Maronem,
Terra tegit, Populus mœret, Olympus habet.

I confeſs, I don't conceive the Difference betwixt *Ingeniô* and *Geniô* in the firſt Verſe. They ſeem to me intirely ſynonymous Terms; nor was the *Pylian* Sage *Neſtor* celebrated for his Ingenuity, but for an Experience and Judgment owing to his long Age. *Dugdale*, in his Antiquities of *Warwickſhire*, has copied this Diſtich with a Diſtinction which Mr. *Rowe* has follow'd, and which certainly reſtores us the true Meaning of the Epitaph.

JUDICIO Pylium, Genio *Socratem*, &c.

In 1614, the greater part of the Town of *Stratford* was consumed by Fire; but our *Shakespeare*'s House, among some others, escap'd the Flames. This House was first built by Sir *Hugh Clopton*, a younger Brother of an ancient Family in that Neighbourhood, who took their Name from the Manor of *Clopton*. Sir *Hugh* was Sheriff of *London* in the Reign of *Richard* III. and Lord Mayor in the Reign of King *Henry* VII. To this Gentleman the Town of *Stratford* is indebted for the fine Stone-bridge, consisting of fourteen Arches, which at an extraordinary Expence he built over the *Avon*, together with a Cause-way running at the West-end thereof; as also for rebuilding the Chapel adjoining to his House, and the Cross-Isle in the Church there. It is remarkable of him, that, tho' he liv'd and dy'd a Batchelor, among the other extensive Charities which he left both to the City of *London* and Town of *Stratford*, he bequeath'd considerable Legacies for the Marriage of poor Maidens of good Name and Fame both in *London* and at *Stratford*. Notwithstanding which large Donations in his Life, and Bequests at his Death, as he had purchased the Manor of *Clopton*, and all the Estate of the Family, so he left the same again to his Elder Brother's Son with a very great Addition: (a Proof, how well Beneficence and Oeconomy may walk hand in hand in wise Families;)

Good

Good part of which Eſtate is yet in the Poſſeſſion of *Edward Clopton*, Eſq; and Sir *Hugh Clopton*, Knt. lineally deſcended from the Elder Brother of the firſt Sir *Hugh:* Who particularly bequeathed to his Nephew, by his Will, his Houſe, by the Name of his *Great-Houſe* in *Stratford.*

The Eſtate had now been ſold out of the *Clopton* Family for above a Century, at the Time when *Shakeſpeare* became the Purchaſer: who, having repair'd and modell'd it to his own Mind, chang'd the Name to *New-place*; which the Manſion-houſe, ſince erected upon the ſame Spot, at this day retains. The Houſe and Lands, which attended it, continued in *Shakeſpeare*'s Deſcendants to the Time of the *Reſtoration:* when they were repurchaſed by the *Clopton* Family, and the Manſion now belongs to Sir *Hugh Clopton*, Knt. To the Favour of this worthy Gentleman I owe the Knowledge of one Particular, in Honour of our Poet's once Dwelling-houſe, of which, I preſume, Mr. ROWE never was appris'd. When the Civil War raged in *England*, and K. *Charles* the *Firſt*'s Queen was driven by the Neceſſity of Affairs to make a Receſs in *Warwickſhire*, She kept her Court for three Weeks in *New-place.* We may reaſonably ſuppoſe it then the beſt private Houſe in the Town; and her Majeſty preferr'd it to the *College*, which was in the Poſſeſſion of the *Combe*-Family, who did not ſo ſtrongly favour the King's Party.

How

How much our Author employ'd himſelf in Poetry, after his Retirement from the Stage, does not ſo evidently appear: Very few poſthumous Sketches of his Pen have been recover'd to aſcertain that Point. We have been told, indeed, in Print, but not till very lately, That two large Cheſts full of this Great Man's looſe Papers and Manuſcripts, in the Hands of an ignorant Baker of *Warwick*, (who married one of the Deſcendants from our *Shakeſpeare*) were careleſly ſcatter'd and thrown about, as Garret-Lumber, and Litter, to the particular Knowledge of the late Sir *William Biſhop*, till they were all conſumed in the general Fire and Deſtruction of that Town. I cannot help being a little apt to diſtruſt the Authority of this Tradition; becauſe his Wife ſurviv'd him ſeven Years, and as his Favourite Daughter *Suſanna* ſurviv'd her twenty ſix Years, 'tis very improbable, they ſhould ſuffer ſuch a Treaſure to be remov'd, and tranſlated into a remoter Branch of the Family, without a Scrutiny firſt made into the Value of it. This, I ſay, inclines me to diſtruſt the Authority of the Relation: but, notwithſtanding ſuch an apparent Improbability, if we really loſt ſuch a Treaſure, by whatever Fatality or Caprice of Fortune they came into ſuch ignorant and neglectful Hands, I agree with the *Relater*, the Misfortune is wholly irreparable.

To theſe Particulars, which regard his Perſon and private Life, ſome few more are to be glean'd from

from Mr. ROWE's Account of his *Life* and *Writings:* Let us now take a ſhort View of him in his publick Capacity, as a *Writer:* and, from thence, the Tranſition will be eaſy to the *State* in which his *Writings* have been handed down to us.

No Age, perhaps, can produce an Author more various from himſelf, than *Shakeſpeare* has been univerſally acknowledg'd to be. The Diverſity in Stile, and other Parts of Compoſition, ſo obvious in him, is as variouſly to be accounted for. His Education, we find, was at beſt but begun: and he ſtarted early into a Science from the Force of Genius, unequally aſſiſted by acquir'd Improvements. His Fire, Spirit, and Exuberance of Imagination gave an Impetuoſity to his Pen: His Ideas flow'd from him in a Stream rapid, but not turbulent; copious, but not ever over-bearing its Shores. The Eaſe and Sweetneſs of his Temper might not a little contribute to his Facility in Writing: as his Employment, as a *Player*, gave him an Advantage and Habit of fancying himſelf the very Character he meant to delineate. He uſed the Helps of his Function in forming himſelf to create and expreſs that *Sublime*, which other Actors can only copy, and throw out, in Action and graceful Attitude. But *Nullum ſine Veniâ placuit Ingenium*, ſays *Seneca*. The Genius, that gives us the greateſt Pleaſure, ſometimes ſtands in need of our Indulgence. Whenever this happens with regard to *Shakeſpeare*, I would willingly impute it to a Vice of *his Times*.

We

We see Complaisance enough, in our Days, paid to a *bad Taste*. So that his *Clinches*, *false Wit*, and descending beneath himself, may have proceeded from a Deference paid to the then *reigning Barbarism*.

I have not thought it out of my Province, whenever Occasion offer'd, to take notice of some of our Poet's grand Touches of Nature: Some, that do not appear superficially such; but in which he seems the most deeply instructed; and to which, no doubt, he has so much ow'd that happy Preservation of his *Characters*, for which he is justly celebrated. Great Genius's, like his, naturally unambitious, are satisfy'd to conceal their Art in these Points. 'Tis the Foible of your worser Poets to make a Parade and Ostentation of that little Science they have; and to throw it out in the most ambitious Colours. And whenever a Writer of this Class shall attempt to copy these artful Concealments of our Author, and shall either think them easy, or practised by a Writer for his Ease, he will soon be convinced of his Mistake by the Difficulty of reaching the Imitation of them.

Speret idem, sudet multùm, frustráq; laboret,
Ausus idem: ———

Indeed, to point out, and exclaim upon, all the Beauties of *Shakespeare*, as they come singly in Review, would be as insipid, as endless; as tedious, as unnecessary: But the Explanation of those Beauties,

ties, that are leſs obvious to common Readers, and whoſe Illuſtration depends on the Rules of juſt Criticiſm, and an exact Knowledge of human Life, ſhould deſervedly have a Share in a general Critic upon the Author. But, to paſs over at once to another Subject: ———

It has been allow'd on all hands, how far our Author was indebted to *Nature*; it is not ſo well agreed, how much he ow'd to *Languages* and acquir'd *Learning*. The Deciſions on this Subject were certainly ſet on Foot by the Hint from *Ben Jonſon*, that he had ſmall *Latin* and leſs *Greek*: And from this Tradition, as it were, Mr. *Rowe* has thought fit peremptorily to declare, that, "It is without Controverſy, he had no Know-"ledge of the Writings of the ancient Poets, for "that in his Works we find no Traces of any thing "which looks like an Imitation of the Ancients. "For the Delicacy of his Taſte (*continues He*,) "and the natural Bent of his own great Genius "(equal, if not ſuperior, to ſome of the Beſt of "theirs;) would certainly have led him to read "and ſtudy them with ſo much Pleaſure, that "ſome of their fine Images would naturally have "inſinuated themſelves into, and been mix'd with, "his own Writings: and ſo his not copying, at "leaſt, ſomething from them, may be an Argu-"ment of his never having read them." I ſhall leave it to the Determination of my Learned Readers, from the numerous Paſſages, which I have occa-

occasionally quoted in my Notes, in which our Poet seems closely to have imitated the Classics, whether Mr. *Rowe*'s Assertion be so absolutely to be depended on. The Result of the Controversy must certainly, either way, terminate to our Author's Honour: how happily he could imitate them, if that Point be allow'd; or how gloriously he could think like them, without owing any thing to Imitation.

Tho' I should be very unwilling to allow *Shakespeare* so poor a Scholar, as Many have labour'd to represent him, yet I shall be very cautious of declaring too positively on the other side of the Question: that is, with regard to my Opinion of his Knowledge in the dead Languages. And therefore the Passages, that I occasionally quote from the *Classics*, shall not be urged as Proofs that he knowingly imitated those Originals; but brought to shew how happily he has express'd himself upon the same Topicks. A very learned Critick of our own Nation has declar'd, that a Sameness of Thought and Sameness of Expression too, in Two Writers of a different Age, can hardly happen, without a violent Suspicion of the Latter copying from his Predecessor. I shall not therefore run any great Risk of a Censure, tho' I should venture to hint, that the Resemblance, in Thought and Expression, of our Author and an Ancient (which we should allow to be Imitation in One, whose Learning was not question'd) may sometimes take its Rise from Strength of Memory, and those Impressions which

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he ow'd to the School. And if we may allow a Poſſibility of This, conſidering that, when he quitted the School, he gave into his Father's Profeſſion and way of Living, and had, 'tis likely, but a ſlender Library of Claſſical Learning; and conſidering what a Number of Tranſlations, Romances, and Legends, ſtarted about his Time, and a little before; (moſt of which, 'tis very evident, he read;) I think, it may eaſily be reconcil'd why he rather ſchemed his *Plots* and *Characters* from theſe more latter Informations, than went back to thoſe Fountains, for which he might entertain a ſincere Veneration, but to which he could not have ſo ready a Recourſe.

In touching on another Part of his Learning, as it related to the Knowledge of *Hiſtory*, and *Books*, I ſhall advance ſomething, that, at firſt ſight, will very much wear the Appearance of a Paradox. For I ſhall find it no hard Matter to prove, that, from the groſſeſt Blunders in Hiſtory, we are not to infer his real Ignorance of it: Nor from a greater Uſe of *Latin* Words, than ever any other *Engliſh* Author uſed, muſt we infer his intimate Acquaintance with that Language.

A Reader of Taſte may eaſily obſerve, that tho' *Shakeſpeare*, almoſt in every Scene of his hiſtorical Plays, commits the groſſeſt Offences againſt Chronology, Hiſtory, and Ancient Politicks; yet This was not thro' Ignorance, as is generally ſuppoſed, but thro' the too powerful Blaze of his Imagination; which,

which, when once raiſed, made all acquired Knowledge vaniſh and diſappear before it. But this Licence in him, as I have ſaid, muſt not be imputed to Ignorance: ſince as often we may find him, when Occaſion ſerves, reaſoning up to the Truth of Hiſtory; and throwing out Sentiments as juſtly adapted to the Circumſtances of his Subject, as to the Dignity of his Characters, or Dictates of Nature in general.

Then, to come to his Knowledge of the *Latin* Tongue, 'tis certain, there is a ſurpriſing Effuſion of *Latin* Words made *Engliſh*, far more than in any one *Engliſh* Author I have ſeen; but we muſt be cautious to imagine, this was of his own doing. For the *Engliſh* Tongue, in his Age, began extremely to ſuffer by an Inundation of *Latin:* And this, to be ſure, was occaſion'd by the Pedantry of thoſe two Monarchs, *Elizabeth* and *James*, Both great *Latiniſts*. For it is not to be wonder'd at, if both the Court and Schools, equal Flatterers of Power, ſhould adapt themſelves to the Royal Taſte.

But now I am touching on the Queſtion, (which has been ſo frequently agitated, yet ſo entirely undecided) of his Learning and Acquaintance with the Languages; an additional Word or two naturally falls in here upon the Genius of our Author, as compared with that of *Jonſon* his Contemporary. They are confeſſedly the greateſt Writers our Nation could ever boaſt of in the *Drama*. The firſt, we ſay, owed all to his prodigious natural Genius; and

and the other a great deal to his Art and Learning. This, if attended to, will explain a very remarkable Appearance in their Writings. Beſides thoſe wonderful Maſterpieces of Art and Genius, which each has given Us; They are the Authors of other Works very unworthy of them: But with this Difference; that in *Jonſon*'s bad Pieces we don't diſcover one ſingle Trace of the Author of the *Fox* and *Alchemiſt:* but in the wild extravagant Notes of *Shakeſpeare*, you every now and then encounter Strains that recognize the divine Compoſer. This Difference may be thus accounted for. *Jonſon*, as we ſaid before, owing all his Excellence to his Art, by which he ſometimes ſtrain'd himſelf to an uncommon Pitch, when at other times he unbent and play'd with his Subject, having nothing then to ſupport him, it is no wonder he wrote ſo far beneath himſelf. But *Shakeſpeare*, indebted more largely to Nature, than the Other to acquired Talents, in his moſt negligent Hours could never ſo totally diveſt himſelf of his Genius, but that it would frequently break out with aſtoniſhing Force and Splendor.

As I have never propos'd to dilate farther on the Character of my Author, than was neceſſary to explain the Nature and Uſe of this Edition, I ſhall proceed to conſider him as a Genius in Poſſeſſion of an everlaſting Name. And how great that Merit muſt be, which could gain it againſt all the Diſadvantages of the horrid Condition in which he has hitherto appear'd! Had *Homer*, or any other admir'd

mir'd Author, first started into Publick so maim'd and deform'd, we cannot determine whether they had not sunk for ever under the Ignominy of such an ill Appearance. The mangled Condition of *Shakespeare* has been acknowledg'd by Mr. *Rowe*, who publish'd him indeed, but neither corrected his Text, nor collated the old Copies. This Gentleman had Abilities, and a sufficient Knowledge of his Author, had but his Industry been equal to his Talents. The same mangled Condition has been acknowledg'd too by Mr. *Pope*, who publish'd him likewise, pretended to have collated the old Copies, and yet seldom has corrected the Text but to its Injury. I congratulate with the *Manes* of our Poet, that this Gentleman has been sparing in *indulging his private Sense*, as he phrases it; for He, who tampers with an Author whom he does not understand, must do it at the Expence of his Subject. I have made it evident throughout my Remarks, that he has frequently inflicted a Wound where he intended a Cure. He has acted with regard to our Author, as an Editor, whom LIPSIUS mentions, did with regard to MARTIAL; *Inventus est nescio quis* Popa, *qui non* vitia *ejus*, *sed* ipsum *excidit*. He has attack'd him like an unhandy *Slaughterman*; and not lopp'd off the *Errors*, but the *Poet*.

When this is found to be the Fact, how absurd must appear the Praises of such an Editor? It seems a moot Point, whether Mr. *Pope* has done most Injury to *Shakespeare* as his Editor and Encomiast;

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or Mr. *Rymer* done him Service as his Rival and Cenſurer. They have Both ſhewn themſelves in an equal *Impuiſſance* of ſuſpecting, or amending, the corrupted Paſſages: and tho' it be neither Prudence to cenſure, or commend, what one does not underſtand; yet if a man muſt do one when he plays the Critick, the latter is the more ridiculous Office: And by That *Shakeſpeare* ſuffers moſt. For the natural Veneration, which we have for him, makes us apt to ſwallow whatever is given us as *his*, and ſet off with Encomiums; and hence we quit all Suſpicions of Depravity: On the contrary, the Cenſure of ſo divine an Author ſets us upon his Defence; and this produces an exact Scrutiny and Examination, which ends in finding out and diſcriminating the true from the ſpurious.

It is not with any ſecret Pleaſure, that I ſo frequently animadvert on Mr. *Pope* as a Critick; but there are Provocations, which a Man can never quite forget. His Libels have been thrown out with ſo much Inveteracy, that, not to diſpute whether they *ſhould* come from a *Chriſtian*, they leave it a Queſtion whether they *could* come from a *Man*. I ſhould be loth to doubt, as *Quintus Serenus* did in a like Caſe,

Sive homo, ſeu ſimilis turpiſſima beſtia nobis,
Vulnera dente dedit.

The Indignation, perhaps, for being repreſented a *Blockhead*, may be as ſtrong in us as it is in the Ladies

dies for a Reflexion on their *Beauties*. It is certain, I am indebted to Him for ſome *flagrant Civilities*; and I ſhall willingly devote a part of my Life to the honeſt Endeavour of quitting Scores: with this Exception however, that I will not return thoſe Civilities in his *peculiar* Strain, but confine myſelf, at leaſt, to the Limits of *common Decency*. I ſhall ever think it better to want *Wit*, than to want *Humanity*: and impartial Poſterity may, perhaps, be of my Opinion.

But, to return to my Subject; which now calls upon me to inquire into thoſe Cauſes, to which the Depravations of my Author originally may be aſſign'd. We are to conſider him as a Writer, of whom no authentic Manuſcript was left extant; as a Writer, whoſe Pieces were diſperſedly perform'd on the ſeveral *Stages* then in Being. And it was the Cuſtom of thoſe Days for the Poets to take a Price of the *Players* for the Pieces They from time to time furniſh'd; and thereupon it was ſuppos'd, they had no farther Right to print them without the Conſent of the *Players*. As it was the Intereſt of the *Companies* to keep their Plays unpubliſh'd, when any one ſucceeded, there was a Conteſt betwixt the Curioſity of the Town, who demanded to ſee it in Print, and the Policy of the *Stagers*, who wiſh'd to ſecrete it within their own Walls. Hence, many Pieces were taken down in Short-hand, and imperfectly copied by Ear, from a *Repreſentation*: Others were print-

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ed from piece-meal Parts surreptitiously obtain'd from the Theatres, uncorrect, and without the Poet's Knowledge. To some of these Causes we owe the Train of Blemishes, that deform those Pieces which stole singly into the World in our Author's Life-time.

There are still other Reasons, which may be suppos'd to have affected the whole Set. When the *Players* took upon them to publish his Works intire, every Theatre was ransack'd to supply the Copy; and *Parts* collected, which had gone thro' as many Changes as Performers, either from Mutilations or Additions made to them. Hence we derive many Chasms and Incoherences in the Sense and Matter. Scenes were frequently transposed, and shuffled out of their true Place, to humour the Caprice, or suppos'd Convenience, of some particular Actor. Hence much Confusion and Impropriety has attended, and embarras'd, the Business and Fable. To these obvious Causes of Corruption it must be added, that our Author has lain under the Disadvantage of having his Errors propagated and multiplied by Time: because, for near a Century, his Works were republish'd from the faulty Copies, without the Assistance of any intelligent Editor: which has been the Case likewise of many a *Classic* Writer.

The Nature of any Distemper once found has generally been the immediate Step to a Cure. *Shakespeare*'s Case has in a great measure resembled That

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of a corrupt *Classic*; and, consequently, the Method of Cure was likewise to bear a Resemblance. By what Means, and with what Success, this Cure has been effected on ancient Writers, is too well known, and needs no formal Illustration. The Reputation, consequent on Tasks of that nature, invited me to attempt the Method here; with this View, the Hopes of restoring to the Publick their greatest Poet in his Original Purity: after having so long lain in a Condition that was a Disgrace to common Sense. To this end I have ventur'd on a Labour, that is the first Assay of the kind on any modern Author whatsoever. For the late Edition of *Milton* by the Learned Dr. *Bentley* is, in the main, a Performance of another Species. It is plain, it was the Intention of that Great Man rather to correct and pare off the Excrescencies of the *Paradise Lost*, in the manner that *Tucca* and *Varius* were employ'd to criticize the *Æneis* of *Virgil*, than to restore corrupted Passages. Hence, therefore, may be seen either the Iniquity or Ignorance of his Censurers, who, from some Expressions, would make us believe, the *Doctor* every where gives us his Corrections as the Original Text of the Author; whereas the chief Turn of his Criticism is plainly to shew the World, that if *Milton* did not write as He would have him, he ought to have wrote so.

I thought proper to premise this Observation to the Readers, as it will shew that the Critic on *Shake-*

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ſpeare is of a quite different Kind. His genuine Text is for the moſt part religiouſly adher'd to, and the numerous Faults and Blemiſhes, purely his own, are left as they were found. Nothing is alter'd, but what by the cleareſt Reaſoning can be proved a Corruption of the true Text; and the Alteration, a real Reſtoration of the genuine Reading. Nay, ſo ſtrictly have I ſtrove to give the true Reading, tho' ſometimes not to the Advantage of my Author, that I have been ridiculouſly ridicul'd for it by Thoſe, who either were iniquitouſly for turning every thing to my Diſadvantage; or elſe were totally ignorant of the true Duty of an Editor.

The Science of Criticiſm, as far as it affects an Editor, ſeems to be reduced to theſe three Claſſes; the Emendation of corrupt Paſſages; the Explanation of obſcure and difficult ones; and an Inquiry into the Beauties and Defects of Compoſition. This Work is principally confin'd to the two former Parts: tho' there are ſome Specimens interſpers'd of the latter Kind, as ſeveral of the Emendations were beſt ſupported, and ſeveral of the Difficulties beſt explain'd, by taking notice of the Beauties and Defects of the Compoſition peculiar to this Immortal Poet. But This was but occaſional, and for the ſake only of perfecting the two other Parts, which were the proper Objects of the Editor's Labour. The third lies open for every willing Undertaker: and I ſhall be pleas'd to ſee it the Employment of a maſterly Pen.

It must necessarily happen, as I have formerly observ'd, that where the Assistance of Manuscripts is wanting to set an Author's Meaning right, and rescue him from those Errors which have been transmitted down thro' a Series of incorrect Editions, and a long Intervention of Time, many Passages must be desperate, and past a Cure; and their true Sense irretrievable either to Care or the Sagacity of Conjecture. But is there any Reason therefore to say, That because All cannot be retriev'd, All ought to be left desperate? We should shew very little Honesty, or Wisdom, to play the Tyrants with an Author's Text; to raze, alter, innovate, and overturn, at all Adventures, and to the utter Detriment of his Sense and Meaning: But to be so very reserved and cautious, as to interpose no Relief or Conjecture, where it manifestly labours and cries out for Assistance, seems, on the other hand, an indolent Absurdity.

As there are very few Pages in *Shakespeare*, upon which some Suspicions of Depravity do not reasonably arise; I have thought it my Duty, in the first place, by a diligent and laborious Collation to take in the Assistances of all the older Copies.

In his *Historical Plays*, whenever our *English* Chronicles, and in his Tragedies when *Greek* or *Roman* Story, could give any Light; no Pains have been omitted to set Passages right by comparing my Author with his Originals: for, as I have fre-

frequently obſerved, he was a cloſe and accurate Copier where-ever his *Fable* was founded on *Hiſtory*.

Where-ever the Author's Senſe is clear and diſcoverable, (tho', perchance, low and trivial;) I have not by any Innovation tamper'd with his Text; out of an Oſtentation of endeavouring to make him ſpeak better than the old Copies have done.

Where, thro' all the former Editions, a Paſſage has labour'd under flat Nonſenſe and invincible Darkneſs, if, by the Addition or Alteration of a Letter or two, or a Tranſpoſition in the Pointing, I have reſtored to Him both Senſe and Sentiment; ſuch Corrections, I am perſuaded, will need no Indulgence.

And whenever I have taken a greater Latitude and Liberty in amending, I have conſtantly endeavour'd to ſupport my Corrections and Conjectures by parallel Paſſages and Authorities from himſelf, the ſureſt Means of expounding any Author whatſoever. *Cette voie d'interpreter un Autheur par lui-même eſt plus ſure que tous les Commentaires*, ſays a very learned *French* Critick.

As to my *Notes*, (from which the common and learned Readers of our Author, I hope, will derive ſome Satisfaction;) I have endeavour'd to give them a Variety in ſome Proportion to their Number. Where-ever I have ventur'd at an Emendation, a *Note* is conſtantly ſubjoin'd to juſtify and aſſert the Reaſon of it. Where I only offer a Conjecture,

and do not disturb the Text, I fairly set forth my Grounds for such Conjecture, and submit it to Judgment. Some Remarks are spent in explaining Passages, where the Wit or Satire depends on an obscure Point of History: Others, where Allusions are to Divinity, Philosophy, or other Branches of Science. Some are added to shew, where there is a Suspicion of our Author having borrow'd from the Ancients: Others, to shew where he is rallying his Contemporaries; or where He himself is rallied by them. And some are necessarily thrown in, to explain an obscure and obsolete *Term*, *Phrase*, or *Idea*. I once intended to have added a complete and copious *Glossary*; but as I have been importun'd, and am prepar'd, to give a correct Edition of our Author's POEMS, (in which many Terms occur that are not to be met with in his *Plays*,) I thought a *Glossary* to all *Shakespeare*'s Works more proper to attend that Volume.

In reforming an infinite Number of Passages in the *Pointing*, where the Sense was before quite lost, I have frequently subjoin'd Notes to shew the *deprav'd*, and to prove the *reform'd*, Pointing: a Part of Labour in this Work which I could very willingly have spar'd myself. May it not be objected, why then have you burden'd us with these Notes? The Answer is obvious, and, if I mistake not, very material. Without such Notes, these Passages in subsequent Editions would be liable, thro' the Ignorance of Printers and Correctors, to fall into the old

old Confusion: Whereas, a Note on every one hinders all possible Return to Depravity; and for ever secures them in a State of Purity and Integrity not to be lost or forfeited.

Again, as some Notes have been necessary to point out the Detection of the corrupted Text, and establish the Restoration of the genuine Readings; some others have been as necessary for the Explanation of Passages obscure and difficult. To understand the Necessity and Use of this Part of my Task, some Particulars of my Author's Character are previously to be explain'd. There are *Obscurities* in him, which are common to him with all Poets of the same Species; there are Others, the Issue of the Times he liv'd in; and there are Others, again, peculiar to himself. The Nature of Comic Poetry being entirely satirical, it busies itself more in exposing what we call Caprice and Humour, than Vices cognizable to the Laws. The *English*, from the Happiness of a free Constitution, and a Turn of Mind peculiarly speculative and inquisitive, are observ'd to produce more *Humourists* and a greater Variety of original *Characters*, than any other People whatsoever: And These owing their immediate Birth to the peculiar Genius of each Age, an infinite Number of Things alluded to, glanced at, and expos'd, must needs become obscure, as the *Characters* themselves are antiquated, and disused. An Editor therefore should be well vers'd in the History and Manners of his Author's

Age, if he aims at doing him a Service in this Reſpect.

Beſides, *Wit* lying moſtly in the Aſſemblage of *Ideas*, and in the putting Thoſe together with Quickneſs and Variety, wherein can be found any Reſemblance, or Congruity, to make up pleaſant Pictures, and agreeable Viſions in the Fancy; the Writer, who aims at Wit, muſt of courſe range far and wide for Materials. Now, the Age, in which *Shakeſpeare* liv'd, having, above all others, a wonderful Affection to appear Learned, They declined vulgar Images, ſuch as are immediately fetch'd from Nature, and rang'd thro' the Circle of the Sciences to fetch their Ideas from thence. But as the Reſemblances of ſuch Ideas to the Subject muſt neceſſarily lie very much out of the common Way, and every Piece of Wit appear a Riddle to the Vulgar; This, that ſhould have taught them the forced, quaint, unnatural Tract they were in, (and induce them to follow a more natural One,) was the very Thing that kept them attach'd to it. The oſtentatious Affectation of abſtruſe Learning, peculiar to that Time, the Love that Men naturally have to every Thing that looks like Myſtery, fixed them down to this Habit of Obſcurity. Thus became the Poetry of DONNE (tho' the wittieſt Man of that Age,) nothing but a continued Heap of Riddles. And our *Shakeſpeare*, with all his eaſy Nature about him, for want of the Knowledge of the true Rules of Art, falls frequently into this vicious Manner.

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The third Species of *Obſcurities*, which deform our Author, as the Effects of his own Genius and Character, are Thoſe that proceed from his peculiar Manner of *Thinking*, and as peculiar a Manner of *clothing* thoſe *Thoughts*. With regard to his *Thinking*, it is certain, that he had a general Knowledge of all the Sciences: But his Acquaintance was rather That of a Traveller, than a Native. Nothing in Philoſophy was unknown to him; but every Thing in it had the Grace and Force of Novelty. And as Novelty is one main Source of Admiration, we are not to wonder that He has perpetual Alluſions to the moſt recondite Parts of the Sciences: and This was done not ſo much out of Affectation, as the Effect of Admiration begot by Novelty. Then, as to his *Style* and *Diction*, we may much more juſtly apply to SHAKESPEARE, what a celebrated Writer has ſaid of MILTON; *Our Language ſunk under him, and was unequal to that Greatneſs of Soul which furniſh'd him with ſuch glorious Conceptions.* He therefore frequently uſes old Words, to give his Diction an Air of Solemnity; as he coins others, to expreſs the Novelty and Variety of his Ideas.

Upon every diſtinct Species of theſe *Obſcurities* I have thought it my Province to employ a Note, for the Service of my Author, and the Entertainment of my Readers. A few tranſient Remarks too I have not ſcrupled to intermix, upon the Poet's *Neg-*

ligences and *Omiſſions* in point of Art; but I have done it always in ſuch a Manner, as will teſtify my Deference and Veneration for the Immortal Author. Some Cenſurers of *Shakeſpeare*, and particularly Mr. *Rymer*, have taught me to diſtinguiſh betwixt the *Railer* and *Critick*. The Outrage of his Quotations is ſo remarkably violent, ſo puſh'd beyond all Bounds of Decency and ſober Reaſoning, that it quite carries over the Mark at which it was levell'd. Extravagant Abuſe throws off the Edge of the intended Diſparagement, and turns the Madman's Weapon into his own Boſom. In ſhort, as to *Rymer*, This is my Opinion of him from his *Criticiſms* on the *Tragedies* of the Laſt Age. He writes with great Vivacity, and appears to have been a Scholar: but, as for his Knowledge of the Art of Poetry, I can't perceive it was any deeper than his Acquaintance with *Boſſu* and *Dacier*, from whom he has tranſcrib'd many of his beſt Reflexions. The late Mr. *Gildon* was one attached to *Rymer* by a ſimilar Way of Thinking and Studies. They were Both of that Species of Criticks, who are deſirous of diſplaying their Powers rather in finding Faults, than in conſulting the Improvement of the World: the *hypercritical* Part of the Science of *Criticiſm*.

I had not mentioned the modeſt Liberty I have here and there taken of animadverting on my Author, but that I was willing to obviate in time the ſplenetick Exaggerations of my Adverſaries on this Head.

Head. From paſt Experiments I have reaſon to be conſcious, in what Light this Attempt may be placed: and that what I call a *modeſt Liberty*, will, by a little of their Dexterity, be inverted into downright *Impudence*. From a hundred mean and diſhoneſt Artifices employ'd to diſcredit this Edition, and to cry down its Editor, I have all the Grounds in Nature to beware of Attacks. But tho' the Malice of Wit, join'd to the Smoothneſs of Verſification, may furniſh ſome Ridicule; Fact, I hope, will be able to ſtand its Ground againſt Banter and Gaiety.

It has been my Fate, it ſeems, as I thought it my Duty, to diſcover ſome *Anachroniſms* in our Author; which might have ſlept in Obſcurity but for *this Reſtorer*, as Mr. *Pope* is pleas'd affectionately to ſtile me; as, for Inſtance, where *Ariſtotle* is mentioned by *Hector* in *Troilus* and *Creſſida*: and *Galen*, *Cato*, and *Alexander* the Great, in *Coriolanus*. Theſe, in Mr. *Pope*'s Opinion, are Blunders, which, the Illiteracy of the firſt Publiſhers of his Works has father'd upon the Poet's Memory: *it not being at all credible, that Theſe could be the Errors of any Man who had the leaſt Tincture of a School, or the leaſt Converſation with Such as had.* But I have ſufficiently proved, in the courſe of my *Notes*, that ſuch *Anachroniſms* were the Effect of Poetic Licence, rather than of Ignorance in our Poet. And if I may be permitted to ask a modeſt Queſtion by the way, Why may not

I reſtore an *Anachroniſm* really made by our Author, as well as Mr. *Pope* take the Privilege to fix others upon him, which he never had it in his Head to make; as I may venture to affirm He had not, in the Inſtance of Sir *Francis Drake*, to which I have ſpoke in the proper Place?

But who ſhall dare make any Words about this Freedom of Mr. *Pope*'s towards *Shakeſpeare*, if it can be prov'd, that, in his Fits of Criticiſm, he makes no more Ceremony with good *Homer* himſelf? To try, then, a Criticiſm of his own advancing; In the 8th Book of the *Odyſſey*, where *Demodocus* ſings the Epiſode of the Loves of *Mars* and *Venus*; and that, upon their being taken in the Net by *Vulcan*,

——— " *The God of Arms*
" *Muſt pay the Penalty for lawleſs Charms*;

Mr. *Pope* is ſo kind gravely to inform us, " That " *Homer* in This, as in many other Places, ſeems " to allude to the Laws of *Athens*, where Death " was the Puniſhment of Adultery." But how is this ſignificant Obſervation made out? Why, who can poſſibly object any Thing to the contrary? ---- *Does not* Pauſanias *relate, that* Draco *the Lawgiver to the* Athenians *granted Impunity to any Perſon that took Revenge upon an Adulterer? And was it not alſo the Inſtitution of* Solon, *that if Any One took an Adulterer in the Fact, he might uſe him as he pleas'd?* Theſe Things are very true: and to ſee

What

What a good Memory, and found Judgment in Conjunction can atchieve! Tho' *Homer*'s Date is not determin'd down to a ſingle Year, yet 'tis pretty generally agreed that he liv'd above 300 Years before *Draco* and *Solon:* And That, it ſeems, has made him *ſeem* to allude to the very Laws, which theſe Two Legiſlators propounded above 300 Years after. If this Inference be not ſomething like an *Anachroniſm* or *Prolepſis*, I'll look once more into my Lexicons for the true Meaning of the Words. It appears to me, that ſomebody beſides *Mars* and *Venus* has been caught in a Net by this Epiſode: and I could call in other Inſtances to confirm what treacherous Tackle this Net-work is, if not cautiouſly handled.

How juſt, notwithſtanding, I have been in detecting the *Anachroniſms* of my Author, and in defending him for the Uſe of them, Our late Editor ſeems to think, They ſhould rather have ſlept in Obſcurity: and the having diſcovered them is ſneer'd at, as a ſort of wrong-headed Sagacity.

The numerous Corrections, which I made of the Poet's Text in my SHAKESPEARE *Reſtor'd*, and which the Publick have been ſo kind to think well of, are, in the Appendix of Mr. *Pope*'s laſt Edition, ſlightingly call'd *Various Readings*, *Gueſſes*, &c. He confeſſes to have inſerted as many of them as he judg'd of any the leaſt Advantage to the Poet; but ſays, that the Whole amounted to about twenty five Words: *and* pretends to have annexed a compleat

Liſt

Liſt of the Reſt, which were not worth his embracing. Whoever has read my Book will at one Glance ſee, how in both theſe Points Veracity is ſtrain'd, ſo an Injury might but be done. *Malus, etſi obeſſe non pote, tamen cogitat.*

Another Expedient, to make my Work appear of a trifling Nature, has been an Attempt to depreciate *Literal Criticiſm*. To this end, and to pay a ſervile Compliment to Mr. *Pope*, an *Anonymous* Writer has, like a *Scotch* Pedlar in Wit, unbraced his Pack on the Subject. But, that his Virulence might not ſeem to be levelled ſingly at Me, he has done Me the Honour to join Dr. *Bentley* in the Libel. I was in hopes, We ſhould have been Both abuſed with Smartneſs of Satire, at leaſt; tho' not with Solidity of Argument: that it might have been worth ſome Reply in Defence of the Science attacked. But I may fairly ſay of this Author, as *Falſtaffe* does of *Poins*; —— *Hang him, Baboon! his Wit is as thick as* Tewksbury *Muſtard*; *there is no more Conceit in him, than is in a* MALLET. If it be not Prophanation to ſet the Opinion of the divine *Longinus* againſt ſuch a Scribler, he tells us expreſly, "That to make a Judgment upon *Words* "(and *Writings*) is the moſt conſummate Fruit of "much Experience." ἡ γὰ τῶν λόγων κρίσις πολλῆς ἐστι πείρας τελειότατον ἐπιφύημα. Whenever Words are depraved, the Senſe of courſe muſt be corrupted; and thence the Readers betray'd into a falſe Meaning.

If

If the *Latin* and *Greek* Languages have receiv'd the greateſt Advantages imaginable from the Labours of the Editors and Criticks of the two laſt Ages; by whoſe Aid and Aſſiſtance the Grammarians have been enabled to write infinitely better in that Art than even the preceding Grammarians, who wrote when thoſe Tongues flouriſh'd as living Languages: I ſhould account it a peculiar Happineſs, that, by the faint Eſſay I have made in this Work, a Path might be chalk'd out, for abler Hands, by which to derive the ſame Advantages to our own Tongue: a Tongue, which, tho' it wants none of the fundamental Qualities of an univerſal Language, yet, as a *noble Writer* ſays, liſps and ſtammers as in its Cradle; and has produced little more towards its poliſhing than Complaints of its Barbarity.

Having now run thro' all thoſe Points, which I intended ſhould make any Part of this Diſſertation, and having in my *former* Edition made publick Acknowledgments of the Aſſiſtances lent me, I ſhall conclude with a brief Account of the Methods taken in *This*.

It was thought proper, in order to reduce the Bulk and Price of the Impreſſion, that the Notes, whereever they would admit of it, might be abridg'd: for which Reaſon I have curtail'd a great Quantity of Such, in which Explanations were too prolix, or Authorities in Support of an Emendation too numerous: and Many I have entirely expung'd, which were

were judg'd rather Verboſe and Declamatory, (and, ſo, Notes merely of Oſtentation;) than neceſſary, or inſtructive.

I ſhall decline making any farther Declaration of the Pains I have taken upon my Author, becauſe it was my Duty, as his Editor, to publiſh him with my beſt Care and Judgment: and becauſe, I am ſenſible, all ſuch Declarations are conſtrued to be laying a ſort of a Debt on the Publick. As the former Edition has been received with much Indulgence, I ought to make my Acknowledgments to the Town for their favourable Opinion of it: and I ſhall always be proud to think That Encouragement the beſt Payment I can hope to receive from my poor Studies.

SHAKSPEARE's

WILL.

Extracted from the Regiſtry of the Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*.

Viceſimo quinto die Martii Anno Regni Domini noſtri Jacobi nunc Regis Angliæ &c. *decimo quarto & Scotiæ quadrageſimo nono, Anno Domini* 1616.

IN the Name of God, *Amen*. I *William Shakſpeare* of *Stratford upon Avon* in the County of *Warwick*, Gent. in perfect Health and Memory, God be praiſed, do make and ordain this my laſt Will and Teſtament in Manner and Form following; that is to ſay:

Firſt, I commend my Soul into the Hands of God my Creator, hoping, and aſſuredly believing, through the only Merits of Jeſus Chriſt my Saviour, to be made Partaker of Life everlaſting; and my Body to the Earth whereof that is made.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my Daughter *Judith* One Hundred and Fifty Pounds of lawful *Engliſh* Money, to be paid unto her in manner and form following; that

that is to ſay, One Hundred Pounds in Diſcharge of her Marriage Portion within one Year after my Deceaſe, with Conſiderations after the rate of Two Shillings in the Pound for ſo long time as the ſame ſhall be unpaid unto her after my Deceaſe; and the Fifty Pounds Reſidue thereof upon her ſurrendring of or giving of ſuch ſufficient Security as the Overſeers of this my Will ſhall like of, to ſurrender or grant all her Eſtate and Right that ſhall deſcend or come unto her after my Deceaſe, or that ſhe now hath of, in, or to one Copyhold Tenement, with the Appurtenances lying and being in *Stratford upon Avon* aforeſaid, in the ſaid County of *Warwick*, being parcell or holden of the Manor of *Rowington*, unto my Daughter *Suſanna Hall*, and her Heirs for ever.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my ſaid Daughter *Judith* One Hundred and Fifty Pounds more, if ſhe, or any Iſſue of her Body, be living at the end of three Years next enſuing the Day of the Date of this my Will, during which time my Executors to pay her Conſideration from my Deceaſe according to the rate aforeſaid: And if ſhe die within the ſaid Term without Iſſue of her Body, then my Will is, and I do give and

and bequeath One Hundred Pounds thereof to my Niece *Elizabeth Hall*, and the Fifty Pounds to be ſet forth by my Executors during the Life of my Siſter *Joan Harte*, and the Uſe and Profit thereof coming, ſhall be paid to my ſaid Siſter *Joan*, and after her Deceaſe the Fifty Pounds ſhall remain amongſt the Children of my ſaid Siſter, equally to be divided amongſt them; but if my ſaid Daughter *Judith* be living at the end of the ſaid three Years, or any Iſſue of her Body, then my Will is, and ſo I deviſe and bequeath the ſaid Hundred and Fifty Pounds to be ſet out by my Executors and Overſeers for the beſt Benefit of her and her Iſſue, and the Stock not to be paid unto her ſo long as ſhe ſhall be married and covert Baron; but my Will is that ſhe ſhall have the Conſideration yearly paid unto her during her Life, and after her Deceaſe the ſaid Stock and Conſideration to be paid to her Children, if ſhe have any, and if not, to her Executors and Aſſigns, ſhe living the ſaid Term after my Deceaſe; provided that if ſuch Husband as ſhe ſhall at the end of the ſaid three Years be married unto, or at and after, do ſufficiently aſſure unto her, and the Iſſue of her Body, Land anſwerable to the

Portion

Portion by this my Will given unto her, and to be adjudged ſo by my Executors and Overſeers, then my Will is, that the ſaid Hundred and Fifty Pounds ſhall be paid to ſuch Husband as ſhall make ſuch Aſſurance, to his own Uſe.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my ſaid Siſter *Joan* Twenty Pounds, and all my wearing Apparel, to be paid and delivered within one Year after my Deceaſe; and I do will and deviſe unto her the Houſe with the Appurtenances in *Stratford*, wherein ſhe dwelleth, for her natural Life, under the yearly Rent of Twelve Pence.

Item, I give and bequeath unto her three Sons, *William Hart*, ——— *Hart*, and *Michael Hart*, Five Pounds apiece, to be paid within one Year after my Deceaſe.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the ſaid *Elizabeth Hall* all my Plate that I now have, except my broad ſilver and gilt Boxes, at the Date of this my Will.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the Poor of *Stratford* aforeſaid Ten Pounds, to Mr. *Thomas Combe* my Sword, to *Thomas Ruſſel*, Eſq; Five Pounds, and to *Francis Collins* of the Borough of *Warwick*, in the County of *Warwick*, Gent. Thirteen Pounds Six

Six Shillings and Eight Pence, to be paid within one Year after my Deceaſe.

Item, I give and bequeath to *Hamlett Sadler* Twenty Six Shillings Eight Pence to buy him a Ring; to *William Reynolds*, Gent. Twenty Six Shillings Eight Pence to buy him a Ring; to my Godſon *William Walker* Twenty Shillings in Gold; to *Anthony Naſh*, Gent. Twenty Six Shillings Eight Pence; and to Mr. *John Naſh* Twenty Six Shillings Eight Pence, and to my Fellows *John Hemynge*, *Richard Burbage*, and *Henry Cundell* Twenty Six Shillings Eight Pence apiece to buy the Rings.

Item, I give, will, bequeath, and deviſe unto my Daughter *Suſanna Hall*, for the better enabling of her to perform this my Will, and towards the Performance thereof, all that capital Meſſuage or Tenement, with the Appurtenances in *Stratford* aforeſaid, called the *New Place*, wherein I now dwell, and two Meſſuages or Tenements, with the Appurtenances, ſituate, lying, and being in *Henley Street* within the Borough of *Stratford* aforeſaid; and all my Barns, Stables, Orchards, Gardens, Lands, Tenements, and Hereditaments whatſoever, ſituate, lying, and being, or to be had, reſerved, preſerved

or

or taken within the Towns, Hamlets, Villages, Fields, and Grounds of *Stratford upon Avon*, *Old Stratford*, *Bushaxton*, and *Welcombe*, or in any of them, in the said County of *Warwick*; and also all that Messuage or Tenement, with the Appurtenances, wherein one *John Robinson* dwelleth, situate, lying, and being in the *Black-Friers* in *London* near the *Wardrobe*; and all other my Lands, Tenements, and Hereditaments whatsoever; to have and to hold all and singular the said Premises, with their Appurtenances, unto the said *Susanna Hall*, for and during the Term of her natural Life; and after her Decease to the first Son of her Body lawfully issuing, and to the Heirs Males of the Body of the said first Son lawfully issuing; and for default of such Issue, to the second Son of her Body lawfully issuing, and to the Heirs Males of the Body of the said second Son lawfully issuing; and for default of such Heirs, to the third Son of the Body of the said *Susanna* lawfully issuing, and of the Heirs Males of the Body of the said third Son lawfully issuing; and for default of such Issue, the same to be and remain to the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh Sons of her Body, lawfully issuing one after another,

and

and to the Heirs Males of the Bodies of the ſaid fourth, fifth, ſixth, and ſeventh Sons lawfully iſſuing, in ſuch manner as it is before limited to be and remain to the firſt, ſecond, and third Sons of her Body, and to their Heirs Males; and for default of ſuch Iſſue, the ſaid Premiſes to be and remain to my ſaid Niece *Hall*, and the Heirs Males of her Body lawfully iſſuing; and for default of ſuch Iſſue, to my Daughter *Judith*, and the Heirs Males of her Body lawfully iſſuing; and for default of ſuch Iſſue, to the right Heirs of me the ſaid *William Shakeſpeare* for ever.

Item, I give unto my Wife my brown beſt Bed with the Furniture.

Item, I give and bequeath to my ſaid Daughter *Judith* my broad ſilver gilt Bole. All the reſt of my Goods, Chattels, Leaſes, Plate, Jewels, and Houſhold-ſtuff whatſoever, after my Debts and Legacies paid, and my Funeral Expences diſcharged, I give, deviſe, and bequeath to my Son-in-law *John Hall*, Gent. and my Daughter *Suſanna* his Wife, who I ordain and make Executors of this my laſt Will and Teſtament. And I do intreat and appoint the ſaid *Thomas Ruſſel*, Eſq; and *Francis Collins*, Gent.

Gent. to be Overſeers hereof. And do revoke all former Wills, and publiſh this to be my laſt Will and Teſtament. In witneſs whereof I have hereunto put my Hand, the Day and Year firſt above-written, by me

William Shakſpeare.

Witneſs to the Publiſhing hereof,

Fra. Collyns,
Julius Shaw,
John Robinſon,
Hamnet Sadler,
Robert Whattcott.

Probatum coram Magiſtro William Byrde Legum Doctore Commiſſario &c. viceſimo ſecundo die Menſis Junii Anno Domini 1616. *Juramento Johannis Hall unius ex. et cui &c. de bene et Jurat Reſervata poteſtate et Suſannæ Hall alt. ex. &c. cu. vendit &c. petitur.*

H Gravelot in Vol: 1. P. 1. G. V.dr Gucht Sculp.

THE

TEMPEST.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

ALONSO, *King of* Naples.
Sebaſtian, *his Brother.*
Proſpero, *the rightful Duke of* Milan.
Anthonio, *his Brother, the uſurping Duke of* Milan.
Ferdinand, *Son to the King of* Naples.
Gonzalo, *an honeſt old Counſellor of* Naples.
Adrian, Franciſco, } *Lords.*
Caliban, *a Savage, and deformed Slave.*
Trinculo, *a Jeſter.*
Stephano, *a drunken Butler.*
Maſter of a Ship, Boatſwain, and Mariners.
Miranda, *Daughter to* Proſpero.
Ariel, *an aiery Spirit.*

Iris, Ceres, Juno, *Nymphs, Reapers,* } *Spirits, employ'd in the* Maſque.

Other Spirits, attending on Proſpero.

SCENE, *An uninhabited Iſland.*

THE

THE TEMPEST.

ACT I.

SCENE, *On a Ship at Sea.*

A tempeſtuous noiſe of thunder and lightning heard: Enter a Ship-maſter, and a Boatſwain.

MASTER.

BOatſwain,——

Boatſ. Here, Maſter: what cheer?

Maſt. Good, ſpeak to th' mariners: fall to't yarely, or we run ourſelves a-ground; beſtir, beſtir. [*Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boatſ. Hey, my hearts; cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare, take in the top-ſail; tend to th' maſter's whiſtle; blow, 'till thou burſt thy wind, if room enough.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, *and others.*

Alon. Good Boatſwain, have care: where's the maſter? play the men.

Boatſ. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the maſter, boatſwain?

Boatſ. Do you not hear him? you mar our labour; keep your cabins: you do aſſiſt the ſtorm.

Gonz. Nay, good, be patient.

Boatſ. When the ſea is. Hence——what care theſe Roarers for the name of King? to cabin; ſilence; trouble us not.

Gonz. Good, yet remember whom thou haſt aboard.

Boatſ. None, that I more love than myſelf. You are a counſellor; if you can command theſe elements to ſilence, and work the peace o'the preſent, we will not hand a rope more; uſe your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd ſo long, and make yourſelf ready in your cabin for the miſchance of the hour, if it ſo hap. Cheerly, good hearts: out of our way, I ſay. [*Exit.*

Gonz. I have great comfort from this fellow; methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand faſt, good fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his deſtiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage: if he be not born to be hang'd, our caſe is miſerable. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatſwain.

Boatſ. Down with the top-maſt: yare, lower, lower; bring her to try with main-courſe. A plague upon this howling!——

A cry within. Re-enter Sebaſtian, Anthonio, *and* Gonzalo.

they are louder than the weather, or our office. Yet again? what do you here? ſhall we give o'er, and drown? have you a mind to ſink?

Sebaſ. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blaſphemous, uncharitable dog.

Boatſ. Work you then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang; you whoreſon, inſolent, noiſemaker; we are leſs afraid to be drown'd, than thou art.

Gonz. I'll warrant him from drowning, tho' the ſhip were no ſtronger than a nut-ſhell, and as leaky as an unſtanch'd wench.

Boatſ.

Boatſ. Lay her a-hold, a-hold; ſet her two courſes off to ſea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mar. All loſt! to prayers, to prayers! all loſt! [*Exe.*

Boatſ. What, muſt our mouths be cold?

Gonz. The King and Prince at pray'rs! let us aſſiſt 'em.
For our caſe is as theirs.

Seb. I'm out of patience.

Ant. We're meerly cheated of our lives by drunkards.
This wide-chopt raſcal——'Would, thou might'ſt lye drowning,
The waſhing of ten tides!

Gonz. He'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water ſwear againſt it,
And gape at wid'ſt to glut him.
[*A confuſed noiſe within.*] Mercy on us!
We ſplit, we ſplit! Farewel, my Wife and Children!
Brother, farewel! we ſplit, we ſplit, we ſplit!

Ant. Let's all ſink with the King. [*Exit.*

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*

Gonz. Now would I give a thouſand furlongs of ſea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, any thing; the wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry death! [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to a Part of the Inchanted Iſland, near the Cell of* Proſpero.

Enter Proſpero *and* Miranda.

Mira. IF by your art (my deareſt father) you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
The ſky, it ſeems, would pour down ſtinking pitch,
But that the ſea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek,
Daſhes the fire out. O! I have ſuffer'd
With thoſe that I ſaw ſuffer: a brave veſſel
(Who had, no doubt, ſome noble creatures in her)
Daſh'd all to pieces. O! the cry did knock

Againſt my very heart: poor ſouls, they periſh'd!
Had I been any God of Pow'r, I would
Have ſunk the ſea within the earth; or ere
It ſhould the good ſhip ſo have ſwallow'd, and
The fraighting ſouls within her.
Pro. Be collected;
No more amazement; tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.
Mira. O wo the day!
Pro. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee my dear one, thee my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better
Than *Proſpero*, maſter of a full-poor cell,
And thy no greater father.
Mira. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.
Pro. 'Tis time,
I ſhould inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magick garment from me: ſo!
[*Lays down his mantle.*
Lye there my Art. Wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort.
The direful ſpectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compaſſion in thee,
I have with ſuch proviſion in mine art
So ſafely order'd, that there is no foyle, (1)
No, not ſo much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the veſſel
Which thou heard'ſt cry, which thou ſaw'ſt ſink: ſit down;
For thou muſt now know farther.
Mira. You have often

(1) *is no* Foyle,] *i. e.* no Damage, Loſs, Detriment. The two old *Folio's* read,----*is no Soul:* which will not agree in Grammar with the following Part of the Sentence. Mr. *Rowe* firſt ſubſtituted----*no Soul loſt*, which does not much mend the Matter, taking the Context together. *Foyle* is a Word familiar with our Poet, and in ſome Degree ſynonymous to *Perdition* in the next Line.

Begun

Begun to tell me what I am, but ſtopt,
And left me to a bootleſs inquiſition;
Concluding, *Stay*; *not yet*.———
Pro. The hour's now come,
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canſt thou remember
A time, before we came unto this cell?
I do not think, thou canſt; for then thou waſt not
Out three years old. (2)
Mira. Certainly, Sir, I can.
Pro. By what? by any other houſe, or perſon?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept in thy remembrance.
Mira. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream, than an aſſurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four, or five, women once, that tended me?
Pro. Thou hadſt, and more, *Miranda:* but how is it,
That this lives in thy mind? what ſeeſt thou elſe
In the dark back-ward and abyſme of time?
If thou remember'ſt aught, ere thou cam'ſt here;
How thou cam'ſt here, thou may'ſt.
Mira. But that I do not.
Pro. 'Tis twelve years ſince, *Miranda*; twelve years ſince,
Thy father was the Duke of *Milan*, and
A Prince of Pow'r.
Mira. Sir, are not you my father?
Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She ſaid, thou waſt my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of *Milan*, and his only heir
A Princeſs, no worſe iſſu'd.
Mira. O the heav'ns!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or bleſſed was't, we did?
Pro. Both, both, my girl:

(2) out *three years old.*] This is the old Reading: 'tis true, the Expreſſion is obſolete, but it ſupply'd the Senſe of, *full out*, *out-right*, or *right-out*.

By foul play (as thou say'ſt) were we heav'd thence;
But bleſſedly help'd hither.

Mira. O, my heart bleeds
To think o'th' teene that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance. Pleaſe you, farther.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd *Anthonio*——
I pray thee, mark me;—(that a brother ſhould
Be ſo perfidious!) he whom next thyſelf
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my ſtate; (as, at that time,
Through all the ſignories it was the firſt;
And *Proſpero* the prime Duke, being ſo reputed
In dignity; and for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; thoſe being all my ſtudy:)
The government I caſt upon my brother,
And to my ſtate grew ſtranger; being tranſported,
And rapt in ſecret ſtudies. Thy falſe uncle——
(Doſt thou attend me?)

Mira. Sir, moſt heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant ſuits,
How to deny them; whom t'advance, and whom
To traſh for over-topping; new-created
The creatures, that were mine; I ſay, or chang'd 'em,
Or elſe new form'd 'em; having both the key
Of officer and office, ſet all hearts i'th' ſtate
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And ſuckt my verdure out on't.—Thou attend'ſt not.

Mira. Good Sir, I do.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me then.
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To cloſeneſs, and the bettering of my mind,
With that which, but by being ſo retired,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my falſe brother
Awak'd an evil nature; and my truſt,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falſhood in its contrary as great
As my truſt was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence *ſans* bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my Revenue yielded,

But

But what my power might elſe exact; like one,
Who having into truth, by telling of it,
Made ſuch a ſinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie, he did believe
He was, indeed, the Duke; from ſubſtitution,
And executing th' outward face of royalty,
With all perogative. Hence his ambition growing——
Doſt thou hear?

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafneſs.

Pro. To have no ſcreen between this part he plaid,
And him he plaid it for, he needs will be
Abſolute *Milan.* Me, poor man!——my library
Was Dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: confederates
(So dry he was for ſway) wi'th' King of *Naples*
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to his crown; and bend
The Dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor *Milan!*)
To moſt ignoble ſtooping.

Mira. O the heav'ns!

Pro. Mark his condition, and th' event; then tell me,
If this might be a Brother?

Mira. I ſhould ſin, (3)
To think but nobly of my grandmother;
Good wombs have bore bad ſons. (4)

(3) ——————*I ſhould ſin,*

To think not *nobly of my grand-mother*;] This is Mr. *Pope*'s reading; from no Authority, I preſume: All the Copies that I have ſeen, have it; *To think* but *nobly*——i. e. otherwiſe than nobly; according to our Author's Uſage.

(4) *Good Wombs have bore bad Sons.*

Pro. *Now, the Condition:*] Thus have all the Editions divided theſe Speeches; But, tho' I have not attempted to regulate them otherwiſe, I have great Suſpicion, that our Author plac'd them thus;

Pro. *Good Wombs have bore bad Sons.*——*Now, the Condition:* How could *Miranda*, that came into this *Deſert Iſland* an Infant, that had never ſeen any other Creatures of the World, but her Father and *Caliban*, with any Propriety be furniſh'd

Pro. Now the condition:
This King of *Naples*, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearks my brother's ſuit;
Which was, that he in lieu o'th' premiſes,
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,
Should preſently extirpate me and mine
Out of the Dukedom; and confer fair *Milan*,
With all the honours, on my brother. Whereon
A treacherous army levy'd, one mid-night
Fated to th' purpoſe, did *Anthonio* open
The gates of *Milan*; and, i'th' dead of darkneſs,
The miniſters for the purpoſe hurry'd thence
Me, and thy crying ſelf.

Mira. Alack, for pity!
I, not remembring how I cry'd on't then,
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint,
That wrings mine eyes to't.

Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the preſent buſineſs.
Which now's upon's; without the which this ſtory
Were moſt impertinent.

Mira. Why did they not
That hour deſtroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that queſtion. Dear, they durſt not
(So dear the love my people bore me;) ſet
A mark ſo bloody on the buſineſs; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurry'd us aboard a bark;
Bore us ſome leagues to Sea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcaſs of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, ſail, nor maſt; the very rats
Inſtinctively had quit it: there they hoiſt us
To cry to th' ſea, that roar'd to us; to ſigh

to make ſuch an Obſervation from Life, that the Iſſue has often degenerated from the Parent? But it comes very properly from *Proſpero*, as a ſhort Document, by the by, to his Daughter; implying, "that ſhe did very well to think with Honour of "her Anceſtor; for that it was common in Life, for good "People to have bad Children."

To

To th' winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.
Mira. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you?
Pro. O! a cherubim
Thou wast, that did preserve me: Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heav'n,
(When I have deck'd the sea with drops full-salt;
Under my burthen groan'd;) which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.
Mira. How came we a-shore?
Pro. By providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble *Neapolitan, Gonzalo,*
Out of his charity (being then appointed
Master of this design) did give us, with
Rich garments, linnens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steeded much. So of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my Dukedom.
Mira. Would I might
But ever see that man!
Pro. Now, I arise:——
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd, and here
Have I, thy school-master, made thee more profit
Than other Princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.
Mira. Heav'ns thank you for't! And now, I pray
you, Sir,
(For still 'tis beating in my mind) your reason
For raising this sea-storm?
Pro. Know thus far forth,
By accident most strange, bountiful fortune
(Now my dear lady) hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and, by my prescience
I find, my *Zenith* doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose Influence

If

If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. — Here ceaſe more queſtions;
Thou art inclin'd to ſleep. 'Tis a good dulneſs,
And give it way; I know, thou canſt not chuſe—
[Miranda *ſleeps.*
Come away, ſervant, come; I'm ready now:
Approach, my *Ariel*, Come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great maſter! grave Sir, hail! I come
To anſwer thy beſt pleaſure: Be't to fly;
To ſwim; to dive into the fire; to ride
On the curl'd clouds: to thy ſtrong bidding task
Ariel, and all his qualities.
Pro. Haſt thou, ſpirit,
Perform'd to point the tempeſt that I bad thee?
Ari. To every Article.
I boarded the King's ſhip: now on the beak,
Now in the waſte, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement. Sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-maſt,
The yards, and bolt-ſprit, would I flame diſtinctly;
Then meet and join. *Jove*'s lightnings, the precurſers
Of dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And ſight out-running were not; the fire and cracks
Of ſulphurous roaring the moſt mighty *Neptune*
Seem'd to beſiege, and make his bold waves tremble;
Yea, his dread trident ſhake.
Pro. My brave, brave ſpirit!
Who was ſo firm, ſo conſtant, that this coyl
Would not infect his reaſon?
Ari. Not a ſoul
But felt a fever of the mind, and plaid
Some tricks of deſperation: all, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the veſſel,
Then all a-fire with me: the King's ſon *Ferdinand*
With hair up ſtaring (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the firſt man, that leap'd; cry'd, "hell is empty;
"And all the devils are here.
Pro. Why, that's my Spirit!
But was not this nigh ſhore?

Ari.

Ari. Close by, my Master.
Pro. But are they, *Ariel*, safe?
Ari. Not a hair perish'd:
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before. And as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle:
The King's son have I landed by himself,
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.
Pro. Of the King's ship
The mariners, say, how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o'th' fleet?
Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the King's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight, to fetch dew
From the still-vext *Bermudas*, there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd,
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I've left asleep; and for the rest o'th' fleet
(Which I dispers'd) they all have met again,
And are upon the *Mediterranean* flote,
Bound sadly home for *Naples*;
Supposing, that they saw the King's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.
Pro. *Ariel*, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work.
What is the time o'th' day?
Ari. Past the mid season.
Pro. At least two glasses; the time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.
Ari. Is there more toil? since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.
Pro. How now? moody?
What is't thou canst demand?
Ari. My liberty.
Pro. Before the time be out? no more.
Ari. I pr'ythee,
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;

Told

Told thee no lies, made no miſtakings, ſerv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings; thou didſt promiſe
To bate me a full year.
Pro. Doſt thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?
Ari. No.
Pro. Thou doſt; and think'ſt it much to tread the ooze
Of the ſalt deep;
To run upon the ſharp Wind of the North;
To do me buſineſs in the veins o'th' earth,
When it is bak'd with froſt.
Ari. I do not, Sir.
Pro. Thou ly'ſt, malignant thing! haſt thou forgot
The foul witch *Sycorax*, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? haſt thou forgot her?
Ari. No, Sir.
Pro. Thou haſt: where was ſhe born? ſpeak; tell me.
Ari. Sir, in *Argier*.
Pro. Oh, was ſhe ſo? I muſt
Once in a month recount what thou haſt been,
Which thou forget'ſt. This damn'd witch *Sycorax*,
For miſchiefs manifold and ſorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from *Argier*,
Thou know'ſt, was baniſh'd: for one thing ſhe did,
They would not take her life. Is not this true?
Ari. Ay, Sir.
Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by th' ſailors; thou my ſlave
As thou report'ſt thy ſelf, waſt then her ſervant.
And, for thou waſt a ſpirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refuſing her grand heſts, ſhe did confine thee,
By help of her more potent miniſters,
And in her moſt unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Impriſon'd, thou didſt painfully remain
A dozen years, within which ſpace ſhe dy'd,
And left thee there: where thou didſt vent thy groans,
As faſt as mill-wheels ſtrike. Then was this Iſland
(Save for the ſon that ſhe did litter here,

A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human ſhape.
Ari. Yes; *Caliban* her ſon.
Pro. Dull thing, I ſay ſo: he, that *Caliban*,
Whom now I keep in ſervice. Thou beſt know'ſt,
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breaſts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could not again undo: it was mine art,
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.
Ari. I thank thee, maſter.
Pro. If thou more murmur'ſt, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, 'till
Thou'ſt howl'd away twelve winters.
Ari. Pardon, maſter.
I will be correſpondent to command,
And do my ſp'riting gently.
Pro. Do ſo: and after two days
I will diſcharge thee.
Ari. That's my noble maſter:
What ſhall I do? ſay what? what ſhall I do?
Pro. Go make thy ſelf like to a nymph o'th' ſea.
Be ſubject to no ſight but mine: inviſible
To every eye-ball elſe. Go take this ſhape,
And hither come in it: go hence with diligence.
[*Exit* Ariel.
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou haſt ſlept well;
Awake——
Mira. The ſtrangeneſs of your ſtory put
Heavineſs in me.
Pro. Shake it off: come on;
We'll viſit *Caliban* my ſlave, who never
Yields us kind anſwer.
Mira. 'Tis a villain, Sir,
I do not love to look on——
Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miſs him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and ſerves in offices

That

That profit us. What ho! slave! *Caliban!*
Thou earth, thou! speak.
Cal. [*within*] There's wood enough within.
Pro. Come forth, I say; there's other business for thee.
Come, thou Tortoise! when?——

Enter Ariel *like a Water-Nymph.*

Fine apparition! my quaint *Ariel*,
Hark in thine ear.
Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*
Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth.

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholsom fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!
Pro. For this, be sure, to night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.
Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This Island's mine by *Sycorax* my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou stroak'dst me, and mad'st much of me; and would'st give me
Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And shew'd thee all the qualities o'th' Isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits; barren place, and fertile.
Curs'd be I, that I did so! all the charms
Of *Sycorax*, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Who first was mine own King; and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of th' Island.

Pro.

Pro. Thou moſt lying ſlave,
Whom ſtripes may move, not kindneſs; I have us'd thee
(Filth as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd
In mine own cell, 'till thou didſt ſeek to violate
The honour of my child.
Cal. Oh ho, oh ho!——I wou'd, it had been done!
Thou didſt prevent me, I had peopled elſe
This Iſle with *Calibans.*
Pro. Abhorred ſlave; (5)
Which any print of goodneſs wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pity'd thee,
Took pains to make thee ſpeak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other. When thou didſt not, ſavage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldſt gabble like
A thing moſt brutiſh, I endow'd thy purpoſes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race
(Tho' thou didſt learn) had that in't, which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore waſt thou
Deſervedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadſt deſerv'd more than a priſon———
Cal. You taught me language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curſe: the red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!
Pro. Hag-ſeed, hence!
Fetch us in fewel, and be quick (thou wer't beſt)
To anſwer other buſineſs. Shrug'ſt thou, malice?

(5) Mira. *Abhorred Slave*;] In all the printed Editions this Speech is given to *Miranda:* but I am perſuaded, the Author never deſign'd it for her. In the firſt place, 'tis probable, *Proſpero* taught *Caliban* to ſpeak, rather than left that Office to his Daughter: in the next Place, as *Proſpero* was here rating *Caliban*, it would be a great Impropriety for her to take the Diſcipline out of his Hands; and, indeed, in ſome ſort, an Indecency in her to reply to what *Caliban* laſt was ſpeaking of. Mr. *Dryden*, I obſerve, in his Alteration of this Play, has judiciouſly placed this Speech to *Proſpero*. I can eaſily gueſs, that the change was firſt deriv'd from the Players, who not loving that any Character ſhould ſtand too long ſilent on the Stage, to obviate that Inconvenience with regard to *Miranda*, clap'd this Speech to her Part.

If

If thou neglect'ſt, or doſt unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,
That beaſts ſhall tremble at thy din.
Cal. No, 'pray thee.
I muſt obey; his art is of ſuch pow'r,
It would control my dam's god *Setebos*,
And make a vaſſal of him.
Pro. So, ſlave, hence! [*Exit* Caliban.

Enter Ferdinand; *and* Ariel *invisible, playing and ſinging.*

ARIEL's SONG.

Come unto theſe yellow ſands,
And then take hands:
Curt'ſied when you have, and kiſt
The wild waves whiſt;
Foot it featly here and there,
And, ſweet ſprites, the burthen bear.
[Burthen, diſperſedly.
Hark, hark, bough-waugh: the watch-dogs bark,
Baugh-waugh.
Ari. *Hark, hark, I hear*
The ſtrain of ſtrutting chanticlere
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-do.

Fer. Where ſhould this muſick be, i'th' air, or earth?—
It ſounds no more: and, ſure, it waits upon
Some God o'th' Iſland. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping againſt the King my father's wreck,
This muſick crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury and my paſſion,
With its ſweet air; thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather——but 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL's SONG.

Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made:

Theſe

Those are pearls, that were his eyes;
Nothing of him, that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change,
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.
Hark, now I hear them, ding-dong, bell.
[Burthen: ding-dong.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father;
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owns: I hear it now above me.
Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eyes advance,
And say, what thou seest yond.
Mira. What is't, a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! believe me, Sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.
Pro. No, wench, it eats, and sleeps, and hath such senses
As we have, such. This gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wreck: and, but he's something stain'd
With grief, (that's beauty's canker) thou might'st call him
A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.
Mira. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.
Pro. It goes on, I see, [*Aside.*
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit, I'll free thee
Within two days for this.
Fer. Most sure, the Goddess
On whom these ayres attend! vouchsafe, my pray'r
May know, if you remain upon this Island;
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here: my prime request
(Which I do last pronounce) is, O you wonder!
If you be made or no?
Mira. No wonder, Sir,
But certainly a maid.
Fer. My language! heav'ns!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro.

Pro. How? the beſt?
What wert thou, if the King of *Naples* heard thee?
Fer. A ſingle thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee ſpeak of *Naples*. He does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: myſelf am *Naples*,
Who, with mine eyes (ne'er ſince at ebb) beheld
The King my father wreckt.
Mira. Alack, for mercy!
Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords: the Duke of *Milan*,
And his brave ſon, being twain. (6)
Pro. The Duke of *Milan*,
And his more braver daughter, could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't:——At the firſt ſight,
They have chang'd eyes: (delicate *Ariel*,
I'll ſet thee free for this.) A word, good Sir,
I fear, you've done yourſelf ſome wrong: a word——
Mira. Why ſpeaks my father ſo ungently? this
Is the third man, that I e'er ſaw; the firſt,
That e'er I ſigh'd for. Pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!
Fer. O, if a Virgin,
And your Affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The Queen of *Naples*.
Pro. Soft, Sir; one word more.——
They're both in either's power: but this ſwift buſineſs
I muſt uneaſie make, leſt too light winning
Make the prize light. Sir, one word more; I charge thee,
That thou attend me:——thou doſt here uſurp
The name thou ow'ſt not, and haſt put thyſelf
Upon this Iſland, as a ſpy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.
Fer. No, as I'm a man.

(6) ——————*the Duke of* Milan,
And his brave Son, being twain.] Here ſeems a ſlight Forgetfulneſs in our Poet: No Body was loſt in this Wreck, as is manifeſt from ſeveral Paſſages: and yet we have no ſuch Character introduc'd in the Fable, as the Duke of *Milan*'s Son. No doubt, in his firſt Plan he had mark'd out ſuch a Character; but, on ſecond Thought, found it unneceſſary.

Mira.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in ſuch a temple.
If the ill ſpirit have ſo fair an houſe,
Good things will ſtrive to dwell with't.
Pro. Follow me———
Speak not you for him: he's a traitor. Come,
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;
Sea-water ſhalt thou drink; thy food ſhall be
The freſh-brook muſſels, wither'd roots, and huſks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.
Fer. No,
I will reſiſt ſuch entertainment, 'till
Mine enemy has more power.
[*He draws, and is charm'd from moving.*
Mira. O dear father,
Make not too raſh a tryal of him; for
He's gentle, and not fearful.
Pro. What, I ſay,
My foot my tutor? put thy ſword up, traitor,
Who mak'ſt a ſhew, but dar'ſt not ſtrike; thy conſcience
Is ſo poſſeſt with guilt: come from thy ward,
For I can here diſarm thee with this ſtick,
And make thy weapon drop.
Mira. Beſeech you, father.
Pro. Hence: hang not on my garment.
Mira. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his ſurety.
Pro. Silence: one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,
An advocate for an impoſtor? huſh!
Thou think'ſt, there are no more ſuch ſhapes as he,
Having ſeen but him and *Caliban*; fooliſh wench!
To th' moſt of men this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are angels.
Mira. My affections
Are then moſt humble: I have no ambition
To ſee a goodlier man.
Pro. Come on, obey;
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer.

Fer. So they are:
My ſpirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loſs, the weakneſs which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, and this man's threats,
To whom I am ſubdu'd, were but light to me,
Might I but through my priſon once a day
Behold this maid: all corners elſe o'th' earth
Let liberty make uſe of; ſpace enough
Have I, in ſuch a priſon.

Pro. It works: come on.
(Thou haſt done well, fine *Ariel:*) follow me.
Hark, what thou elſe ſhalt do me. [*To* Ariel.

Mira. Be of comfort,
My father's of a better nature, Sir,
Than he appears by ſpeech: this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou ſhalt be as free
As mountain winds; but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To th' ſyllable.

Pro. Come, follow: ſpeak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *Another Part of the Iſland.*

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Franciſco, *and others.*

GONZALO.

BESEECH you, Sir, be merry: you have cauſe
(So have we all) of joy! for our eſcape
Is much beyond our loſs; our hint of woe
Is common; every day, ſome ſailor's wife,
The maſters of ſome merchant, and the merchant,
Have juſt our theam of woe: but for the miracle,
(I mean

(I mean our preſervation) few in millions
Can ſpeak like us: then wiſely, good Sir, weigh
Our ſorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace. (7)

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The viſitor will not give o'er ſo.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit, by and by it will ſtrike.

Gon. Sir,——

Seb. One:—— Tell,——

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd; comes to the entertainer——

Seb. A dollor.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed; you have ſpoken truer than you propos'd.

(7) Alon. *Pr'ythee, peace.*] All that follows from hence to this ſpeech of the King's,

You cram theſe Words into my Ears againſt
The Stomach of my Senſe.

ſeems to Mr. *Pope* to have been an Interpolation by the Players. For my part, tho' I allow the Matter of the Dialogue to be very poor and trivial, (of which, I am ſorry to ſay, we don't want other Inſtances in our Poet;) I cannot be of this Gentleman's Opinion, that it is interpolated. For ſhould we take out this intermediate Part, what would become of theſe Words of the King?

——*Would I had never*
Married my Daughter there!

What Daughter? and *where* married? For it is from this intermediate Part of the Scene only, that we are told, the King had a Daughter nam'd *Claribel*, whom he had married into *Tunis*. 'Tis true, in a ſubſequent Scene, betwixt *Antonio* and *Sebaſtian*, we again hear her and *Tunis* mention'd: but in ſuch a manner, that it would be quite obſcure and unintelligible without this previous Information. Mr. *Pope*'s Criticiſm therefore is injudicious and unweigh'd. Beſides, poor and jejune as the Matter of the Dialogue is, it was certainly deſign'd to be of a ridiculous Stamp; to divert and unſettle the King's Thoughts from reflecting too deeply on his Son's ſuppos'd Drowning.

Seb.

Seb. You have taken it wiſelier than I meant you ſhould.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,———

Ant. Fie, what a ſpend-thrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I pr'ythee, ſpare.———

Gon. Well, I have done: but yet——

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he, or *Adrian,* for a good wager, firſt begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done: the wager?

Ant. A laughter?

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this iſland ſeem to be deſart——

Seb. Ha, ha, ha,———So, you're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almoſt inacceſſible——

Seb. Yet,——

Adr. Yet——

Ant. He could not miſs't.

Adr. It muſt needs be of ſubtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a ſubtle, as he moſt learnedly deliver'd.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here moſt ſweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True, ſave means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none or little.

Gon. How luſh and luſty the graſs looks? how green?

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He miſſes not much.

Seb. No: he does but miſtake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is, which is indeed almoſt beyond credit——

Seb. As many voucht rarities are.

Gon. That our garments being (as they were) drench'd in the ſea, hold notwithſtanding their freſhneſs and gloſſes;

gloſſes; being rather new dy'd, than ſtain'd with ſalt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could ſpeak, would it not ſay, he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falſely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as freſh as when we put them on firſt in *Africk*, at the marriage of the King's fair daughter *Claribel* to the King of *Tunis*.

Seb. 'Twas a ſweet marriage, and we proſper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never grac'd before with ſuch a paragon to their Queen.

Gon. Not ſince widow *Dido*'s time.

Ant. Widow, a pox o' that: how came that widow in? widow *Dido!*

Seb. What if he had ſaid, widower *Æneas* too? Good lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow *Dido*, ſaid you? you make me ſtudy of that: ſhe was of *Carthage*, not of *Tunis*.

Gon. This *Tunis*, Sir, was *Carthage*.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I aſſure you, *Carthage*.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houſes too.

Ant. What impoſſible matter will he make eaſy next?

Seb. I think, he will carry this iſland home in his pocket, and give it his ſon for an apple.

Ant. And ſowing the kernels of it in the ſea, bring forth more iſlands.

Gon. Ay.

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments ſeem now as freſh, as when we were at *Tunis* at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queen.

Ant. And the rareſt that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beſeech you, widow *Dido!*

Ant. O, widow *Dido!* ay, widow *Dido!*

Gon. Is not my doublet, Sir, as freſh as the firſt day I wore it? I mean, in a ſort.

Ant. That ſort was well fiſh'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage.
Alon. You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! For, coming thence,
My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too;
Who is so far from *Italy* remov'd,
I ne'er again shall see her: O thou mine heir
Of *Naples* and of *Milan*, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?
Fran. Sir, he may live.
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water;
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty strokes
To th' shore; that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt,
He came alive to land.
Alon. No, no, he's gone.
Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our *Europe* with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an *African*;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.
Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.
Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd between lothness and obedience, at
Which end the beam should bow. We've lost your son,
I fear, for ever: *Milan* and *Naples* have
More widows in them of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them:
The fault's your own.
Alon. So is the dearest o' th' loss.
Gon. My lord *Sebastian*,
The truth, you speak, doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaister.
Seb. Very well.

Ant.

Ant. And moſt chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good Sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I the plantation of this iſle, my lord —

Ant. He'd ſow't with nettle-ſeed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the King on't, what would I do?

Seb. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

Gon. I'th' commonwealth, I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffick
Would I admit; no name of magiſtrate;
Letters ſhould not be known; wealth, poverty,
And uſe of ſervice, none; contract, ſucceſſion,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No uſe of metal, corn, or wine, or oyl;
No occupation, all men idle, all,
And women too; but innocent and pure:
No Sov'reignty.

Seb. And yet he would be King on't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature ſhould produce,
Without ſweat or endeavour. Treaſon, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature ſhould bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foyzon, all abundance
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his ſubjects?

Ant. None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.

Gon. I would with ſuch perfection govern, Sir,
T' excel the golden age.

Seb. Save his Majeſty!

Ant. Long live *Gonzalo!*

Gon. And, do you mark me, Sir?

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more; thou doſt talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your Highneſs; and did it to miniſter occaſion to theſe gentlemen, who are of ſuch

ſenſible and nimble lungs, that they always uſe to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: ſo you may continue, and laugh at nothing ſtill.

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave metal; you would lift the moon out of her ſphere, if ſhe would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel, *playing ſolemn Muſick.*

Seb. We would ſo, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, my good lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you, I will not adventure my diſcretion ſo weakly; will you laugh me aſleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go, ſleep, and hear us.

Alon. What, all ſo ſoon aſleep? I wiſh, mine eyes
Would with themſelves ſhut up my thoughts: I find,
They are inclin'd to do ſo.

Seb. Pleaſe you, Sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It ſeldom viſits ſorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your perſon, while you take your reſt,
And watch your ſafety.

Alon. Thank you: wond'rous heavy——

[*All ſleep but* Seb. *and* Ant.

Seb. What a ſtrange drowſineſs poſſeſſes them?

Ant. It is the quality o' th' climate.

Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids ſink? I find not
Myſelf diſpos'd to ſleep.

Ant. Nor I, my ſpirits are nimble:
They fell together all as by conſent,
They dropt as by a thunder-ſtroke. What might,
Worthy *Sebaſtian*——O, what might——no more.

And

And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be: th' occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.
Seb. What, art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not hear me speak?
Seb. I do; and, surely,
It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep: what is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open: standing, speaking, moving;
And yet so fast asleep.
Ant. Noble *Sebastian*,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep: die rather: wink'st,
Whilst thou art waking.
Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.
Ant. I am more serious than my custom. You
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,
Trebles thee o'er. (8)
Seb. Well: I am standing water.
Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.
Seb. Do so: to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.
Ant. O!
If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,
Whilst thus you mock it; how, in stripping it,
You more invest it, ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run,
By their own fear or sloth.
Seb. Pr'ythee, say on;
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim

(8) Trebles *thee o'er.*] i. e. makes thee *thrice* what thou now art. Thus the two first *Folio's*, and all the other Impressions of any Authority, that I have seen, exhibit the Text; and the Phrase is familiar both to our Poet, and other Stage-Writers of his Time.

Troubles *thee o'er*——is a foolish Reading, which, I believe, first got Birth in Mr. *Pope*'s two Editions of our Poet; and, I dare say, will lie buried there in a proper Obscurity.

A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.
Ant. Thus, Sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
(Who ſhall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd;) hath here almoſt perſuaded
(For he's a ſpirit of perſuaſion, only
Profeſſes to perſuade) the King, his ſon's alive;
'Tis as impoſſible that he's undrown'd,
As he, that ſleeps here, ſwims.
Seb. I have no hope,
That he's undrown'd.
Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you? no hope, that way, is
Another way ſo high an hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubt diſcovery there. Will you grant, with me,
That *Ferdinand* is drown'd?
Seb. He's gone.
Ant. Then tell me
Who's the next heir of *Naples?*
Seb. Claribel.
Ant. She that is Queen of *Tunis*; ſhe that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; ſhe that from *Naples*
Can have no note, unleſs the ſun were poſt,
(The man i' th' moon's too ſlow) 'till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; ſhe, from whom
We were ſea-ſwallow'd; tho' ſome, caſt again,
May by that deſtiny perform an act,
Whereof, what's paſt is prologue; what to come,
Is yours and my diſcharge———
Seb. What ſtuff is this? how ſay you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's Queen of *Tunis*,
So is ſhe heir of *Naples*; 'twixt which regions
There is ſome ſpace.
Ant. A ſpace, whoſe ev'ry cubit
Seems to cry out, how ſhall that *Claribel*
Meaſure us back to *Naples?* Keep in *Tunis*,
And let *Sebaſtian* wake. Say, this were death
That now hath ſeiz'd them, why, they were no worſe

Than

Than now they are: there be, that can rule *Naples*,
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply, and unnecessarily,
As this *Gonzalo*; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do; what a sleep was this
For your advancement! do you understand me?
Seb. Methinks, I do.
Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?
Seb. I remember,
You did supplant your brother *Prosp'ro*.
Ant. True:
And, look, how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before. My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.
Seb. But, for your conscience——
Ant. Ay, Sir; where lyes that?
If 'twere a kybe, 'twould put me to my slipper:
But I feel not this deity in my bosom.
Ten consciences, that stand 'twixt me and *Milan*,
Candy'd be they, and melt, e'er they molest!
Here lyes your brother——
No better than the earth he lyes upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: you doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for ay might put
This ancient Morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business, that,
We say, befits the hour.
Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent: as thou got'st *Milan*,
I'll come by *Naples*. Draw thy sword; one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;
And I the King shall love thee.
Ant. Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like

To fall it on *Gonzalo*.

Seb. O, but one word——

Enter Ariel, *with Muſick and Song.*

Ari. My maſter through his art foreſees the danger,
That you, his friend, are in; and ſends me forth
(For elſe his project dies) to keep them living.
[*Sings in* Gonzalo's *Ear.*

While you here do ſnoaring lye,
Open-ey'd conſpiracy
His time doth take:
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off ſlumber and beware:
Awake! awake!

Ant. Then let us both be ſudden.

Gon. Now, good angels preſerve the King! [*They wake.*

Alon. Why, how now, ho? awake? why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghaſtly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. While we ſtood here ſecuring your repoſe,
Ev'n now we heard a hollow burſt of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did't not wake you?
It ſtrook mine ear moſt terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monſter's ear;
To make an earthquake: ſure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this?

Gon. Upon my honour, Sir, I heard a humming,
And that a ſtrange one too, which did awake me.
I ſhak'd you, Sir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,
I ſaw their weapons drawn: there was a noiſe,
That's verity. 'Tis beſt we ſtand on guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground, and let's make further ſearch
For my poor ſon.

Gon. Heav'ns keep him from theſe beaſts!
For he is, ſure, i' th' iſland.

Alon.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. Proſpero my lord ſhall know what I have done.
So, King, go ſafely on to ſeek thy ſon. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to another part of the Iſland.*

Enter Caliban *with a burden of wood; a noiſe of thunder heard.*

Cal. ALL the infections, that the ſun ſucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on *Proſper* fall, and make him
By inch-meal a diſeaſe! his ſpirits hear me,
And yet I needs muſt curſe. But they'll not pinch,
Fright me with urchin ſhews, pitch me i' th' mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unleſs he bid 'em; but
For every trifle are they ſet upon me.
Sometimes like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lye tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; ſometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiſs me into madneſs. Lo! now! lo!

Enter Trinculo.

Here comes a ſpi'rit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in ſlowly. I'll fall flat;
Perchance, he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither buſh nor ſhrub to bear off any weather at all, and another ſtorm brewing; I hear it ſing i' th' wind: yond ſame black cloud, yond huge one, (9) looks like a foul bumbard that would ſhed his

(9) *Looks like a foul* bumbard.] This Term again occurs in the firſt Part of *Henry* IV. ——*that ſwoln Parcel of Dropſies, that huge* Bumbard *of Sack*——and again in *Henry* VIII. *And here you lie baiting of* Bumbards, *when Ye ſhould do Service.* By theſe ſeveral Paſſages, 'tis plain, the Word meant in thoſe Days a large Veſſel for holding Drink, as well as the Piece of Ordnance ſo call'd.

liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot chuse but fall by pailfuls——What have we here, a man or a fish? dead or alive? a fish; he smells like a fish: a very ancient and fish-like smell. A kind of, not of the newest, *Poor John:* a strange fish! Were I in *England* now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not an holiday-fool there but would give a piece of silver. There would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man; when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead *Indian.* Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! warm, o'my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer, this is no fish, but an Islander that hath lately suffer'd by a thunder-bolt. Alas! the storm is come again. My best way is to creep under his gaberdine: there is no other shelter hereabout; misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows: I will here shrowd, 'till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter Stephano, *singing.*

Step. *I shall no more to sea, to sea, here shall I die a-shore.* This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral; well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

Sings. *The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,*
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, *and* Marrian, *and* Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, go hang:
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a taylor might scratch her, where-e'er she did itch.
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.
This is a scurvy tune too; but here's my comfort.
[*Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me, oh!

Step. What's the matter? have we devils here? do you put tricks upon's with salvages, and men of *Inde?* ha? I have not scap'd drowning, to be afraid now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man, as ever

ever went upon four legs, cannot make him give ground; and it ſhall be ſaid ſo again, while *Stephano* breathes at his noſtrils.

Cal. The ſpirit torments me: oh!

Step. This is ſome monſter of the iſle with four legs, who has got, as I take it, an ague: where the devil ſhould he learn our language? I will give him ſome relief, if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to *Naples* with him, he's a preſent for any Emperor that ever trod on neats-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, p'rythee; I'll bring my wood home faſter.

Step. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wiſeſt: he ſhall taſte of my bottle. If he never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit; if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him: he ſhall pay for him, that hath him, and that ſoundly.

Cal. Thou doſt me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it, by thy trembling: now *Proſper* works upon thee.

Step. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, Cat; open your mouth: this will ſhake your ſhaking, I can tell you, and that ſoundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

Trin. I ſhould know that voice: it ſhould be——— but he is drown'd; and theſe are devils; O! defend me——

Step. Four legs and two voices; a moſt delicate monſter! his forward voice now is to ſpeak well of his friend; his backward voice is to ſpatter foul ſpeeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: come: *Amen!* I will pour ſome in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano,———

Step. Doth thy other mouth call me? mercy! mercy! this is a devil, and no monſter: I will leave him; I have no long ſpoon.

Trin.

Trin. Stephano! if thou beeſt *Stephano*, touch me, and ſpeak to me; for I am *Trinculo*; be not afraid, thy good friend *Trinculo*.

Step. If thou beeſt *Trinculo*, come forth, I'll pull thee by the leſſer legs: if any be *Trinculo*'s legs, theſe are they. Thou art very *Trinculo*, indeed: how cam'ſt thou to be the ſiege of this moon-calf? can he vent *Trinculo*'s!

Trin. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-ſtroke: but art thou not drown'd, *Stephano?* I hope now, thou art not drown'd: is the ſtorm over-blown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the ſtorm: and art thou living, *Stephano?* O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitans* ſcap'd!

Step. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about, my ſtomach is not conſtant.

Cal. Theſe be fine things, an if they be not ſprights: that's a brave god, and bears celeſtial liquor: I will kneel to him.

Step. How didſt thou ſcape? how cam'ſt thou hither? ſwear, by this bottle, how thou cam'ſt hither: I eſcap'd upon a butt of ſack, which the ſailors heav'd over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, ſince I was caſt a-ſhore.

Cal. I'll ſwear upon that bottle, to be thy true ſubject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Step. Here: ſwear then, how eſcap'dſt thou?

Trin. Swom a-ſhore, man, like a duck; I can ſwim like a duck, I'll be ſworn.

Step. Here, kiſs the book. Though thou can'ſt ſwim like a duck, thou art made like a gooſe.

Trin. O *Stephano*, haſt any more of this?

Step. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by th' ſea-ſide, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf, how does thine ague?

Cal. Haſt thou not dropt from heav'n?

Step. Out o'th' moon, I do aſſure thee. I was the man in th' moon, when time was.

Cal. I have ſeen thee in her; and I do adore thee: my miſtreſs ſhew'd me thee, and thy dog and thy buſh.

Step. Come, ſwear to that; kiſs the book: I will furniſh it anon with new contents: ſwear.

Trin.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very ſhallow monſter: I afraid of him? a very ſhallow monſter: the man i'th' moon? —— a moſt poor credulous monſter: well drawn, monſter, in good ſooth.

Cal. I'll ſhew thee every fertile inch o'th' Iſle, and I will kiſs thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a moſt perfidious and drunken monſter; when his god's aſleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiſs thy foot. I'll ſwear my ſelf thy ſubject.

Step. Come on then; down, and ſwear.

Trin. I ſhall laugh my ſelf to death at this puppy-headed monſter: a moſt ſcurvy monſter! I could find in my heart to beat him——

Step. Come, kiſs.

Trin.——But that the poor monſter's in drink: an abominable monſter!

Cal. I'll ſhew thee the beſt ſprings; I'll pluck thee berries,
I'll fiſh for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I ſerve!
I'll bear him no more ſticks, but follow thee,
Thou wond'rous man.

Trin. A moſt ridiculous monſter, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Shew thee a jay's neſt, and inſtruct thee how
To ſnare the nimble marmazet; I'll bring thee
To cluſt'ring filberds, and ſometimes I'll get thee
(10) Young Shamois from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Step.

(10) *Young* Scamels *from the rock.*] I can no where elſe meet with ſuch a Word as *Scamel*, which has poſſeſs'd all the Editions. *Shakeſpeare* muſt certainly either have wrote *Shamois*, i. e. young kids: or *Sea-malls*. The *Sea-mall*, or *Sea-mell*, or *Sea-mew* (according to *Willoughby*,) is that Bird, which is call'd *Larus cinereus minor*; it feeds upon Fiſh, and frequents the Banks of Lakes. It is not impoſſible, but our Poet might here intend this Bird. Or, again, (and which comes near to *Scamel*, in the Traces of the Letters) *Ray* tells us of another Bird, call'd the

Step. I pr'ythee now, lead the way without any more talking. *Trinculo*, the King and all our company elſe being drown'd, we will inherit here. Hear, bear my bottle; fellow *Trinculo*, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly.*] *Farewel, maſter; farewel, farewel.*

Trin. A howling monſter; a drunken monſter.

Cal. *No more dams I'll make for fiſh,*
Nor fetch in firing at requiring,
Nor ſcrape trencher, nor waſh diſh,
Ban' Ban', Cacalyban
Has a new maſter, get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Step. O brave monſter, lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

the *Stannel*, of the *Hawk* Species. It is no matter which of the three Readings we embrace, ſo we take a Word ſignifying the Name of ſomething in Nature.

ACT III.

SCENE, *before* Proſpero's *Cell.*

Enter Ferdinand, *bearing a log.*

FERDINAND.

THERE be ſome ſports are painful, but their labour
Delight in them ſets off: ſome kinds of baſeneſs
Are nobly undergone, and moſt poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task wou'd be
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious: but
The miſtreſs, which I ſerve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleaſures: O, ſhe is
Ten times more gentle, than her father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harſhneſs. I muſt move
Some thouſands of theſe logs, and pile them up,
Upon a ſore Injunction. My ſweet miſtreſs

Weeps

Weeps when he sees me work, and says, such baseness
Had ne'er like executer: I forget;
But these sweet thoughts do ev'n refresh my labour,
Most busie-less, when I do it. (11)

Enter Miranda; *and* Prospero, *at a distance unseen.*

Mira. Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard; I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs, that thou'rt enjoin'd to pile:
Pray, set it down and rest you; when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you: my father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest your self;
He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that;
I'll carry't to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature,
I'ad rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me,
As well as it does you; and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected;
This visitation shews it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me,
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,

(11) Least busie *when I do it.*] This Reading, I presume, to be Mr. *Pope*'s; for I do not find it authoriz'd by the Copies: The two first *Folio*'s read:

Most busy least, *when I do it.*

'Tis true, this Reading is corrupt; but the Corruption is so very little remov'd from the Truth of the Text, that I can't afford to think well of my own Sagacity for having discover'd it.

(Chiefly

(Chiefly that I might ſet it in my prayers)
What is your name?
Mira. Miranda. O my father,
I've broke your heſt to ſay ſo.
Fer. Admir'd *Miranda!*
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's deareſt to the world! full many a lady
I've ey'd with beſt regard, and many a time
Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear; for ſeveral virtues
Have I lik'd ſeveral women, never any
With ſo full ſoul, but ſome defect in her
Did quarrel with the nobleſt grace ſhe ow'd,
And put it to the foil. But you, O you,
So perfect, and ſo peerleſs, are created
Of every creature's beſt.
Mira. I do not know
One of my ſex; no woman's face remember,
Save from my glaſs mine own; nor have I ſeen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father; how features are abroad,
I'm ſkilleſs of; but, by my modeſty,
(The jewel in my dower) I would not wiſh
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a ſhape,
Beſides your ſelf, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.
Fer. I am, in my condition,
A Prince, *Miranda*; I do think, a King;
(I would, not ſo!) and would no more endure
This wooden ſlavery, than I would ſuffer
The fleſh-flie blow my mouth. Hear my ſoul ſpeak;
The very inſtant that I ſaw you, did
My heart fly to your ſervice, there reſides
To make me ſlave to it, and for your ſake
Am I this patient log-man.
Mira. Do you love me?
Fer. O heav'n, O earth, bear witneſs to this ſound,
And crown what I profeſs with kind event,

If

If I ſpeak true; if hollowly, invert
What beſt is boaded me, to miſchief! I,
Beyond all limit of what elſe i'th' world,
Do love, prize, honour you.
Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I'm glad of.
Pro. Fair encounter
Of two moſt rare affections! heav'ns rain grace,
On that which breeds between 'em!
Fer. Wherefore weep you!
Mira. At mine unworthineſs, that dare not offer,
What I deſire to give; and much leſs take,
What I ſhall die to want: but this is trifling;
And all the more it ſeeks to hide it ſelf,
The bigger bulk it ſhews. Hence, baſhful cunning;
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence.
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your ſervant,
Whether you will or no,
Fer. My miſtreſs, deareſt,
And I thus humble ever.
Mira. My husband then?
Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom; here's my hand.
Mira. And mine, with my heart in't; and now farewel,
Till half an hour hence.
Fer. A thouſand, thouſand. [*Exeunt.*
Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are ſurpriz'd withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere ſupper-time, muſt I perform
Much buſineſs appertaining. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to another part of the Iſland.*

Enter Caliban, Stephano, *and* Trinculo.

Step. TELL not me; when the butt is out, we will drink water, not a drop before; therefore bear up, and board 'em, ſervant-monſter; drink to me.

Trin.

Trin. Servant-monſter! the folly of this iſland! they ſay, there's but five upon this iſle; we are three of them, if the other two be brain'd like us, the ſtate totters.

Step. Drink, ſervant-monſter, when I bid thee; thy eyes are almoſt ſet in thy head.

Trin. Where ſhould they be ſet elſe? he were a brave monſter indeed, if they were ſet in his tail.

Step. My man-monſter hath drown'd his tongue in ſack: for my part, the ſea cannot drown me. I ſwam, ere I could recover the ſhore, five and thirty leagues, off and on; by this light, thou ſhalt be my lieutenant, monſter, or my ſtandard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you liſt; he's no ſtandard.

Step. We'll not run, monſieur monſter.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie like dogs, and yet ſay nothing neither.

Step. Moon-calf, ſpeak once in thy life, if thou beeſt a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? let me lick thy ſhoe; I'll not ſerve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou lieſt, moſt ignorant monſter, I am in caſe to juſtle a conſtable; why, thou deboſh'd fiſh thou, was there ever a man a coward that hath drunk ſo much ſack as I to-day? wilt thou tell a monſtrous lie, being but half a fiſh, and half a monſter?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me: wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he! that a monſter ſhould be ſuch a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again; bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Step. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree——the poor monſter's my ſubject, and he ſhall not ſuffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the ſuit I made to thee?

Step. Marry, will I; kneel and repeat it; I will ſtand, and ſo ſhall *Trinculo.*

Enter

Enter Ariel *invisible.*

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the Island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou;
I would, my valiant master would destroy thee:
I do not lie.

Step. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Step. Mum then, and no more; proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him, (for, I know, thou dar'st,
But this thing dares not.———)

Step. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Step. How now shall this be compast? canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord, I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a py'd ninny's this? thou scurvy patch!
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him; when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine, for I'll not shew him
Where the quick freshes are.

Step. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further off.

Step. Didst thou not say, he ly'd?

Ari. Thou liest.

Step. Do I so? take you that. [*Beats him.*
As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin.

Trin. I did not give thee the lie; out o' your wits, and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can ſack and drinking do. A murrain on your monſter, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Step. Now, forward with your tale; pr'ythee, ſtand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough; after a little time
I'll beat him too.

Step. Stand further. Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a cuſtom with him
I'th' afternoon to ſleep; there thou may'ſt brain him,
Having firſt ſeiz'd his books: or with a log
Batter his ſkull, or paunch him with a ſtake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember,
Firſt to poſſeſs his books; for without them
He's but a ſot, as I am; nor hath not
One ſpirit to command. They all do hate him,
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books;
He has brave utenſils, (for ſo he calls them,)
Which when he has an houſe, he'll deck withal.
And that moſt deeply to conſider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himſelf
Calls her a non-pareil: I ne'er ſaw woman,
But only *Sycorax* my dam, and ſhe:
But ſhe as far ſurpaſſes *Sycorax*,
As greateſt does the leaſt.

Step. Is it ſo brave a Laſs?

Cal. Ay, lord; ſhe will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Step. Monſter, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be King and Queen, ſave our Graces: and *Trinculo* and thy ſelf ſhall be Vice-Roys. Doſt thou like the plot, *Trinculo?*

Trin. Excellent.

Step. Give me thy hand; I am ſorry, I beat thee: but, while thou liv'ſt, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be aſleep;
Wilt thou deſtroy him then?

Step. Ay, on my honour.

Ari.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry; I am full of pleasure;
Let us be jocund. Will you troul the catch,
You taught me but while-ere?

Step. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason: come on, *Trinculo*, let us sing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em, and skout 'em: and skout 'em, and flout 'em; thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[Ariel *plays the Tune on a Tabor and Pipe.*

Step. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, plaid by the picture of no-body.

Step. If thou be'st a man, shew thy self in the likeness; if thou be'st a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Step. He that dies, pays all debts: I defie thee. Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afraid?

Step. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afraid; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twanging instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices;
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again; and then in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, will open, and shew riches
Ready to drop upon me; then when I wak'd,
I cry'd to dream again.

Step. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my musick for nothing.

Cal. When *Prospero* is destroy'd.

Step. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away; let's follow it, and after do our work.

Step. Lead, monster; we'll follow. I would I could see this taborer. He lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow *Stephano.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to another part of the Iſland.*

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Franciſco, *&c.*

Gon. BY'R lakin, I can go no further, Sir,
My old bones ake: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights and meanders! by your patience,
I needs muſt reſt me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myſelf attach'd with wearineſs,
To th' dulling of my ſpirits: ſit down and reſt.
Ev'n here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,
Whom thus we ſtray to find, and the ſea mocks
Our fruſtrate ſearch on land. Well, let him go.

Ant. I am right glad that he's ſo out of hope.
Do not, for one repulſe, forego the purpoſe
That you reſolv'd t'effect.

Seb. The next advantage
Will we take throughly.

Ant. Let it be to night;
For, now they are oppreſs'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, uſe ſuch vigilance,
As when they're freſh.

Seb. I ſay, to night: no more.

Solemn and ſtrange muſick; and Proſpero *on the top, inviſible. Enter ſeveral ſtrange ſhapes, bringing in a banquet; and dance about it with gentle actions of ſalutation; and, inviting the King,* &c. *to eat, they depart.*

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!

Gon. Marvellous ſweet muſick!

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heaven! what were theſe?

Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe,
That there are unicorns; that, in *Arabia*
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne; one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both:
And what does elſe want credit, come to me,

And

And I'll be ſworn 'tis true. Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.
Gon. If in *Naples*
I ſhould report this now, would they believe me?
If I ſhould ſay, I ſaw ſuch iſlanders:
(For, certes, theſe are people of the iſland)
Who tho' they are of monſtrous ſhape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind, than of
Our human generation you ſhall find
Many; nay, almoſt any.
Pro. Honeſt lord,
Thou haſt ſaid well; for ſome of you there preſent
Are worſe than devils.
Alon. I cannot too much muſe,
Such ſhapes, ſuch geſture, and ſuch ſound, expreſſing
(Although they want the uſe of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb diſcourſe.
Pro. Praiſe, in departing.——
Fran. They vaniſh'd ſtrangely.
Seb. No matter, ſince
They've left their viands behind; for we have ſtomachs.
Will't pleaſe you taſte of what is here?
Alon. Not I.
Gon. Faith, Sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe, that there were mountaineers,
Dew-lapt like bulls, whoſe throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of fleſh, or that there were ſuch men,
Whoſe heads ſtood in their breaſts? which now we find,
Each putter out on five for one will bring us (12)
Good warrant of.

Alon.

(12) *Each putter out of five for one.*——] By the Variation of a ſingle Letter, I think, I have ſet the Text right; and will therefore now proceed to explain it. I freely confeſs, that I once underſtood this Paſſage thus; that every *five* Travellers (or *Putters out*) did bring authentick Confirmation of theſe Stories, for *one* that pretended to diſpute the Truth of them: But communicating my Senſe of the Place to two ingenious Friends, I found, I was not at the Bottom of the Meaning. Mr. *Warburton* obſerv'd to me, that this was a fine Piece of conceal'd Satire on the

Alon. I will ſtand to, and feed,
Although my laſt; no matter, ſince I feel
The beſt is paſt. Brother, my lord the Duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel *like a harpy, claps his wings upon the table, and with a queint device the banquet vaniſhes.*

Ari. You are three men of ſin, whom deſtiny
(That hath to inſtrument this lower world,
And what is in't) the never-ſurfeited ſea
Hath cauſed to belch up; and on this Iſland
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongſt men
Being moſt unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And ev'n with ſuch like valour men hang and drown
Their proper ſelves. You fools! I and my fellows
Are miniſters of fate; the elements,
Of whom your ſwords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemockt-at ſtabs
Kill the ſtill-cloſing waters, as diminiſh
One down that's in my plume: my fellow-miniſters
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your ſwords are now too maſſie for your ſtrengths,
And will not be up-lifted. But remember,
(For that's my buſineſs to you) that you three
From *Milan* did ſupplant good *Proſpero:*
Expos'd unto the ſea (which hath requit it)
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the ſeas and ſhores, yea, all the creatures,

the Voyagers of that Time, who had juſt diſcover'd a new World; and, as was very natural, grew moſt extravagant in diſplaying the Wonders of it. That, particularly, by *Each Putter out of Five for One*, was meant the Adventurers in the Diſcovery of the *Weſt-Indies*, who had for the Money they advanc'd and contributed, 20 *per Cent.*——Dr. *Thirlby* did not a little aſſiſt this Explanation by his Concurrence, and by inſtructing me, that it was uſual in thoſe Times for Travellers to put out Money, to receive a greater Sum if they liv'd to return; and, for Proof, he referr'd me to *Moriſon*'s Itinerary, Part I. *p.* 198, *&c.*

Againſt

Againſt your peace: thee of thy ſon, *Alonſo*,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Ling'ring perdition, worſe than any death
Can be at once, ſhall ſtep by ſtep attend
You and your ways; whoſe wrath to guard you from,
(Which here in this moſt deſolate Iſle elſe falls
Upon your heads,) is nothing but heart's ſorrow,
And a clear life enſuing.

He vaniſhes in thunder: then, to ſoft muſick, Enter the ſhapes again, and dance with mopps and mowes, and carrying out the table.

Pro. Bravely the figure of this harpy haſt thou
Perform'd, my *Ariel*; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my inſtruction haſt thou nothing 'bated,
In what thou hadſt to ſay: ſo with good life,
And obſervation ſtrange, my meaner miniſters
Their ſeveral kinds have done; my high charms work,
And theſe, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their diſtractions: they are in my power;
And in theſe fits I leave them, whilſt I viſit
Young *Ferdinand*, (whom they ſuppoſe is drown'd,)
And his and my lov'd darling.

[*Exit* Proſpero *from above.*

Gon. I' th' name of ſomething holy, Sir, why ſtand you
In this ſtrange ſtare?

Alon. O, it is monſtrous! monſtrous!
Methoughts, the billows ſpoke, and told me of it;
The winds did ſing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The Name of *Proſper:* it did baſe my treſpaſs.
Therefore, my ſon i' th' ooze is bedded; and
I'll ſeek him deeper than e'er plummet ſounded,
And with him there lye mudded. [*Exit.*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy ſecond. [*Exeunt.*

Gon. All three of them are deſperate; their great guilt,
Like poiſon giv'n to work a great time after,

Now 'gins to bite the ſpirits. I do beſeech you,
That are of ſuppler joints, follow them ſwiftly;
And hinder them from what this ecſtaſie
May now provoke them to.
Adri. Follow, I pray you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, Proſpero's *Cell.*

Enter Proſpero, Ferdinand, *and* Miranda.

PROSPERO.

IF I have too auſterely puniſh'd you,
Your compenſation makes amends; for I
Have giv'n you here a thread of mine own life; (13)
Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand; all thy vexations
Were but my tryals of thy love, and thou
Haſt ſtrangely ſtood the teſt. Here, afore heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift: O *Ferdinand*,
Do not ſmile at me, that I boaſt her off;
For thou ſhalt find, ſhe will outſtrip all praiſe,
And make it halt behind her.

(13) ——————————*for I*
Have giv'n you here a third *of my own life*,] Thus all the Impreſſions in general; but why is She only a *Third* of his own Life? He had no Wife living, nor any other Child, to rob her of a Share in his Affection: So that we may reckon her at leaſt *half* of himſelf. Nor could he intend, that he lov'd himſelf twice as much as he did her; for he immediately ſubjoins, that it was *She for whom he liv'd.* In *Othello*, when *Iago* alarms the Senator with the loſs of his Daughter, he tells him,

Your Heart is burſt, you have loſt half *your Soul.*

And *Dimidium animæ meæ* was the current Language with the *Latines* on ſuch Occaſions,

Fer.

Fer. I believe it,
Againſt an oracle.
Pro. Then as my gift, and thine own acquiſition
Worthily purchas'd, take my Daughter. But
If thou doſt break her virgin-knot, before
All ſanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy Rite be miniſter'd,
No ſweet aſperſions ſhall the heav'ns let fall
To make this contract grow: but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd diſdain, and diſcord ſhall beſtrew
The union of your bed with weeds ſo loathly,
That you ſhall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As *Hymen*'s lamps ſhall light you.
Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair iſſue, and long life,
With ſuch love as 'tis now; the murkieſt den,
The moſt opportune place, the ſtrong'ſt ſuggeſtion
Our worſer *Genius* can, ſhall never melt
Mine honour into luſt; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I ſhall think or *Phœbus*' ſteeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.
Pro. Fairly ſpoke.
Sit then, and talk with her, ſhe is thine own.
What, *Ariel*; my induſtrious ſervant, *Ariel*——

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent maſter? here I am.
Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your laſt ſervice
Did worthily perform; and I muſt uſe you
In ſuch another trick; go, bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:
Incite them to quick motion, for I muſt
Beſtow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art; it is my promiſe,
And they expect it from me.
Ari. Preſently?
Pro. Ay, with a twink.
Ari. Before you can ſay, Come, and go,
And breathe twice; and cry, ſo, ſo;

Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, maſter? no?

Pro. Dearly, my delicate *Ariel*; do not approach,
'Till thou doſt hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive. [*Exit.*

Pro. Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the ſtrongeſt oaths are ſtraw
To th' fire i' th' blood: be more abſtemious,
Or elſe, good-night, your vow!——.

Fer. I warrant you, Sir;
The white, cold, virgin-ſnow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well.
Now come, my *Ariel*; bring a corollary,
Rather than want a ſpirit; appear, and pertly——
No tongue; all eyes; be ſilent. [*To* Ferdinand.

[*Soft Muſick.*

A MASQUE. *Enter* Iris.

Iris. Ceres, moſt bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, fetches, oats, and peaſe;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibling ſheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with ſtover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned, and tulip'd brims,
Which ſpungy *April* at thy heſt betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaſte crowns; and thy broom-groves,
Whoſe ſhadow the diſmiſſed batchelor loves,
Being laſs-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard,
And thy ſea-marge ſteril, and rocky hard,
Where thou thy ſelf do'ſt air; the Queen o' th' ſky,
Whoſe wat'ry arch and meſſenger am I,
Bids thee leave theſe; and with her Sov'reign Grace,
Here on this graſs-plot, in this very place,
To come and ſport; her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertain.

Enter

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail, many colour'd meſſenger, that ne'er
Doſt diſobey the wife of *Jupiter:*
Who, with thy ſaffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffuſeſt honey drops, refreſhing ſhowers;
And with each end of thy blue bow doſt crown
My bosky acres, and my unſhrub'd down,
Rich ſcarf to my proud earth; why hath thy Queen
Summon'd me hither, to this ſhort-graſs green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate,
And ſome donation freely to eſtate
On the bleſs'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heav'nly bow,
If *Venus* or her ſon, as thou doſt know,
Do now attend the Queen: ſince they did plot
The means, that dusky *Dis* my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's ſcandal'd company
I have forſworn.

Iris. Of her ſociety
Be not afraid; I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos*, and her ſon
Dove-drawn with her; here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whoſe vows are, that no bed-right ſhall be paid
'Till *Hymen*'s torch be lighted; but in vain
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waſpiſh-headed ſon has broke his arrows;
Swears, he will ſhoot no more, but play with ſparrows,
And be a boy right-out.

Cer. High Queen of ſtate,
Great *Juno*, comes; I know her by her gate.

[Juno *deſcends, and enters.*

Jun. How does my beauteous ſiſter? go with me
To bleſs this twain, that they may proſp'rous be,
and honour'd in their iſſue.

Jun. *Honour, riches, marriage-bleſſing,*
Long continuance and increaſing,
Hourly joys be ſtill upon you!
Juno *ſings her bleſſings on you:*

Cer. *Earth's increaſe, and foyſon-plenty,* (14)
Barns and garners never empty,
Vines, with cluſtring bunches growing,
Plants, with goodly burthen bowing,
Spring come to you, at the fartheſt,
In the very end of harveſt!
Scarcity and want ſhall ſhun you;
Ceres' *bleſſing ſo is on you.*

Fer. This is a moſt majeſtick viſion, and
Harmonious charmingly: may I be bold
To think theſe ſpirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My preſent fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
Make this place paradiſe.

Pro. Sweet now, ſilence:
Juno and *Ceres* whiſper ſeriouſly;
There's ſomething elſe to do; huſh, and be mute,
Or elſe our ſpell is marr'd.

Juno *and* Ceres *whiſper, and ſend* Iris *on imployment.*

Iris. You nymphs, call'd *Nayads*, of the winding brooks,
With your ſedg'd crowns, and ever-harmleſs looks,
Leave your criſp channels, and on this green land
Anſwer your ſummons, *Juno* does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You ſun-burn'd ſickleſmen, of *Auguſt* weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;

(14) *Earth's increaſe,*] All the Editions, that I have ever ſeen, concur in placing this whole Sonnet to *Juno:* but very abſurdly, in my Opinion. I believe, every accurate Reader, who is acquainted with poetical Hiſtory, and the diſtinct Offices of theſe two Goddeſſes, and who then ſeriouſly reads over our Author's Lines, will agree with Me, that *Ceres*'s Name ought to have been placed where I have now prefix'd it.

Make

Make holy-day; your rye-ſtraw hats put on,
And theſe freſh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain reapers, properly habited; they join with the nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof, Proſpero *ſtarts ſuddenly, and ſpeaks; after which, to a ſtrange, hollow and confuſed noiſe, they vaniſh heavily.*

Pro. I had forgot that foul conſpiracy
Of the beaſt *Caliban*, and his confed'rates,
Againſt my life; the minute of their plot
Is almoſt come. Well done, avoid; no more.
Fer. This is moſt ſtrange; your father's in ſome paſſion
That works him ſtrongly.
Mira. Never 'till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger ſo diſtemper'd.
Pro. You look, my ſon, in a mov'd ſort,
As if you were diſmay'd; be chearful, Sir:
Our revels now are ended: theſe our actors,
As I foretold you, were all ſpirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baſeleſs fabrick of this viſion,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The ſolemn temples, the great globe itſelf,
Yea, all, which it inherit, ſhall diſſolve:
And, like this inſubſtantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind! we are ſuch ſtuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a ſleep.——Sir, I am vext;
Bear with my weakneſs, my old brain is troubled:
Be not diſturb'd with my infirmity:
If thou be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repoſe: a turn or two I'll walk,
To ſtill my beating mind.
Fer. Mira. We wiſh your peace. [*Exe.* Fer. *and* Mira.
Pro. Come with a thought;—— I thank you:——
Ariel, come.

Proſpero *comes forward from the Cell; enter* Ariel *to him.*

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to; what's thy pleaſure?

Pro. Spirit,
We muſt prepare to meet with *Caliban.*

Ari. Ay, my commander; when I preſented *Ceres*,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd,
Leſt I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didſt thou leave theſe varlets?

Ari. I told you, Sir, they were red hot with drinking;
So full of valour, that they ſmote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kiſſing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unbackt colts, they prickt their ears,
Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noſes,
As they ſmelt muſick; ſo I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briars, ſharp furzes, pricking goſs and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail ſhins: at laſt I left them
I'th' filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to th' chins, that the foul lake
O'er-ſtunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird;
Thy ſhape inviſible retain thou ſtill;
The trumpery in my houſe, go bring it hither,
For ſtale to catch theſe thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whoſe nature
Nurture can never ſtick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all loſt, quite loſt;
And, as with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers; I will plague them all,
Even to roaring: come, hang them on this line.
[Proſpero *remains inviſible.*

Enter Ariel *loaden with gliſtering apparel*, &c. *Enter* Caliban, Stephano, *and* Trinculo, *all wet.*

Cal. Pray you, tread ſoftly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall; we now are near his cell.

Step. Monſter, your *Fairy*, which you ſay is a harmleſs *Fairy*, has done little better than plaid the *Jack* with us.

Trin.

Trin. Monſter, I do ſmell all horſe-piſs, at which my noſe is in great indignation.

Step. So is mine: do you hear, monſter? if I ſhould take a diſpleaſure againſt you; look you——

Trin. Thou wer't but a loſt monſter.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour ſtill:
Be patient, for the prize, I'll bring thee to,
Shall hood-wink this miſchance; therefore, ſpeak ſoftly:
All's huſht as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to loſe our bottles in the pool,——

Step. There is not only diſgrace and diſhonour in that, monſter, but an infinite loſs.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmleſs *Fairy*, monſter.

Step. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my King, be quiet: ſeeſt thou here,
This is the mouth o' th' cell; no noiſe, and enter;
Do that good miſchief, which may make this Iſland
Thine own for ever; and I, thy *Caliban*,
For ay thy foot-licker.

Step. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King *Stephano!* O Peer! O worthy *Stephano!*
Look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool, it is but traſh.

Trin. Oh, oh, monſter; we know what belongs to a frippery;——O, King *Stephano!*

Step. Put off that gown, *Trinculo*; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace ſhall have it.

Cal. The dropſie drown this fool! what do you mean,
To doat thus on ſuch luggage? let's along,
And do the murder firſt: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us ſtrange ſtuff.

Step. Be you quiet, monſter. Miſtreſs line, is not this my jerkin? now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to loſe your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do; we steal by line and level, and't like your Grace.

Step. I thank thee for that jest, here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am King of this country: steal by line and level, is an excellent pass of pate; there's another's garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't; we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or apes
With foreheads villanous low.

Step. Monster, lay to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom; go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Step. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers spirits in shape of hounds, hunting them about; Prospero *and* Ariel *setting them on.* Calib. Steph. *and* Trinc. *driven out, roaring.*

Pro. Hey, *Mountain*, hey.

Ari. Silver; there it goes, *Silver.*

Pro. Fury, Fury; there, *Tyrant*, there; hark, hark.
Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them,
Than pard, or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lye at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom; for a little,
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *before the Cell.*

Enter Proſpero *in his magick Robes, and* Ariel.

PROSPERO.

NOW does my project gather to a head;
My charms crack not; my ſpirits obey, and time
Goes upright with his carriage: how's the day?
Ari. On the ſixth hour, at which time, my lord,
You ſaid, our work ſhould ceaſe,
Pro. I did ſay ſo,
When firſt I rais'd the tempeſt; ſay, my ſpirit,
How fares the King and 's followers?
Ari. Confin'd
In the ſame faſhion as you gave in charge;
Juſt as you left them, all your priſoners, Sir,
In the *Lime-Grove* which weather-fends your cell.
They cannot budge, 'till your releaſe. The King,
His brother, and yours, abide all three diſtracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of ſorrow and diſmay; but, chiefly,
Him that you term'd the good old lord *Gonzalo*.
His tears run down his beard, like winter drops
From eaves of reeds; your charm ſo ſtrongly works 'em,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.
Pro. Doſt thou think ſo, ſpirit?
Ari. Mine would, Sir, were I human.
Pro. And mine ſhall.
Haſt thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and ſhall not myſelf,
One of their kind, that reliſh all as ſharply,
Paſſion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?

The

Tho' with their high wrongs I am ſtruck to th' quick,
Yet, with my nobler reaſon, 'gainſt my fury
Do I take part; the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance; they being penitent,
The ſole drift of my purpoſe doth extend
Not a frown further; go, releaſe them, *Ariel*;
My charms I'll break, their ſenſes I'll reſtore,
And they ſhall be themſelves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, Sir. [*Exit.*

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, ſtanding lakes and groves,
And ye, that on the ſands with printleſs foot
Do chaſe the ebbing *Neptune*; and do fly him,
When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
By moon-ſhine do the green ſour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whoſe paſtime
Is to make midnight muſhrooms, that rejoice
To hear the ſolemn curfew; by whoſe aid
(Weak maſters tho' ye be) I have be-dimm'd
The noon-tide ſun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green ſea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war; to the dread ratling thunder
Have I giv'n fire, and rifted *Jove*'s ſtout oak
With his own bolt: the ſtrong-bas'd promontory
Have I made ſhake, and by the ſpurs pluckt up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command (15)
Have wak'd their ſleepers; op'd, and let them forth
By my ſo potent art. But this rough magick
I here abjure; and when I have requir'd
Some heavenly muſick, which ev'n now I do,
(To work mine end upon their ſenſes, that
This airy charm is for;) I'll break my ſtaff;
Bury it certain fadoms in the earth;
And, deeper than did ever plummet ſound,
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn muſick.*

(15) ——*Graves at my command*
Have wak'd their ſleepers;] As odd, as this Expreſſion is, of *Graves waking their Dead*, inſtead of, the Dead waking in their Graves, I believe, it may be juſtified by the Uſage of Poets.

Here

Here enters Ariel *before*; *then* Alonſo *with a frantick geſture, attended by* Gonzalo. Sebaſtian *and* Anthonio *in like manner, attended by* Adrian *and* Franciſco. *They all enter the circle which* Proſpero *had made, and there ſtand charm'd*; *which* Proſpero *obſerving, ſpeaks.*

A ſolemn air, and the beſt comforter
To an unſettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now uſeleſs, boil'd within thy skull! There ſtand,
For you are ſpell-ſtopt. — —
Holy *Gonzalo*, honourable man,
Mine eyes, ev'n ſociable to th' ſhew of thine,
Fall fellow-drops.——The charm diſſolves apace;
And as the morning ſteals upon the night,
Melting the darkneſs; ſo their riſing ſenſes
Begin to chaſe the ign'rant fumes, that mantle
Their clearer reaſon. O my good *Gonzalo*,
My true preſerver, and a loyal Sir
To him thou follow'ſt; I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed.——Moſt cruelly
Didſt thou, *Alonſo*, uſe me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;
Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, *Sebaſtian*, fleſh and blood. (16)
You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorſe and nature; who with *Sebaſtian*
(Whoſe inward pinches therefore are moſt ſtrong)
Would here have kill'd your King; I do forgive thee,
Unnat'ral though thou art. Their underſtanding
Begins to ſwell, and the approaching tide
Will ſhortly fill the reaſonable ſhore,
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them,
That yet looks on me, or would know me.——*Ariel*,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;
I will diſcaſe me, and myſelf preſent,
[*Exit* Ariel, *and returns immediately.*

(16) *Thou'rt pinch'd for't now*, Sebaſtian. *Fleſh and Blood*,] I by no means think, this was our Author's Pointing: or that it gives us his Meaning. He would ſay, that *Sebaſtian* now was pinch'd thro' and thro' for his Treſpaſs; felt the Puniſhment of it all over his Body.

As

As I was ſometime *Milan:* quickly, Spirit;
Thou ſhalt e'er long be free.

Ariel *ſings, and helps to attire him.*

Where the bee ſucks, there lurk I; (17)
In a cowſlip's bell I lie:
There I couch, when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After ſunſet, merrily. (18)
Merrily, merrily, ſhall I live now,
Under the bloſſom, that hangs on the bough.

Pro. Why, that's my dainty *Ariel*; I ſhall miſs thee,
But yet thou ſhalt have freedom. So, ſo, ſo,
To the King's ſhip, inviſible as thou art;
There ſhalt thou find the mariners aſleep
Under the hatches; the maſter and the boatſwain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And preſently, I pr'ythee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulſe twice beat. [*Exit.*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here; ſome heav'nly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pro. Behold, Sir King,
The wronged Duke of *Milan*, *Proſpero:*
For more aſſurance that a living Prince
Does now ſpeak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.

(17) *Where the Bee ſucks, there* ſuck *I*;] I have ventur'd to vary from the printed Copies here. Could *Ariel*, a Spirit of a refin'd æthereal Eſſence, be intended to want Food? Beſides the ſequent Lines rather countenance *lurk*.

(18) *After* Summer *merrily*] Why, *after* Summer? Unleſs we muſt ſuppoſe, our Author alluded to that miſtaken Notion of *Bats*, *Swallows*, *&c.* croſſing the Seas in purſuit of hot Weather. I conjectur'd, in my *Shakeſpear reſtor'd*, that Sunſet was our Author's Word: And this Conjecture Mr. *Pope*, in his laſt Edition, thinks probably ſhould be eſpouſed. My Reaſons for the Change were from the known Nature of the *Bat*.

Alone

Alon. Be'ſt thou he or no,
Or ſome inchanted trifle to abuſe me,
As late I have been, I not know; thy pulſe
Beats, as of fleſh and blood; and ſince I ſaw thee,
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madneſs held me; this muſt crave
(And if this be at all) a moſt ſtrange ſtory:
Thy Dukedom I reſign, and do intreat,
Thou pardon me my wrongs; but how ſhould *Proſpero*
Be living, and be here?

Pro. Firſt, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whoſe honour cannot
Be meaſur'd or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not ſwear.

Pro. You do yet taſte
Some ſubtilties o' th' iſle, that will not let you
Believe things certain: welcome, my friends all.
But you, my brace of lords, were I ſo minded,
I here could pluck his Highneſs' frown upon you,
And juſtify you traitors; at this time
I'll tell no tales.

Seb. The devil ſpeaks in him.

Pro. No:——
For you, moſt wicked Sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankeſt faults; all of them; and require
My Dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou muſt reſtore.

Alon. If thou be'ſt *Proſpero*,
Give us particulars of thy preſervation,
How thou haſt met us here, who three hours ſince
Were wreckt upon this ſhore; where I have loſt
(How ſharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear ſon *Ferdinand*.

Pro. I'm woe for't, Sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loſs, and Patience
Says, it is paſt her cure.

Pro. I rather think,
You have not ſought her help; of whoſe ſoft grace,

For

For the like loſs, I have her ſov'reign aid,
And reſt myſelf content.

Alon. You the like loſs?

Pro. As great to me, as late; and, ſupportable
To make the dear loſs, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have loſt my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?
O heav'ns! that they were living both in *Naples*,
The King and Queen there! that they were, I wiſh,
Myſelf were mudded in that oozy bed,
Where my ſon lies. When did you loſe your daughter?

Pro. In this laſt tempeſt. I perceive, theſe lords
At this encounter do ſo much admire,
That they devour their reaſon; and ſcarce think,
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but howſoe'er you have
Been juſtled from your ſenſes, know for certain,
That I am *Proſp'ro*, and that very Duke
Which was thruſt forth of *Milan*; who moſt ſtrangely
Upon this ſhore, where you were wreckt, was landed
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfaſt, nor
Befitting this firſt meeting. Welcome, Sir;
This cell's my court; here have I few attendants,
And ſubjects none abroad; pray you, look in;
My Dukedom ſince you've given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At leaſt, bring forth a wonder to content ye,
As much as me my Dukedom.

SCENE *opens to the Entrance of the Cell.*

Here Proſpero *diſcovers* Ferdinand *and* Miranda *playing at Cheſs.*

Mir. SWEET lord, you play me falſe.

Fer. No, my dear love,
I would not for the world.

Mira.

Mira. Yes, for a ſcore of kingdoms you ſhould wrangle
And I would call it fair play.
Alon. If this prove
A viſion of the iſland, one dear ſon
Shall I twice loſe.
Seb. A moſt high miracle!
Fer. Though the ſeas threaten, they are merciful:
I've curs'd them without cauſe.
Alon. Now all the bleſſings [Ferd. *kneels.*
Of a glad Father compaſs thee about!
Ariſe, and ſay how thou cam'ſt here.
Mira. O! wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here?
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has ſuch people in't!
Pro. 'Tis new to thee.
Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou waſt at play?
Your eld'ſt acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is ſhe the goddeſs that hath ſever'd us,
And brought us thus together?
Fer. Sir, ſhe's mortal;
But, by immortal providence, ſhe's mine.
I choſe her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice: nor thought, I had one; ſhe
Is daughter to this famous Duke of *Milan*,
Of whom ſo often I have heard renown,
But never ſaw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a ſecond life, and ſecond father
This lady makes him to me.
Alon. I am hers;
But, oh, how oddly will it ſound, that I
Muſt ask my child forgiveneſs!
Pro. There, Sir, ſtop;
Let us not burthen our remembrance with
An heavineſs that's gone.
Gon. I've inly wept,
Or ſhould have ſpoke ere this. Look down, you Gods,
And on this couple drop a bleſſed crown:
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way,
Which brought us hither!

Alon.

Alon. I ſay, Amen, *Gonzalo!*
Gon. Was *Milan* thruſt from *Milan*, that his iſſue
Should become Kings of *Naples!* O rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and ſet it down
In gold on laſting pillars! in one voyage
Did *Claribel* her husband find at *Tunis*;
And *Ferdinand*, her brother, found a wife,
Where he himſelf was loſt; *Proſpero* his Dukedom,
In a poor iſle; and all of us, ourſelves,
When no man was his own.
Alon. Give me your hands:
Let grief and ſorrow ſtill embrace his heart,
That doth not wiſh you joy!
Gon. Be't ſo, Amen!

Enter Ariel, *with the Maſter and Boatſwain amazedly following.*

O look, Sir, look, Sir, here are more of us!
I propheſy'd, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. Now, blaſphemy,
That ſwear'ſt grace o'erboard, not an oath on ſhore?
Haſt thou no mouth by land? what is the news?
Boatſ. The beſt news is, that we have ſafely found
Our King and company; the next, our ſhip,
Which but three glaſſes ſince we gave out ſplit,
Is tight and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We firſt put out to ſea.
Ari. Sir, all this ſervice
Have I done ſince I went.
Pro. My trickſey ſpirit!
Alon. Theſe are not natural events; they ſtrengthen
From ſtrange to ſtranger. Say, how came you hither?
Boatſ. If I did think, Sir, I were well awake,
I'd ſtrive to tell you. We were dead a-ſleep,
And, how we know not, all clapt under hatches,
Where but ev'n now with ſtrange and ſev'ral noiſes
Of roaring, ſhrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diverſity of ſounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; ſtraightway at liberty:

Where

Where we, in all her trim, freſhly beheld (19)
Our royal, good and gallant ſhip; our maſter
Cap'ring to eye her; on a trice, ſo pleaſe you,
Ev'n in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done?

Pro. Bravely, my diligence, thou ſhalt be free.

Alon. This is as ſtrange a maze as e'er men trod,
And there is in this buſineſs more than nature
Was ever conduct of; ſome oracle
Muſt rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my Liege,
Do not infeſt your mind with beating on
The ſtrangeneſs of this buſineſs; at pickt leiſure
(Which ſhall be ſhortly) ſingle I'll reſolve you,
Which to you ſhall ſeem probable, of every
Theſe happen'd accidents; till when be chearful,
And think of each thing well. Come hither, ſpirit;
Set *Caliban* and his companions free:
Untie the ſpell. How fares my gracious Sir?
There are yet miſſing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

Enter Ariel, *driving in* Caliban, Stephano, *and* Trinculo, *in their ſtolen Apparel.*

Step. Every man ſhift for all the reſt, and let no man take care for himſelf; for all is but fortune; *Coragio*, bully monſter, *Coragio!*

Trin. If theſe be true ſpies, which I wear in my head, here's a goodly ſight.

Cal. O *Setebos*, theſe be brave ſpirits, indeed!
How fine my maſter is! I am afraid,
He will chaſtiſe me.

(19) *Where we in all* our *trim, freſhly beheld*
Our royal, good and gallant ſhip; —— What was *their* Trim, would the Editors have us conceive? The Fright that they had been put into, by the Diverſity of Noiſes? But, as Dr. *Thirlby* rightly obſerv'd to me, the Trim is to be underſtood of the Ship, and not of the Crew.

Seb.

Seb. Ha, ha;
What things are theſe, my lord *Anthonio!*
Will money buy 'em?
Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fiſh, and no doubt marketable.
Pro. Mark but the badges of theſe men, my lords,
Then ſay, if they be true: this mis-ſhap'd knave,
His mother was a witch, and one ſo ſtrong
That could controul the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power.
Theſe three have robb'd me; and this demy-devil
(For he's a baſtard one) had plotted with them
To take my life; two of theſe fellows you
Muſt know and own; this thing of darkneſs I
Acknowledge mine.
Cal. I ſhall be pincht to death.
Alon. Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken butler?
Seb. He's drunk now; where had he wine?
Alon. And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe; where ſhould they
Find this grand 'lixir, that hath gilded 'em? (20)
How cam'ſt thou in this pickle?
Trin. I have been in ſuch a pickle, ſince I ſaw you laſt, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I ſhall not fear fly-blowing.
Seb. Why, how now, *Stephano?*
Step. O, touch me not: I am not *Stephano*, but a cramp.
Pro. You'd be King o' th' iſle, Sirrah?
Step. I ſhould have been a ſore one then.
Alon. 'Tis a ſtrange thing, as e'er I look'd on.
Pro. He is as diſproportion'd in his manners,
As in his ſhape: go, Sirrah, to my cell,
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handſomly.

(20) *Find this grand liquor,*] I certainly think, *Shakeſpear* wrote '*Lixir* here, alluding to the grand *Elixir* of which the Chymiſts of that Age told ſuch Wonders, that it would renew Youth, purchaſe Immortality, *&c.* and it being, as they pretended, a Preparation of *Gold*, they call'd it alſo, *Aurum potabile*: hence, 'tis probable, *Shakeſpear* ſays, *gilded*.

Cal.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wiſe hereafter,
And ſeek for grace. What a thrice-double aſs
Was I, to take this drunkard for a God?
And worſhip this dull fool?

Pro. Go to, away!

Alon. Hence, and beſtow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or ſtole it rather.

Pro. Sir, I invite your highneſs, and your train,
To my poor cell; where you ſhall take your reſt
For this one night, which (part of it) I'll waſte
With ſuch diſcourſe, as, I not doubt, ſhall make it
Go quick away; the ſtory of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by,
Since I came to this iſle: and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ſhip; and ſo to *Naples*;
Where I have hope to ſee the nuptials
Of theſe our dear-beloved ſolemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my *Milan*, where
Every third thought ſhall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the ſtory of your life, which muſt
Take the ear ſtrangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all;
And promiſe you calm ſeas, auſpicious gales,
And ſail ſo expeditious, that ſhall catch
Your royal fleet far off: My *Ariel*, chick,
That is thy charge: Then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! Pleaſe you, draw near.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by *Proſpero.*

NOW my charms are all o'er-thrown,
And what ſtrength I have's mine own;
Which is moſt faint: and now, 'tis true,
I muſt be here confin'd by you,
Or ſent to Naples. *Let me not,*
Since I have my Dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare iſland by your ſpell:
But releaſe me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my ſails
Muſt fill, or elſe my project fails,
Which was to pleaſe. For now I want
Spirits t' enforce, art to enchant,
And my ending is deſpair, (21)
Unleſs I be reliev'd by prayer;
Which pierces ſo, that it aſſaults
Mercy itſelf, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence ſet me free!

(21) *And my ending is* deſpair,] The Alluſion is very well kept up in this *Epilogue*. And the Actor here is not only applying to the Audience for Favour, in behalf of the Author; but *Proſpero* ſpeaks in the Character of a *Magician*; and ſo [as Mr. *Warburton* hinted to me] alludes to the old Stories told of the *Necromancers'* Deſpair in their laſt Moments, and the Prayers of their Friends for them.

H. Gravelot in Vol: 1 P: 71. G. V^de Gucht Sculp

BOST
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A

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT's

DREAM.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

THESEUS, *Duke of* Athens.
Egeus, *an* Athenian *Lord.*
Lyſander, *in love with* Hermia.
Demetrius, *in love with* Hermia.
Philoſtrate, *Maſter of the Sports to the Duke.*
Quince, *the Carpenter.*
Snug, *the Joiner.*
Bottom, *the Weaver.*
Flute, *the Bellows-mender.*
Snowt, *the Tinker.*
Starveling, *the Tailor.*

Hippolita, *Princeſs of the* Amazons, *betroth'd to* Theſeus.
Hermia, *Daughter to* Egeus, *in love with* Lyſander.
Helena, *in love with* Demetrius.

Attendants.

Oberon, *King of the Fairies.*
Titania, *Queen of the Fairies.*
Puck, *or* Robin-goodfellow, *a Fairy.*
Peaſeblooſſom, Cobweb, Moth, Muſtard-ſeed, } *Fairies.*
Pyramus, Thisbe, Wall, Moonſhine, Lyon. } *Characters in the* Interlude *perform'd by the* Clowns.

Other Fairies attending on the King and Queen.

SCENE, Athens; *and a Wood not far from it.*

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT's DREAM.

ACT I.

SCENE, *the Duke's Palace in* Athens.

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, Philoſtrate, *with attendants.*

THESEUS.

NOW, fair *Hippolita*, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, oh, methinks, how ſlow
This old moon wanes! ſhe lingers my deſires,
Like to a ſtep-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly ſteep themſelves in night;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time:
And then the moon, like to a ſilver bow,
New bent in heaven, ſhall behold the night
Of our ſolemnities.

Theſ. Go, *Philoſtrate*,
Stir up th' *Athenian* youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble ſpirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp. [*Exit* Phil.

Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my ſword;
And won thy love, doing thee injuries:
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lyſander, *and* Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be *Theſeus*, our renowned Duke!
Theſ. Thanks, good *Egeus*; what's the news with thee?
Ege. Full of vexation, come I with complaint
Againſt my child, my daughter *Hermia*.
Stand forth, Demetrius.——My noble lord,
This man hath my conſent to marry her.
Stand forth, Lyſander.——And, my gracious Duke,
This man hath witch'd the boſom of my child:
Thou, thou, *Lyſander*, thou haſt giv'n her rhimes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou haſt by moon-light at her window ſung,
With feigning voice, verſes of feigning love;
And ſtoll'n th' impreſſion of her fantaſie,
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, noſegays, ſweet-meats; (meſſengers
Of ſtrong prevailment in unharden'd youth)
With cunning haſt thou filch'd my daughter's heart,
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To ſtubborn harſhneſs: And, my gracious Duke,
Be't ſo, ſhe will not here before your Grace
Conſent to marry with *Demetrius*;
I beg the ancient privilege of *Athens*,
As ſhe is mine, I may diſpoſe of her:
Which ſhall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our law,
Immediately provided in that caſe.
Theſ. What ſay you, *Hermia?* be advis'd, fair maid.
To you your father ſhould be as a God,
One, that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one,
To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted; and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it:
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.
Her. So is *Lyſander*.

Theſ.

Theſ. In himſelf he is;
But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other muſt be held the worthier.
Her. I would, my father look'd but with my eyes.
Theſ. Rather your eyes muſt with his judgment look.
Her. I do intreat your Grace to pardon me:
I know not, by what pow'r I am made bold;
Nor how it may concern my modeſty,
In ſuch a preſence here, to plead my thoughts:
But, I beſeech your Grace, that I may know
The worſt that may befal me in this caſe,
If I refuſe to wed *Demetrius*.
Theſ. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the ſociety of men.
Therefore, fair *Hermia*, queſtion your deſires;
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in ſhady cloiſter mew'd,
To live a barren ſiſter all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold, fruitleſs, moon?
Thrice bleſſed they, that maſter ſo their blood,
To undergo ſuch maiden pilgrimage!
But earthlier happy is the roſe diſtill'd,
Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in ſingle bleſſedneſs.
Her. So will I grow, ſo live, ſo die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordſhip, to whoſe unwiſh'd yoak
My ſoul conſents not to give Sov'reignty.
Theſ. Take time to pauſe; and by the next new moon,
(The ſealing day betwixt my love and me,
For everlaſting bond of fellowſhip)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For diſobedience to your father's will;
Or elſe to wed *Demetrius*, as he would;
Or on *Diana*'s altar to proteſt,
For aye, auſterity and ſingle life.
Dem. Relent, ſweet *Hermia*; and, *Lyſander*, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lyſ. You have her father's love, *Demetrius*;
Let me have *Hermia*'s; do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful *Lyſander!* true, he hath my love;
And what is mine, my love ſhall render him.
And ſhe is mine, and all my right of her
I do eſtate unto *Demetrius*.

Lyſ. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well poſſeſt: my love is more than his:
My fortune's every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as *Demetrius:*
And, which is more than all theſe boaſts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous *Hermia.*
Why ſhould not I then proſecute my right?
Demetrius (I'll avouch it to his head)
Made love to *Nedar*'s daughter, *Helena*;
And won her ſoul; and ſhe, ſweet lady, doats,
Devoutly doats, doats in Idolatry,
Upon this ſpotted and inconſtant man.

Theſ. I muſt confeſs, that I have heard ſo much,
And with *Demetrius* thought t'have ſpoke thereof;
But, being over-full of ſelf-affairs,
My mind did loſe it. But, *Demetrius*, come;
And come, *Egeus*; you ſhall go with me;
I have ſome private ſchooling for you both.
For you, fair *Hermia*, look, you arm your ſelf
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or elſe the law of *Athens* yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of ſingle life.
Come, my *Hippolita*; what cheer, my love?
Demetrius, and *Egeus*, go along;
I muſt employ you in ſome buſineſs
Againſt our nuptials, and confer with you
Of ſomething nearly that concerns your ſelves.

Ege. With duty and deſire we follow you. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Lyſander *and* Hermia.

Lyſ. How now, my love? why is your cheek ſo pale?
How chance, the roſes there do fade ſo faſt?

Her.

Her. Belike, for want of rain; which I could well
Beteem them from the tempeſt of mine eyes.
Lyſ. Hermia, for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or hiſtory,
The courſe of true love never did run ſmooth;
But, either it was different in blood——
Her. O croſs!—too high, to be enthrall'd to low!—(1)
Lyſ. Or elſe miſgraffed, in reſpect of years——
Her. O ſpight! too old, to be engag'd to young!
Lyſ. Or elſe it ſtood upon the choice of friends——
Her. O hell! to chuſe love by another's eye!
Lyſ. Or if there were a ſympathy in choice,
War, death, or ſickneſs did lay ſiege to it;
Making it momentary as a ſound,
Swift as a ſhadow, ſhort as any dream,
Brief as the lightning in the collied night.
That (in a ſpleen) unfolds both heav'n and earth;
And ere a man hath power to ſay, Behold!
The jaws of darkneſs do devour it up;
So quick bright things come to confuſion.——
Her. If then true lovers have been ever croſt,
It ſtands as an edict in deſtiny:
Then, let us teach our tryal patience:
Becauſe it is a cuſtomary croſs,
As due to love, as thoughts and dreams, and ſighs,
Wiſhes and tears, poor fancy's followers!

(1) *Too high, to be enthrall'd to* Love.] This Reading poſſeſſes all the Editions, but carries no juſt meaning in it. Nor was *Hermia* diſpleas'd at being in Love; but regrets the Inconveniences, that generally attend the Paſſion: Either, the Parties are diſproportion'd, in degree of Blood and Quality; or unequal, in reſpect of Years; or brought together by the Appointment of Friends, and not by their own Choice. Theſe are the Complaints repreſented by *Lyſander*; and *Hermia*, to anſwer to the firſt, as ſhe has done to the other two, muſt neceſſarily ſay;

O Croſs!——too high, to be enthrall'd to low!

So the *Antitheſis* is kept up in the Terms; and ſo ſhe is made to condole the Diſproportion of Blood and Quality in Lovers,

Lyſ. A good perſuaſion; therefore hear me, *Hermia.*
I have a widow-aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and ſhe hath no child;
From *Athens* is her houſe remov'd ſeven leagues,
And ſhe reſpects me as her only ſon.
There, gentle *Hermia*, may I marry thee;
And to that place the ſharp *Athenian* law
Cannot purſue us. If thou lov'ſt me then,
Steal forth thy father's houſe to morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with *Helena*
To do obſervance to the morn of *May*,
There will I ſtay for thee.

Her. My good *Lyſander*,
I ſwear to thee by *Cupid*'s ſtrongeſt bow,
By his beſt arrow with the golden head,
By the Simplicity of *Venus*' doves,
By that, which knitteth ſouls, and proſpers loves;
And by that fire which burn'd the *Carthage* Queen,
When the falſe *Trojan* under ſail was ſeen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women ſpoke;
In that ſame place thou haſt appointed me,
To morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lyſ. Keep promiſe, love. Look, here comes *Helena.*

Enter Helena.

Her. God ſpeed, fair *Helena!* whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unſay;
Demetrius loves you, fair; O happy fair!
Your eyes are load-ſtars, and your tongue's ſweet air
More tuneable than lark to ſhepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when haw-thorn buds appear.
Sickneſs is catching: oh, were favour ſo!
Your words I'd catch, fair *Hermia*, ere I go;
My ear ſhould catch your voice, my eye your eye;
My tongue ſhould catch your tongue's ſweet melody.
Were the world mine, *Demetrius* being 'bated,
The reſt I'll give to be to you tranſlated.
O teach me, how you look; and with what art
You ſway the motion of *Demetrius*' heart.

Her.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me ſtill.
Hel. Oh, that your frowns would teach my ſmiles ſuch skill!
Her. I give him curſes, yet he gives me love.
Hel. Oh, that my pray'rs could ſuch affection move!
Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.
Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.
Her. His Folly, *Helena*, is no fault of mine.
Hel. None, but your beauty; would that fault were mine!
Her. Take comfort; he no more ſhall ſee my face;
Lyſander and my ſelf will fly this place.
Before the time I did *Lyſander* ſee,
Seem'd *Athens* like a Paradiſe to me.
O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell?
Lyſ. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold;
To morrow night, when *Phœbe* doth behold
Her ſilver viſage in the wat'ry glaſs,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed graſs,
(A time, that lovers flights doth ſtill conceal)
Through *Athens'* gate have we devis'd to ſteal.
Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primroſe-beds were wont to lye,
Emptying our boſoms of their counſels ſweet; (2)
There, my *Lyſander* and my ſelf ſhall meet;

(2) *Emptying our Boſoms of their Counſels* ſwell'd;
There my Lyſander *and myſelf ſhall meet*;
And thence from Athens *turn away our Eyes,*
To ſeek new Friends, and ſtrange Companions.]

This whole Scene is ſtrictly in Rhyme; and that it deviates in theſe two Couplets, I am perſuaded, is owing to the Ignorance of the firſt, and the Inaccuracy of the later, Editors. I have therefore ventur'd to reſtore the Rhymes, as I make no Doubt but the Poet firſt gave them. *Sweet* was eaſily corrupted into *ſwell'd*, becauſe That made an *Antitheſis* to *Emptying*: and *ſtrange Companions* our Editors thought was plain *Eng. liſh*; but *ſtranger Companions*, a little quaint and unintelligible. Our Author very often uſes the *Subſtantive* Stranger *adjectively*; and *Companies*, to ſignify *Companions*.

And thence from *Athens* turn away our eyes,
To ſeek new Friends and ſtranger Companies.
Farewel, ſweet play-fellow; pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy *Demetrius!*
Keep word, *Lyſander*; we muſt ſtarve our ſight
From Lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight.
[*Exit* Hermia.

Lyſ. I will, my *Hermia.*——*Helena*, adieu;
As you on him, *Demetrius* doat on you! [*Exit* Lyſand.

Hel. How happy ſome, o'er other ſome, can be!
Through *Athens* I am thought as fair as ſhe.
But what of that? *Demetrius* thinks not ſo:
He will not know; what all, but he, do know.
And as he errs, doating on *Hermia*'s eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things baſe and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can tranſpoſe to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blind.
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taſte;
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haſte:
And therefore is Love ſaid to be a child,
Becauſe in choice he is ſo oft beguil'd.
As waggiſh boys themſelves in game forſwear,
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where.
For ere *Demetrius* look'd on *Hermia*'s eyne,
He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;
And when this hail ſome heat from *Hermia* felt,
So he diſſolv'd, and ſhowers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair *Hermia*'s flight:
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
Purſue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expence.
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his ſight thither, and back again. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to a Cottage.*

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snowt, *and* Starveling.

Quin. IS all our company here?

Bot. You were beſt to call them generally man by man, according to the ſcrip.

Quin. Here is the ſcrowl of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all *Athens*, to play in our interlude before the Duke and Dutcheſs, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. Firſt, good *Peter Quince*, ſay what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and ſo grow on to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is the moſt lamentable comedy, and moſt cruel death of *Pyramus* and *Thisby*.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I aſſure you, and a merry. Now, good *Peter Quince*, call forth your actors by the ſcrowl. Maſters, ſpread yourſelves.

Quin. Anſwer, as I call you. *Nick Bottom*, the weaver.

Bot. Ready: name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, *Nick Bottom*, are ſet down for *Pyramus*.

Bot. What is *Pyramus*, a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himſelf moſt gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask ſome tears in the true performing of it; if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move ſtorms; I will condole in ſome meaſure. To the reſt;——yet, my chief humour is for a tyrant; I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to tear a cat in: To make all ſplit—— "the raging rocks, and ſhivering "ſhocks ſhall break the locks of priſon-gates——and "*Phibbus*' carr ſhall ſhine from far, and make and mar "the fooliſh fates"——This was lofty. Now name the reſt of the players. This is *Ercles*' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You muſt take *Thisby* on you.

Flu. What is *Thisby*, a wand'ring Knight?

Quin. It is the lady, that *Pyramus* muſt love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one, you ſhall play it in a maſque; and you may ſpeak as ſmall, as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play *Thisby* too; I'll ſpeak in a monſtrous little voice, *Thiſne, Thiſne*; ah, *Pyramus*, my lover dear, thy *Thisby* dear, and lady dear.

Quin. No, no, you muſt play *Pyramus*; and *Flute*, you, *Thisby*.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the taylor.

Star. Here, *Peter Quince*.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you muſt play *Thisby*'s mother. (3)

Tom Snowt, the tinker.

Snow. Here, *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You, *Pyramus*'s father; myſelf, *Thisby*'s father; *Snug*, the joiner, you, the lion's part. I hope, there is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am ſlow of ſtudy.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too; I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me. I will roar, that I will make the Duke ſay, let him roar again, let him roar again.

Quin. If you ſhould do it too terribly, you would fright the Dutcheſs and the ladies, that they would ſhriek, and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's ſon.

(3) ——— *you muſt play* Thisby's *mother.*] There ſeems a double Forgetfulneſs of our Poet, in relation to the Characters of this Interlude. The Father and Mother of *Thisby*, and the Father of *Pyramus*, are here mention'd, who do not appear at all in the Interlude; but *Wall* and *Moonſhine* are Both employ'd in it, of whom there is not the leaſt Notice taken here.

Bot.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if you ſhould fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more diſcretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice ſo, that I will roar you as gently as any ſucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but *Pyramus*, for *Pyramus* is a ſweet-fac'd man; a proper man, as one ſhall ſee in a ſummer's day; a moſt lovely gentleman-like man: therefore you muſt needs play *Pyramus*.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I beſt to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will diſcharge it in either your ſtraw-colour'd beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your *French* crown-colour'd beard; your perfect yellow.

Quin. (4) Some of your *French* crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But, maſters, here are your parts; and I am to intreat you, requeſt you, and deſire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace-wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light, there we will rehearſe; for if we meet in the city, we ſhall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties, ſuch as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet, and there we may rehearſe more obſcenely and courageouſly. Take pains, be perfect, adieu.

Quin. At the Duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; hold, or cut bow-ſtrings. — [*Exeunt.*

(4) *Some of your* French *crowns have no hair at all.*] See the third Note on *Meaſure for Meaſure*, which explains this dark Paſſage.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, *a Wood.*

Enter a Fairy at one Door, and Puck, (*or* Robin-good-fellow) *at another.*

PUCK.

HOW now, ſpirit, whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Through buſh, through briar,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's ſphere;
And I ſerve the Fairy Queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green;
The cowſlips tall her penſioners be,
In their gold coats ſpots you ſee,
Thoſe be rubies, Fairy-favours:
In thoſe freckles live their ſavours:
I muſt go ſeek ſome dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowſlip's ear.
Farewel, thou lob of ſpirits, I'll be gone,
Our Queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The King doth keep his revels here to night,
Take heed, the Queen come not within his ſight.
For *Oberon* is paſſing fell and wrath,
Becauſe that ſhe, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, ſtoll'n from an *Indian* King:
She never had ſo ſweet a changeling;
And jealous *Oberon* would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the foreſts wild;
But ſhe per-force with-holds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flow'rs, and makes him all her joy.
And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or ſpangled ſtar-light ſheen,

But

But they do ſquare, that all their elves for fear
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Or I miſtake your ſhape and making quite,
Or elſe you are that ſhrewd, and knaviſh ſprite,
Call'd *Robin-goodfellow.* Are you not he,
That fright the maidens of the villageree,
Skim milk, and ſometimes labour in the quern,
And bootleſs make the breathleſs huſwife chern:
And ſometime make the drink to bear no barm,
Miſ-lead night-wand'rers, laughing at their harm?
Thoſe that *Hobgoblin* call you, and ſweet *Puck*,
You do their work, and they ſhall have good luck.
Are not you he?

Puck. Thou ſpeak'ſt aright;
I am that merry wand'rer of the night:
I jeſt to *Oberon*, and make him ſmile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horſe beguile,
Neighing in likeneſs of a filly-foal;
And ſometimes lurk I in a goſſip's bowl,
In very likeneſs of a roaſted crab,
And when ſhe drinks, againſt her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.
The wiſeſt aunt, telling the ſaddeſt tale,
Sometime for three-foot ſtool miſtaketh me;
Then ſlip I from her bum, down topples ſhe,
And tailor cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and ſwear,
A merrier hour was never waſted there.
But make room, Fairy, here comes *Oberon.*

Fai. And here my miſtreſs: would, that he were gone!

Enter Oberon *King of Fairies at one door with his train, and the Queen at another with hers.*

Ob. Ill met by moon-light, proud *Titania.*

Queen. What, jealous *Oberon?* Fairies, skip hence, I have forſworn his bed and company.

Ob. Tarry, raſh Wanton; am not I thy lord?

Queen.

Queen. Then I muſt be thy lady; but I know,
When thou ha'ſt ſtoll'n away from fairy land,
And in the ſhape of *Corin* ſate all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and verſing love
To am'rous *Phillida.* Why art thou here,
Come from the fartheſt ſteep of *India?*
But that, forſooth, the bouncing *Amazon,*
Your buskin'd miſtreſs and your warrior love,
To *Theſeus* muſt be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and proſperity.

Ob. How can'ſt thou thus for ſhame, *Titania,*
Glance at my credit with *Hippolita;*
Knowing, I know thy love to *Theſeus?*
Didſt thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From *Periguné,* whom he raviſhed; (5)
And make him with fair *Ægle* break his faith,
With *Ariadne,* and *Antiopa?*

Queen. Theſe are the forgeries of jealouſie:
And never ſince the middle ſummer's ſpring
Met we on hill, in dale, foreſt, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by ruſhy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the ſea,
To dance our ringlets to the whiſtling wind,
But with thy brawls thou haſt diſturb'd our ſport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have ſuck'd up from the ſea
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
Have every pelting river made ſo proud,

(5) *From* Perigenia, *whom he raviſh'd*;] Thus all the Editors, either not knowing, or not attending to, the Hiſtory of this lady, have falſly call'd her: but our Author, who diligently perus'd *Plutarch,* and glean'd from him, where his Subject would admit, knew, from the Life of *Theſeus,* that her Name was *Perigyné*; (or *Periguné*) by whom *Theſeus* had his Son *Melanippus.* She was the Daughter of *Sinnis,* a cruel Robber, and Tormenter of Paſſengers in the *Iſthmus.* *Plutarch* and *Athenæus* are both expreſs in the Circumſtance of *Theſeus* raviſhing her: and the former of them adds, (as *Diodorus Siculus, Apollodorus* and *Pauſanias,* likewiſe tell us) that he kill'd her Father into the Bargain.

That

That they have over-borne their continents.
The ox hath therefore ſtretch'd his yoak in vain,
The ploughman loſt his ſweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere its youth attain'd a beard.
The fold ſtands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock;
The nine-mens morris is fill'd up with mud,
And the queint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undiſtinguiſhable.
The human mortals want their winter here,
No night is now with hymn or carol bleſt;
Therefore the moon, the governeſs of floods,
Pale in her anger, waſhes all the air;
That rheumatick diſeaſes do abound.
And thorough this diſtemperature, we ſee
The ſeaſons alter; hoary-headed froſts
Fall in the freſh lap of the crimſon roſe;
And on old *Hyems'* chin, and icy crown,
An od'rous chaplet of ſweet ſummer-buds
Is, as in mockery, ſet. The ſpring, the ſummer,
The childing autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and th' amazed world,
By their increaſe, now knows not which is which;
And this ſame progeny of evil comes
From our debate, from our diſſenſion;
We are their parents and original.

Ob. Do you amend it then, it lyes in you.
Why ſhould *Titania* croſs her *Oberon?*
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.

Queen. Set your heart at reſt,
The fairy-land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votreſs of my order,
And, in the ſpiced *Indian* air by night,
Full often ſhe hath goſſipt by my ſide;
And ſat with me on *Neptune's* yellow ſands,
Marking th' embarked traders on the flood,
When we have laught to ſee the ſails conceive,
And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind:

Which

Which ſhe, with pretty and with ſwimming gate, (6)
Following (her womb then rich with my young ſquire)
Would imitate; and ſail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage rich with merchandize.
But ſhe, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And, for her ſake, I do rear up her boy;
And, for her ſake, I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this wood intend you ſtay?

Queen. Perchance, 'till after *Theſeus'* wedding day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And ſee our moon-light revels, go with us;
If not, ſhun me, and I will ſpare your haunts.

Ob. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Queen. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Elves, away:
We ſhall chide down-right, if I longer ſtay.

[*Exeunt Queen and her train.*

Ob. Well, go thy way; thou ſhalt not from this grove,
'Till I torment thee for this injury.———
My gentle *Puck*, come hither; thou remember'ſt
Since once I ſat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering ſuch dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude ſea grew civil at her ſong;
And certain ſtars ſhot madly from their ſpheres,
To hear the ſea-maid's muſick.

(6) *Which ſhe with pretty and with ſwimming gate,*
Following *(her womb then rich with my young ſquire)*
Would imitate;] Following *What?* She did not follow the Ship whoſe Motion ſhe imitated; for That ſail'd on the Water, She on the Land. And if by *following*, we are to underſtand, *copying*; it is a mere *Pleonaſm*, that Meaning being included in the Word *imitate*. From Circumſtances in the Context, there is great Reaſon to think our Author wrote, *follying*, i. e. wantoning, in Sport and Gaiety; ſo the old Writers uſed Follity for Fooliſhneſs; and both Words are from, and in the Senſe of *folâtrer*, to play the Wanton. And this admirably agrees with the Action, for which ſhe is here commended, and with the Context;——*Full often has ſhe* goſſip'd *by my Side*, and *When we have* laugh'd *to ſee*, &c. Mr. *Warburton.*

Puck.

Puck. I remember.

Ob. That very time I ſaw, but thou cou'dſt not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid alarm'd: a certain aim he took (7)
At a fair Veſtal, throned by the weſt,
And loos'd his love-ſhaft ſmartly from his bow,
As it ſhould pierce a hundred thouſand hearts;
But I might ſee young *Cupid*'s fiery ſhaft
Quench'd in the chaſte beams of the wat'ry moon,
And the Imperial Votreſs paſſed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell,
It fell upon a little weſtern flower;
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound;
And maidens call it Love in idleneſs.
Fetch me that flow'r; the herb I ſhew'd thee once
The juice of it, on ſleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man, or woman, madly doat
Upon the next live creature that it ſees.
Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again,
Ere the *Leviathan* can ſwim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. [*Exit.*

Ob. Having once this juice,
I'll watch *Titania* when ſhe is aſleep,

(7) *Cupid* all arm'd;] Surely, this preſents us with a very unclaſſical Image. Where do we read or ſee, in ancient Books, or Monuments, *Cupid* arm'd more than with his Bows and Arrows? and with theſe we for ever ſee him arm'd. And theſe are all the Arms he had Occaſion for in this preſent Action; a more illuſtrious One, than any, his Friends, the Claſſicks, ever brought him upon.——The Change I make is ſo ſmall, but the Beauty of the Thought ſo great, which this Alteration carries with it, that, I think, we are not to heſitate upon it. For what an Addition is this to the Compliment made upon this Virgin *Queen*'s Celibacy, that it *alarm'd* the power of Love; as if his Empire was in danger, when this *Imperial Votreſs* had declared herſelf for a ſingle life: ſo powerful would her great Example be in the World.——Queen *Elizabeth* could not but be pleaſed with our Author's Addreſs upon this Head. Mr. *Warburton.*

And

And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing which ſhe waking looks upon,
(Be it on lyon, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On medling monkey, or on buſie ape)
She ſhall purſue it with the ſoul of love;
And ere I take this charm from off her ſight,
(As I can take it with another herb)
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am inviſible, (8)
And I will over-hear their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena *following him.*

Dem. I love thee not, therefore purſue me not.
Where is *Lyſander*, and fair *Hermia?*
The one I'll ſlay; the other ſlayeth me. (9)
Thou told'ſt me, they were ſtoll'n into this wood;
And here am I, and wood within this wood;
Becauſe I cannot meet my *Hermia.*
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant,
But yet you draw not iron; for my heart
Is true as ſteel. Leave you your pow'r to draw,
And I ſhall have no pow'r to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? do I ſpeak you fair?
Or rather do I not in plaineſt truth
Tell you, I do not, nor I cannot, love you?

Hel. And ev'n for that do I love thee the more;
I am your ſpaniel; and, *Demetrius*,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:

(8) ——— *I am* inviſible.] I thought proper here to obſerve, that, as *Oberon* and *Puck* his Attendant, may be frequently obſerved to ſpeak, when there is no mention of their Entering; they are deſign'd by the Poet to be ſuppos'd on the Stage during the greateſt Part of the Remainder of the Play; and to mix, as they pleaſe, as Spirits, with the other Actors; and embroil the Plot, by their Interpoſition, without being ſeen, or heard, but when to their own Purpoſe.

(9) *The one I'll* ſtay, *the other* ſtayeth *me.*] Thus it has been in all the Editions hitherto: but Dr. *Thirlby* ingeniouſly ſaw, it muſt be, as I have corrected in the Text.

Uſe

Uſe me but as your ſpaniel, ſpurn me, ſtrike me,
Neglect me, loſe me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worſer place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high reſpect with me)
Than to be uſed, as you uſe your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my ſpirit;
For I am ſick, when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am ſick, when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modeſty too much,
To leave the city, and commit your ſelf
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To truſt the opportunity of night,
And the ill counſel of a deſart place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege; for that
It is not night when I do ſee your face,
Therefore, I think, I am not in the night,
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;
For you in my reſpect are all the world.
Then how can it be ſaid, I am alone;
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild Beaſts.

Hel. The wildeſt hath not ſuch a heart as you;
Run when you will, the ſtory ſhall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and *Daphne* holds the chaſe;
The dove purſues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes ſpeed to catch the tiger. Bootleſs ſpeed!
When cowardice purſues, and valour flies.

Dem. I will not ſtay thy queſtions; let me go:
Or if thou follow me, do not believe,
But I ſhall do thee miſchief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me miſchief. Fie, *Demetrius*,
Your wrongs do ſet a ſcandal on my ſex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We ſhould be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I follow thee, and make a heav'n of hell;
To die upon the hand, I love ſo well. [*Exeunt.*

Ob.

Ob. Fare thee well, nymph; ere he doth leave this grove,
Thou ſhalt fly him, and he ſhall ſeek thy love.
Haſt thou the flow'r there? welcome, wanderer.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Ob. I pray thee, give it me;
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lip and the nodding violet grows.
O'er-canopy'd with luſcious woodbine,
With ſweet musk-roſes, and with eglantine.
There ſleeps *Titania*, ſome time of the night,
Lull'd in theſe flow'rs with dances and delight;
And there the ſnake throws her enammel'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll ſtreak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantaſies.
Take thou ſome of it, and ſeek through this grove;
A ſweet *Athenian* lady is in love
With a diſdainful youth; anoint his eyes;
But do it, when the next thing he eſpies
May be the lady. Thou ſhalt know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.
Effect it with ſome care, that he may prove
More fond of her, than ſhe upon her love;
And, look, you meet me ere the firſt cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your ſervant ſhall do ſo. [*Exe.*

Enter Queen of fairies, with her train.

Queen. Come, now a roundel, and a *Fairy* ſong:
Then, 'fore the third part of a minute, hence; (10)
Some to kill cankers in the musk-roſe buds,

(10) *Then* for *the third part of a Minute hence.*] But the Queen ſets them Work, that is to keep them employ'd for the Remainder of the Night: The Poet, undoubtedly, intended her to ſay, Dance your Round, and ſing your Song, and then inſtantly (*before* the third part of a Minute) begone to your reſpective Duties.

Some

Some war with rear-mice for their leathern wing,
To make my ſmall elves coats; and ſome keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our queint ſpirits. Sing me now aſleep:
Then to your Offices, and let me reſt.

Fairies ſing.

You ſpotted ſnakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not ſeen;
Newts and blind worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy Queen.
Philomel, *with melody,*
Sing in your ſweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm, nor ſpell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So good night with lullaby.

2 Fairy.

Weaving ſpiders come not here;
Hence, you long-leg'd ſpinners, hence:
Beetles black, approach not near,
Worm, nor ſnail, do no offence.
Philomel *with melody,* &c.

1 Fairy.

Hence, away; now all is well:
One, aloof, ſtand Centinel.

[*Exeunt* Fairies. *The* Queen *ſleeps.*

Enter Oberon,

Ob. What thou ſeeſt, when thou doſt wake,
Do it for thy true love take;
Love and languiſh for his ſake;
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with briſtled hair,
In thy eye that ſhall appear,
When thou wak'ſt, it is thy dear;
Wake, when ſome vile thing is near. [*Exit* Oberon.

Enter

Enter Lyſander *and* Hermia.

Lyſ. Fair love, you faint with wandring in the wood ;
And, to ſpeak troth, I have forgot our way :
We'll reſt us, *Hermia*, if thou think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
Her. Be't ſo, *Lyſander* ; find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will reſt my head.
Lyſ. One turf ſhall ſerve as pillow for us both,
One heart, one bed, two boſoms, and one troth.
Her. Nay, good *Lyſander* ; for my ſake, my dear,
Lye further off yet, do not lye ſo near.
Lyſ. O take the ſenſe, ſweet, of my innocence ;
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference ;
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit ;
So that but one heart can you make of it :
Two boſoms, interchained with an oath ;
So then two boſoms, and a ſingle troth :
Then, by your ſide no bed-room me deny ;
For lying ſo, *Hermia*, I do not lye.
Her. Lyſander riddles very prettily ;
Now much beſhrew my manners, and my pride,
If *Hermia* meant to ſay, *Lyſander* ly'd,
But, gentle friend, for love and curteſie
Lye further off, in human modeſty,
Such ſeparation, as, may well be ſaid,
Becomes a virtuous batchelor and a maid,
So far be diſtant ; and good night, ſweet friend ;
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy ſweet life end !
Lyſ. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, ſay I ;
And then end life, when I end loyalty !
Here is my bed ; ſleep give thee all his reſt !
Her. With half that wiſh, the wiſher's eyes be preſt !
[*They ſleep.*

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the foreſt have I gone,
But *Athenian* found I none,
On whoſe eyes I might approve
This flower's force in ſtirring love :

Night

Night and ſilence! who is here ?
Weeds of *Athens* he doth wear ;
This is he, my maſter ſaid,
Deſpiſed the *Athenian* maid,
And here the maiden ſleeping found
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty ſoul ! ſhe durſt not lye
Near to this kill-curteſie. (11)
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe :
When thou wak'ſt, let love forbid
Sleep his ſeat on thy eye-lid ;
So awake, when I am gone :
For I muſt now to *Oberon*. [*Exit.*

Enter Demetrius *and* Helena *running.*

Hel. Stay, tho' thou kill me, ſweet *Demetrius !*
Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me ? do not ſo.
Dem. Stay, on thy peril ; I alone will go.
[*Exit* Demetrius.
Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chace ;
The more my prayer, the leſſer is my grace.
Happy is *Hermia*, wherefoe'er ſhe lies ;
For ſhe hath bleſſed, and attractive, eyes.
How came her eyes ſo bright ? not with ſalt tears ;
If ſo, my eyes are oftner waſh'd then hers :
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear ;
For beaſts, that meet me, run away for fear.

(11) *Near* to this lack-love, *this kill-curteſie.*] Thus, in all the printed Editions. But this Verſe, as *Ben Jonſon* ſays, is broke looſe from his Fellows, and wants to be tied up. I believe, the Poet wrote ;

Near to this kill-courteſie.

And ſo the Line is reduced to the Meaſure of the other. But this Term being ſomewhat quaint and uncommon, the Players, in my Opinion, officiouſly clap'd in the other, as a Comment ; and ſo it has ever ſince held Poſſeſſion.

There-

Therefore no marvel, tho' *Demetrius*
Do (as a monſter) fly my preſence thus.
What wicked, and diſſembling, glaſs of mine
Made me compare with *Hermia's* ſphery eyne?
But who is here? *Lyſander* on the ground:
Dead or aſleep? I ſee no blood, no wound:
Lyſander, if you live, good Sir, awake.

Lyſ. And run thro' fire I will, for thy ſweet ſake.
[*Waking.*
Tranſparent *Helen*, nature here ſhews art,
That through thy boſom makes me ſee thy heart.
Where is *Demetrius*? Oh, how fit a word
Is that vile name, to periſh on my ſword!

Hel. Do not ſay ſo, *Lyſander*, ſay not ſo;
What tho' he love your *Hermia*? lord, what tho'?
Yet *Hermia* ſtill loves you; then be content.

Lyſ. Content with *Hermia*! no: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have ſpent;
Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reaſon ſway'd;
And reaſon ſays, you are the worthier maid,
Things, growing, are not ripe until their ſeaſon;
So I, being young, 'till now ripe not to reaſon;
And, touching now the point of human skill,
Reaſon becomes the marſhal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's ſtories, written in love's richeſt book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mock'ry born?
When at your hands did I deſerve this ſcorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deſerve a ſweet look from *Demetrius'* eye,
But you muſt flout my inſufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong; good ſooth, you do;
In ſuch diſdainful manner me to woo:
But fare you well. Perforce I muſt confeſs,
I thought you lord of more true gentleneſs:
Oh, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd!
[*Exit.*
Lyſ.

Lyſ. She ſees not *Hermia*; *Hermia*, ſleep thou there;
And never may'ſt thou come *Lyſander* near;
For as a ſurfeit of the ſweeteſt things
The deepeſt loathing to the ſtomach brings;
Or as the hereſies, that men do leave,
Are hated moſt of thoſe they did deceive;
So thou, my ſurfeit and my hereſie,
Of all be hated, but the moſt of me!
And all my pow'rs addreſs your love and might
To honour *Helen*, and to be her Knight! [*Exit.*

Her. Help me, *Lyſander*, help me! do thy beſt
To pluck this crawling ſerpent from my breaſt:
Ay me, for pity, what a dream was here!
Lyſander, look, how I do quake with fear;
Me-thought, a ſerpent eat my heart away;
And you ſat ſmiling at his cruel prey:
Lyſander! what remov'd! *Lyſander*, lord!
What, out of hearing gone? no ſound, no word?
Alack, where are you? ſpeak, and if you hear,
Speak, of all loves; (I ſwoon almoſt, with fear.)
No? —— then I well perceive, you are not nigh;
Or death, or you, I'll find immediately. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *The Wood.*

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, *and* Starveling.

The Queen of Fairies lying aſleep.

BOTTOM.

ARE we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearſal. This green plot ſhall be our ſtage, this hauthorn-brake our tyring houſe,

and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.

Bot. Peter Quince———

Quin. What ſay'ſt thou, bully *Bottom*?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus* and *Thisby*, that will never pleaſe. Firſt, *Pyramus* muſt draw a ſword to kill himſelf, which the ladies cannot abide. How anſwer you that?

Snout. By'rlaken, a parlous fear.

Star. I believe, we muſt leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit, I have a device to make all well; write me a prologue, and let the prologue ſeem to ſay, we will do no harm with our ſwords, and that *Pyramus* is not kill'd indeed; and for more better aſſurance tell them, that I *Pyramus* am not *Pyramus*, but *Bottom* the weaver; this will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have ſuch a prologue, and it ſhall be written in eight and ſix.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afraid of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promiſe you.

Bot. Maſters, you ought to conſider with your ſelves; to bring in, God ſhield us, a lion among ladies, is a moſt dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore another prologue muſt tell, he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay you muſt name his name, and half his face muſt be ſeen through the lion's neck; and he himſelf muſt ſpeak through, ſaying thus, or to the ſame defect; ladies, or fair ladies, I would wiſh you, or I would requeſt you, or I would intreat you, not to fear, not to tremble; my life for yours, if you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life; no, I am no ſuch, thing; I am a man as other men are; and there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is *Snug* the joiner.

Quin.

Quin. Well, it ſhall be ſo; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the moon light into a chamber; for, you know, *Pyramus* and *Thisby* meet by moon-light.

Snug. Doth the moon ſhine that night we play our play?

Bot. A kalendar, a kalendar! look in the almanack; find out moon-ſhine, find out moon-ſhine.

Quin. Yes, it doth ſhine that night.

Bot. Why then may you leave a caſement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may ſhine in at the caſement.

Quin. Ay, or elſe one muſt come in with a buſh of thorns and a lanthorn, and ſay, he comes to diſfigure, or to preſent, the Perſon of moon-ſhine. Then there is another thing; we muſt have a wall in the great chamber, for *Pyramus* and *Thisby* (ſays the ſtory) did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You never can bring in a wall. What ſay you, *Bottom?*?

Bot. Some man or other muſt preſent Wall; and let him have ſome plaſter, or ſome lome, or ſome rough-caſt about him, to ſignify wall: Or let him hold his fingers thus; and through the cranny ſhall *Pyramus* and *Thisby* whiſper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, ſit down every mother's ſon, and rehearſe your parts. *Pyramus*, you begin: when you have ſpoken your ſpeech, enter into that brake; and ſo every one according to his cue.

Enter Puck *behind.*

Puck. What hempen home-ſpuns have we ſwaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy Queen?
What, a play tow'rd? I'll be an auditor;
An Actor too, perhaps, if I ſee cauſe,

Quin. Speak, *Pyramus*; *Thisby*, ſtand forth.

Pyr. Thisby, the flower of odious ſavours ſweet.

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pyr. Odours, ſavours ſweet.
So doth thy breath, my deareſt *Thisby*, dear;
But hark, a voice! ſtay thou but here a whit; (12)
And, by and by, I will to thee appear. [*Exit* Pyr.

Puck. A ſtranger *Pyramus* than e'er plaid here! [*Aſide.*

Thiſ. Muſt I ſpeak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, muſt you; for you muſt underſtand, he goes but to ſee a noiſe that he heard, and is to come again.

Thiſ. Moſt radiant *Pyramus*, moſt lilly-white of hue,
Of colour like the red roſe on triumphant bryer,
Moſt briskly *Juvenile*, and eke moſt lovely *Jew*,
As true as trueſt horſe, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, *Pyramus*, at *Ninny*'s tomb.

Quin. *Ninus*' tomb, man; why, you muſt not ſpeak that yet; that you anſwer to *Pyramus*; you ſpeak all your part at once, cues and all. *Pyramus*, enter; your cue is paſt; it is, *never tire.*

Re-enter Bottom, *with an Aſs-head.*

Thiſ. O,———As true as trueſt horſe, that yet would never tire.

Pyr. If I were fair, *Thisby*, I were only thine.

Quin. O monſtrous! O ſtrange! we are haunted; pray, maſters; fly, maſters; help! [*The* Clowns *exeunt.*

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round.
Through bog, through buſh, through brake, through bryer;
Sometimes a horſe I'll be, ſometimes a hound,
A hog, a headleſs bear, ſometime a fire,
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar and burn,
Like horſe, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [*Exit.*

(12) ——— *ſtay thou here a* while;] The Verſes here, 'tis plain, ſhould be alternately in Rhyme: but *ſweet* in the Cloſe of the firſt Line, and *while* in the third, will not do for this purpoſe. The Author, doubtleſs, gave it;

———*ſtay thou but here a* whit;

i. e. a little while: for ſo it ſignifies, as alſo any thing of no Price, or conſideration; a trifle: in which Senſe it is very frequent with our Author.

Bot.

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me afeard.

Enter Snout.

Snout. O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd; what do I ſee on thee?

Bot. What do you ſee? you ſee an aſs-head of your own, do you?

Enter Quince.

Quin. Bleſs thee, *Bottom*, bleſs thee; thou art tranſlated.

Bot. I ſee their knavery, this is to make an aſs of me, to fright me if they could; but I will not ſtir from this place, do what they can; I will walk up and down here, and I will ſing, that they ſhall hear I am not afraid.

[*Sings.*

The Ouſel cock, ſo black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throſtle with his note ſo true,
The wren with little quill.

Queen. What angel wakes me from my flowry bed?

[*Waking,*

Bot. The finch, the ſparrow, and the lark, [*Sings.*
The plain-ſong cuckow gray,
Whoſe note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not anſwer, nay.

For, indeed, who would ſet his wit to ſo fooliſh a bird? who would give a bird the lye, tho he cry *cuckow* never ſo?

Queen. I pray thee, gentle mortal, ſing again;
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy ſhape;
And thy fair virtue's force (perforce) doth move me,
On the firſt view to ſay, to ſwear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, miſtreſs, you ſhould have little reaſon for that: and yet, to ſay the truth, reaſon and love keep little company together now-a-days. The more the pity, that ſome honeſt neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occaſion.

Queen. Thou art as wiſe, as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not ſo neither; but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to ſerve mine own turn.

Queen. Out of this wood do not deſire to go,
Thou ſhalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a ſpirit of no common rate;
The ſummer ſtill doth tend upon my ſtate,
And I do love thee; therefore, go with me,
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they ſhall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And ſing, while thou on preſſed flowers doſt ſleep;
And I will purge thy mortal groſsneſs ſo,
That thou ſhalt like an airy ſpirit go.
Peaſeblooſſom! Cobweb! Moth! and *Muſtardſeed?*

Enter four Fairies.

1 *Fair.* Ready.
2 *Fair.* And I.
3 *Fair.* And I.
4 *Fair.* And I: where ſhall we go?

Queen. Be kind, and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambole in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs and mulberries,
The honey-bags ſteal from the humble bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to ariſe:
And pluck the wing from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his ſleeping eyes;
Nod to him, elves, and do him courteſies.

1 *Fair.* Hail, mortal, hail!
2 *Fair.* Hail! ———
3 *Fair.* Hail! ———

Bot. I cry your worſhip's mercy heartily; I beſeech, your worſhip's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I ſhall deſire of you more acquaintance, good maſter *Cobweb*; if I cut my finger, I ſhall make bold with you. Your name, honeſt gentleman.

Peaſe.

Peaſe. Peaſeblooſſom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to miſtreſs *Squaſh* your mother, and to maſter *Peaſcod* your father. Good maſter *Peaſeblooſſom*, I ſhall deſire of you more acquaintance too. Your name, I beſeech you, Sir.

Muſ. Muſtardſeed.

Bot. Good maſter *Muſtardſeed*, I know your patience well: that ſame cowardly giant-like Ox-beef hath devour'd many a gentleman of your houſe. I promiſe you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I deſire more of your acquaintance, good maſter *Muſtardſeed*.

Queen. Come, wait upon him, lead him to my bower.
The moon, methinks, looks with a watry eye;
And when ſhe weeps, weep ev'ry little flower,
Lamenting ſome enforced chaſtity!
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him ſilently. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King of Fairies.

Ob. I wonder, if *Titania* be awak'd:
Then what it was that next came in her eye,
Which ſhe muſt doat on in extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my meſſenger! how now, mad ſprite,
What night-rule now about this haunted grove!

Puck. My miſtreſs with a monſter is in love.
Near to her cloſe and conſecrated bower,
While ſhe was in her dull and ſleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon *Athenian* ſtalls,
Were met together to rehearſe a play,
Intended for great *Theſeus*' nuptial day.
The ſhallow'ſt thick-skin of that barren ſort,
Who *Pyramus* preſented, in their ſport
Forſook his ſcene, and enter'd in a brake;
When I did him at this advantage take,
An Aſs's nole I fixed on his head;
Anon, his *Thisby* muſt be anſwered,
And forth my minnock comes: when they him ſpy,
As wild geeſe, that the creeping fowler eye,

Or ruſſet-pated choughs, many in ſort,
Riſing and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themſelves, and madly ſweep the sky;
So at his ſight, away his fellows fly;
And, at our ſtamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murther cries, and help from *Athens* calls.
Their ſenſe thus weak, loſt with their fears thus ſtrong,
Made ſenſeleſs things begin to do them wrong.
For briars and thorns at their apparel ſnatch,
Some, ſleeves; ſome, hats; from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this diſtracted fear,
And left ſweet *Pyramus* tranſlated there:
When in that moment (ſo it came to paſs)
Titania wak'd, and ſtraitway lov'd an aſs.

Ob. This falls out better, than I could deviſe.
But haſt thou yet latch'd the *Athenian*'s eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him ſleeping; that is finiſh'd too;
And the *Athenian* Woman by his ſide,
That when he wakes, of force ſhe muſt be ey'd.

Enter Demetrius *and* Hermia.

Ob. Stand cloſe, this is the ſame *Athenian*.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you ſo?
Lay breath ſo bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I ſhould uſe thee worſe;
For thou, I fear, haſt giv'n me cauſe to curſe:
If thou haſt ſlain *Lyſander* in his ſleep,
Being o'er ſhoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.
The ſun was not ſo true unto the day,
As he to me. Would he have ſtoll'n away
From ſleeping *Hermia?* I'll believe as ſoon,
This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon
May through the center creep, and ſo diſpleaſe
Her brother's noon-tide with th' *Antipodes*.
It cannot be, but thou haſt murther'd him;
So ſhould a murtherer look, ſo dread, ſo grim.

Dem.

Dem. So ſhould the murther'd look; and ſo ſhould I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your ſtern cruelty:
Yet you the murtherer look as bright, and clear,
As yonder *Venus* in her glimm'ring ſphere.
Her. What's this to my *Lyſander*? where is he?
Ah, good *Demetrius*, wilt thou give him me?
Dem. I'ad rather give his carcaſe to my hounds.
Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'ſt me paſt the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Haſt thou ſlain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men.
O! once tell true, and even for my ſake,
Durſt thou have look'd upon him, being awake?
And haſt thou kill'd him ſleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder do ſo much?
An adder did it, for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou ſerpent, never adder ſtung.
Dem. You ſpend your paſſion on a miſpris'd mood;
I am not guilty of *Lyſander*'s blood,
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.
Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.
Dem. And if I could, what ſhould I get therefore?
Her. A privilege never to ſee me more;
And from thy hated preſence part I ſo:
See me no more, whether he's dead or no. [*Exit.*
Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein,
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain:
So ſorrow's heavineſs doth heavier grow,
For debt, that bankrupt ſleep doth ſorrow owe;
Which now in ſome ſlight meaſure it will pay,
If for his Tender here I make ſome ſtay. [*Lies down.*
Ob. What haſt thou done? thou haſt miſtaken quite,
And laid thy love juice on ſome true love's ſight:
Of thy miſpriſion muſt perforce enſue
Some true love turn'd, and not a falſe turn'd true.
Puck. Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.
Ob. About the wood go ſwifter than the wind,
And *Helena* of *Athens*, ſee, thou find.

All fancy-ſick ſhe is, and pale of cheer;
With ſighs of love, that coſt the freſh blood dear;
By ſome illuſion, ſee, thou bring her here;
I'll charm his eyes, againſt ſhe doth appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look, how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the *Tartar*'s bow. [*Exit.*

Ob. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with *Cupid*'s archery,
Sink in apple of his eye!
When his love he doth eſpy,
Let her ſhine as glorioufly,
As the *Venus* of the ſky.
When thou wakeſt, if ſhe be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the Youth, miſtook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant ſee?
Lord, what fools theſe mortals be?

Ob. Stand aſide: the noiſe, they make,
Will cauſe *Demetrius* to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo one;
That muſt needs be ſport alone.
And thoſe things do beſt pleaſe me,
That befal prepoſt'rouſly.

Enter Lyſander *and* Helena.

Lyſ. Why ſhould you think, that I ſhould woo in ſcorn;
Scorn and deriſion never come in tears.
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows ſo born,
In their nativity all truth appears:
How can theſe things in me ſeem ſcorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more;
When truth kills truth, O deviliſh, holy, fray!
Theſe vows are *Hermia*'s: will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh;

Your

Your vows to her and me, put in two ſcales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.
Lyſ. I had no judgment when to her I ſwore.
Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.
Lyſ. *Demetrius* loves her, and he loves not you.
Dem. [*awaking.*] O *Helen*, goddeſs, nymph, perfect, divine,
To what, my love, ſhall I compare thine eyne?
Cryſtal is muddy; O how ripe in ſhow
Thy lips, thoſe kiſſing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high *Taurus'* ſnow,
Fann'd with the eaſtern wind, turns to a crow
When thou hold'ſt up thy hand. O let me kiſs
This Princeſs of pure white, this ſeal of bliſs.
Hel. O ſpight, O hell! I ſee you all are bent
To ſet againſt me, for your merriment:
If you were civil, and knew courteſie,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you muſt join in ſouls to mock me too?
If you are men, as men you are in ſhow,
You would not uſe a gentle lady ſo:
To vow and ſwear, and ſuper-praiſe my parts;
When, I am ſure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love *Hermia*,
And now both rivals to mock *Helena*.
A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your deriſion! none of nobler ſort
Would ſo offend a virgin, and extort
A poor ſoul's patience, all to make you ſport.
Lyſ. You are unkind, *Demetrius*; be not ſo;
For you love *Hermia*; this, you know, I know.
And here with all good will, with all my heart,
In *Hermia*'s love I yield you up my part;
And yours of *Helena* to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.
Hel. Never did mockers waſte more idle breath.
Dem. *Lyſander*, keep thy *Hermia*, I will none;
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.

My

My heart to her but, as gueſt-wiſe, ſojourn'd;
And now to *Helen* it is home return'd,
There ever to remain.

Lyſ. It is not ſo.

Dem. Diſparage not the faith, thou doſt not know,
Leſt to thy peril thou abide it dear.
Look, where thy love comes, yonder is thy dear.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehenſion makes:
Wherein it doth impair the ſeeing ſenſe,
It pays the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not by mine eye, *Lyſander*, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy ſound.
But why unkindly didſt thou leave me ſo?

Lyſ. Why ſhould he ſtay, whom love doth preſs to go?

Her. What love could preſs *Lyſander* from my ſide?

Lyſ. *Lyſander*'s love, that would not let him 'bide,
Fair *Helena*; who more engilds the night,
Than all yon fiery O's and eyes of light.
Why ſeek'ſt thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate, I bear thee, made me leave thee ſo?

Her. You ſpeak not, as you think: it cannot be.

Hel. Lo, ſhe is one of this confed'racy;
Now, I perceive, they have conjoin'd all three,
To faſhion this falſe ſport in ſpight of me.
Injurious *Hermia*, moſt ungrateful maid,
Have you conſpir'd, have you with theſe contriv'd
To bait me with this foul deriſion?
Is all the counſel that we two have ſhar'd,
The ſiſters vows, the hours that we have ſpent,
When we have chid the haſty-footed time
For parting us; O! and is all forgot?
All ſchool-days friendſhip, childhood innocence?
We, *Hermia*, like two artificial gods,
Created with our needles both one flower,
Both on one ſampler, ſitting on one cuſhion;
Both warbling of one ſong, both in one key;
As if our hands, our ſides, voices, and minds

Had

Had been incorp'rate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, ſeeming parted,
But yet an union in partition;
Two lovely berries molded on one ſtem,
So with two ſeeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the firſt, like coats in heraldry, (13)
Due but to one, and crowned with one creſt.
And will you rend our ancient love aſunder,
To join with men in ſcorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our ſex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your paſſionate words;
I ſcorn you not; it ſeems, that you ſcorn me.

Hel. Have you not ſet *Lyſander*, as in ſcorn,
To follow me, and praiſe my eyes and face?
And made your other love, *Demetrius*,
(Who, even but now, did ſpurn me with his foot)
To call me goddeſs, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celeſtial? wherefore ſpeaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth *Lyſander*
Deny your love, ſo rich within his ſoul,
And tender me, forſooth, affection;
But by your ſetting on, by your conſent?
What though I be not ſo in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, ſo fortunate;
But miſerable moſt, to love unlov'd?
This you ſhould pity, rather than deſpiſe.

Her. I underſtand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, perſever, counterfeit ſad looks,
Make mouths upon me, when I turn my back;
Wink each at other, hold the the ſweet jeſt up:
This ſport, well carried, ſhall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,

(13) *Two of the firſt life, coats in Heraldry,*
Due but to one, and crowned with one creſt.] The true Correction of this Paſſage I owe to the Friendſhip and Communication of the ingenious *Martin Folkes*, Eſq;——Two of the *firſt*, *ſecond*, &c. are Terms peculiar in *Heraldry* to diſtinguiſh the different *Quarterings* of *Coats*.

You

You would not make me ſuch an argument:
But fare ye well, 'tis partly mine own fault,
Which death or abſence ſoon ſhall remedy.
Lyſ. Stay, gentle *Helena*; hear my excuſe;
My love, my life, my ſoul, fair *Helena!*
Hel. O excellent!
Her. Sweet, do not ſcorn her ſo.
Dem. If ſhe cannot entreat, I can compel.
Lyſ. Thou canſt compel, no more than ſhe entreat:
Thy threats have no more ſtrength, than her weak
Prayers.
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do;
I ſwear, by that which I will loſe for thee,
To prove him falſe, that ſays, I love thee not.
Dem. I ſay, I love thee more than he can do.
Lyſ. If thou ſay ſo, withdraw and prove it too.
Dem. Quick, come———
Her. Lyſander, whereto tends all this?
Lyſ. Away, you *Ethiope!*
Dem. No, no, he'll ſeem
To break away; take on as he would follow,
But yet come not; you are a tame man, go.
Lyſ. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr; vile thing, let
looſe;
Or I will ſhake thee from me, like a ſerpent.
Her. Why are you grown ſo rude? what change is this?
Sweet love!
Lyſ. Thy love? out, tawny *Tartar*, out;
Out, loathed medicine: hated poiſon, hence.
Her. Do you not jeſt?
Hel. Yes, ſooth, and ſo do you.
Lyſ. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.
Dem. I would, I had your bond; for, I perceive,
A weak bond holds you; I'll not truſt your word.
Lyſ. What, ſhould I hurt her, ſtrike her, kill her
dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her ſo.
Her. What, can you do me greater harm, than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?
Am not I *Hermia?* are not you *Lyſander?*

I

I am as fair now, as I was ere-while.
Since night, you lov'd me; yet, ſince night, you left me;
Why then you left me——(O the gods forbid it!)
In earneſt, ſhall I ſay?
Lyſ. Ay, by my life;
And never did deſire to ſee thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of queſtion, doubt;
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jeſt;
That I do hate thee, and love *Helena.*
Her. O me, you jugler; oh, you canker-bloſſom,
You thief of love; what, have you come by night,
And ſtoll'n my love's heart from him?
Hel. Fine, i'faith!
Have you no modeſty, no maiden ſhame,
No touch of baſhfulneſs? what, will you tear
Impatient anſwers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie, you counterfeit; you puppet, you.
Her. Puppet! why, ſo: ay, that way goes the game.
Now, I perceive, that ſhe hath made compare
Between our ſtatures; ſhe hath urg'd her height;
And with her perſonage, her tall perſonage,
Her height, forſooth, ſhe hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown ſo high in his eſteem,
Becauſe I am ſo dwarfiſh and ſo low;
How low am I, thou painted maypole? ſpeak,
How low am I? I am not yet ſo low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.
Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curſt;
I have no gift at all in ſhrewiſhneſs;
I am a right maid, for my cowardice:
Let her not ſtrike me. You, perhaps, may think,
Becauſe ſhe's ſomething lower than myſelf,
That I can match her.
Her. Lower! hark, again.——
Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be ſo bitter with me;
I evermore did love you, *Hermia.*
Did ever keep your counſels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto *Demetrius*,
I told him of your ſtealth unto this wood:

He

He follow'd you, for love I follow'd him,
But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me
To ſtrike me, ſpurn me, nay, to kill me too;
And now, ſo you will let me quiet go,
To *Athens* will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further. Let me go.
You ſee, how ſimple and how fond I am.

Hel. Why, get you gone: who is't, that hinders you?

Hel. A fooliſh heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with *Lyſander?*

Hel. With *Demetrius.*

Lyſ. Be not afraid, ſhe ſhall not harm thee, *Helena.*

Dem. No, Sir, ſhe ſhall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when ſhe's angry, ſhe is keen and ſhrewd;
She was a vixen, when ſhe went to ſchool;
And though ſhe be but little, ſhe is fierce.

Her. Little, again? nothing but low and little?
Why will you ſuffer her to flout me thus;
Let me come to her.

Lyſ. Get you gone, you dwarf,
You *Minim* you, of hind'ring knot-graſs made; (14)
You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalf that ſcorns your ſervices.
Let her alone, ſpeak not of *Helena*,
Take not her part: for if thou doſt intend
Never ſo little ſhew of love to her,
Thou ſhalt aby it.

Lyſ. Now ſhe holds me not;
Now follow, if thou dar'ſt; to try whoſe right,
Or thine, or mine, is moſt in *Helena.*

Dem. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee cheek by jowl.

[*Exeunt* Lyſander *and* Demetrius.

(14) *You* Minimus,——] This is no Term of Art, that I can find; and I can ſcarce be willing to think, that *Shakeſpear* would uſe the Maſculine of an Adjective to a Woman. He was not ſo deficient in Grammar. I doubt not, but he might have wrote:

You Minim, *you*,——

i. e. You *Diminutive* of the Creation, you *Reptile.*

Her.

Her. You, miſtreſs, all this coyl is long of you:
Nay, go not back.
Hel. I will not truſt you, I;
Nor longer ſtay in your curſt company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer, though, to run away.
[*Exeunt:* Hermia *purſuing* Helena.

Enter Oberon *and* Puck.

Ob. This is thy negligence: ſtill thou miſtak'ſt,
Or elſe committ'ſt thy knaveries willingly.
Puck. Believe me, King of ſhadows, I miſtook.
Did not you tell me, I ſhould know the man
By the *Athenian* garments he had on?
And ſo far blameleſs proves my enterprize,
That I have 'nointed an *Athenian*'s eyes;
And ſo far am I glad it did ſo ſort,
As this their jangling I eſteem a ſport.
Ob. Thou ſeeſt, theſe lovers ſeek a place to fight;
Hie therefore, *Robin*, overcaſt the night;
The ſtarry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fogs, as black as *Acheron*;
And lead theſe teſty rivals ſo aſtray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to *Lyſander*, ſometime, frame thy tongue,
Then ſtir *Demetrius* up with bitter wrong;
And ſometime rail thou, like *Demetrius*;
And from each other, look, thou lead them thus;
'Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting ſleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep;
Then cruſh this herb into *Lyſander*'s eye,
Whoſe liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error with its might;
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted light.
When they next wake, all this deriſion
Shall ſeem a dream, and fruitleſs viſion;
And back to *Athens* ſhall the lovers wend
With league, whoſe date 'till death ſhall ner end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my Queen, and beg her *Indian* boy;

And

And then I will her charmed eye releaſe
From monſter's view, and all things ſhall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this muſt be done with haſte,
For night's ſwift dragons cut the clouds full faſt,
And yonder ſhines *Aurora*'s harbinger;
At whoſe approach, ghoſts wandring here and there
Troop home to church-yard; damned ſpirits all,
That in croſs-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear left day ſhould look their ſhames upon,
They wilfully exile themſelves from light;
And muſt for aye conſort with black-brow'd night.

Ob. But we are ſpirits of another ſort;
I with the morning-light have oft made ſport;
And, like a foreſter, the groves may tread,
Ev'n 'till the eaſtern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on *Neptune* with fair bleſſed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his ſalt green ſtreams.
But, notwithſtanding, haſte; make no delay:
We may effect this buſineſs yet ere day. [*Exit* Ob.

Puck. Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town.
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Enter Lyſander.

Lyſ. Where art thou, proud *Demetrius?* ſpeak thou now.

Puck. Here, villain, drawn and ready. Where art thou?

Lyſ. I will be with thee ſtraight.

Puck. Follow me then
To plainer ground. [Lyſ. *goes out, as following* Dem.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lyſander, ſpeak again;
Thou run-away, thou coward, art thou fled?
eak in ſome buſh: where doſt thou hide thy head?

Puck.

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the ſtars,
Telling the buſhes that thou look'ſt for wars,
And wilt not come? come, recreant; come, thou child,
I'll whip thee with a rod; he is defil'd,
That draws a ſword on thee.

Dem. Yea, art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice, we'll try no manhood here.
[*Exeunt.*

Lyſander *comes back.*

Lyſ. He goes before me, and ſtill dares me on;
When I come where he calls me, then he's gone.
The villain is much lighter-heel'd, than I:
I follow'd faſt, but faſter he did fly;
That fall'n am I in dark uneven way,
And here will reſt me. Come, thou gentle day:
[*Lyes down.*
For if but once thou ſhew me thy gray light:
I'll find *Demetrius*, and revenge this ſpight.

Enter Puck *and* Demetrius.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho, coward, why com'ſt thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'ſt: for well I wot,
Thou runn'ſt before me, ſhifting every place;
And dar'ſt not ſtand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou?

Puck. Come thou hither, I am here.

Dem. Nay, then thou mock'ſt me; thou ſhalt buy this dear,
If ever I thy face by day-light ſee.
Now, go thy way; faintneſs conſtraineth me
To meaſure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be viſited. [*Lyes down.*

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours; ſhine, comforts, from the Eaſt;
That I may back to *Athens* by day-light,
From theſe, that my poor company deteſt;
And ſleep, that ſometimes ſhuts up ſorrow's eye,
Steal me a while from mine own company. [*Sleeps.*

Puck.

Puck. Yet but three? come one more,
Two of both kinds make up four.
Here ſhe comes, curſt and ſad:
Cupid is a knaviſh lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Never ſo weary, never ſo in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briars,
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my deſires:
Here will I reſt me, 'till the break of day.
Heav'ns ſhield *Lyſander*, if they mean a fray! [*Lyes down.*

Puck. On the ground ſleep ſound,
I'll apply to your eye, gentle lover, remedy.
[*Squeezing the juice on* Lyſander's *eye.*
When thou wak'ſt, thou tak'ſt
True delight in the ſight of thy former lady's eye;
And the country proverb known,
That every man ſhould take his own,
In your waking ſhall be ſhown.
Jack ſhall have *Jill*, naught ſhall go ill,
The man ſhall have his mare again, and all be well.
[*Exit* Puck. [*They ſleep.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *continued, the Wood.*

Enter Queen of Fairies, Bottom, *Fairies attending, and the King behind them.*

QUEEN.

COME, ſit thee down upon this flow'ry bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And ſtick muſk-roſes in thy ſleek, ſmooth'd head;
And kiſs thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot.

Bot. Where's *Peaſeblooſſom?*

Peaſe. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, *Peaſeblooſſom.* Where's monſieur *Cobweb?*

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monſieur *Cobweb*, good monſieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipt humble-bee on the top of a thiſtle; and, good monſieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret your ſelf too much in the action, monſieur; and, good monſieur, have a care, the honey-bag break not; I ſhould be loth to have you over-flown with a honey-bag, ſignior. Where's monſieur *Muſtardſeed?*

Muſt. Ready.

Bot. Give me thy neafe, monſieur *Muſtardſeed*; pray you, leave your curteſie, good monſieur.

Muſt. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monſieur, but to help *Cavalero Cobweb* to ſcratch. I muſt to the barber's, monſieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face. And I am ſuch a tender aſs, if my hair doth but tickle me, I muſt ſcratch.

Queen. What, wilt thou hear ſome muſick, my ſweet love?

Bot. I have a reaſonable good ear in muſick; let us have the tongs and the bones.

Rural Muſick, Tongs, &c.

Queen. Or ſay, ſweet love, what thou deſir'ſt to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great deſire to a bottle of hay: good hay, ſweet hay hath no fellow.

Queen. I have a venturous Fairy that ſhall ſeek the ſquirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peaſe. But, I pray you, let none of your people ſtir me; I have an expoſition of ſleep come upon me.

Queen.

Queen. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms;
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away: (15)
So doth the woodbine, the ſweet honey-ſuckle, (16)
Gently entwiſt the Maple; Ivy ſo
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elm.
O, how I love thee! how I doat on thee!

Enter Puck.

Ob. Welcome, good *Robin*; Seeſt thou this ſweet ſight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity;
For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking ſweet favours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her;
For ſhe his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of freſh and fragrant flowers;
And that ſame dew, which ſometime on the buds
Was wont to ſwell, like round and orient pearls;
Stood now within the pretty flouriet's eyes,
Like tears that did their own diſgrace bewail.
When I had at my pleaſure taunted her,
And ſhe in mild terms begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child,
Which ſtrait ſhe gave me, and her Fairy ſent

(15) ——*and be* always *away*.] What! was She giving her Attendants an everlaſting Diſmiſſion? No ſuch Thing; they were to be ſtill upon Duty. I am convinc'd, the Poet meant;

——*and be* all ways *away*.

i. e. diſperſe yourſelves, and ſcout out ſeverally, in your *Watch*, that danger approach us from no Quarter.

(16) *So doth the woodbine the ſweet honey-ſuckle*
Gently entwiſt; the female ivy ſo
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elm.] What does the *Woodbine* entwiſt? Why, the *Honeyſuckle*. But ever till now the Honeyſuckle and the Woodbine were but two Names for the ſame Plant. But We have now found a Support for the Woodbine, as well as for the Ivy. The Corruption might happen thus; the firſt Blunderer in writing might leave the *p* out of *Maple*, and make it *Male*; upon which the acute Editors turn'd it into *Female*, and tack'd it as an Epithet to *Ivy*.

Mr. *Warburton.*

To

To bear him to my bower in Fairy-land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes:
And, gentle *Puck*, take this transformed ſcalp
From off the head of this *Athenian* ſwain;
That he, awaking, when the others do,
May all to *Athens* back again repair;
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But, firſt, I will releaſe the Fairy Queen;

Be, as thou waſt wont to be:
See, as thou waſt wont to ſee:
Dian's *bud o'er* Cupid's *flower*
Hath ſuch force and bleſſed power. (17)

Now, my *Titania*, wake you, my ſweet Queen.

Queen. My *Oberon!* what viſions have I ſeen!
Methought, I was enamour'd of an aſs.

Ob. There lies your love.

Queen. How came theſe things to paſs?
Oh, how mine eyes do loath this viſage now?

Ob. Silence, a while; *Robin*, take off his head;
Titania, muſick call; and ſtrike more dead (18)
Than common ſleep of all theſe five the ſenſe.

Queen. Muſick, ho! muſick; ſuch as charmeth ſleep.

(17) Dian's *Bud*, or Cupid's *flower*.] Thus all the Editions had ſtupidly exhibited this Paſſage. The ingenious Dr. *Thirlby* gave me the Correction, which I have inſerted in the Text, and which, doubtleſs, reſtores us the Author. *Oberon* in Act the 2d, where he firſt propoſes to enchant his Queen's Eyes and Senſe, tells us, he has an Antidote to take off the Charm.

(18) Titania, *Muſick call, and ſtrike more dead*
Than common Sleep. Of all theſe fine *the Senſe.*] This, moſt certainly, is both corrupt in the Text, and Pointing. Would Muſick, that was to ſtrike them into a deeper Sleep than ordinary, contribute to *fine* (or *refine*) their Senſes; My Emendation, I am perſuaded, needs no Juſtification. The *five*, that lay aſleep on the Stage, were, *Demetrius*, *Lyſander*, *Hermia*, *Helena*, and *Bottom*.--- I ought to acknowledge, that Dr. *Thirlby* likewiſe ſtarted and communicated this very Correction.

Still

Still Muſick.

Puck. When thou awak'ſt, with thine own fool's eyes peep.

Ob. Sound, muſick; come, my Queen, take hand with me,
And rock the ground whereon theſe ſleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity;
And will to morrow midnight ſolemnly
Dance in Duke *Theſeus*' houſe triumphantly
And bleſs it to all fair poſterity:
There ſhall theſe pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with *Theſeus*, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy King, attend and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.

Ob. Then, my Queen, in ſilence fade; (19)
Trip we after the night's ſhade;
We the globe can compaſs ſoon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Queen. Come, my lord, and in our flight
Tell me how it came this night,
That I ſleeping here was found, [*Sleepers lie ſtill.*
With theſe mortals on the ground. [*Exeunt.*

[*Wind horns within.*

Enter Theſeus, Egeus, Hippolita, *and all his Train.*

The. Go one of you, find out the foreſter,
For now our obſervation is perform'd,
And ſince we have the vaward of the day,
My love ſhall hear the muſick of my hounds.
Uncouple in the weſtern valley, go,———
Diſpatch, I ſay, and find the foreſter.
We will, fair Queen, up to the mountain's top,

(19) *Then, my Queen, in ſilence* ſad,] Why, *ſad?* Fairies, according to the received Notion, are pleas'd to follow Night. For that Reaſon, and for bettering the Rhyme. I think it very probable that our Author wrote; *in ſilence* fade; i. e. vaniſh, retreat. In which Senſe our Author has elſewhere employ'd this Word.

And

And mark the muſical confuſion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.
Hip. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,
When in a wood of *Creet* they bay'd the bear
With hounds of *Sparta*; never did I hear
Such gallant chiding. For beſides the groves,
The ſkies, the fountains, ev'ry region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
So muſical a diſcord, ſuch ſweet thunder.
Theſ. My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kind,
So flew'd, ſo ſanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that ſweep away the morning dew;
Crook'd-knee'd, and dew-lap'd, like *Theſſalian* bulls;
Slow in purſuit, but match'd in mouth like bells;
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never hallo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In *Creet*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Theſſaly:*
Judge, when you hear. But ſoft, what nymphs are theſe?
Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here aſleep,
And this *Lyſander*, this *Demetrius* is,
This *Helena*, old *Nedar*'s *Helena*;
I wonder at their being here together.
Theſ. No doubt, they roſe up early to obſerve
The rite of *May*; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our Solemnity.
But ſpeak, *Egeus*, is not this the day,
That *Hermia* ſhould give anſwer of her choice?
Ege. It is, my lord.
Theſ. Go bid the huntſmen wake them with their horns.

Horns, and Shout within; Demetrius, Lyſander, Hermia, *and* Helena, *wake and ſtart up.*

Theſ. Good morrow, friends; Saint *Valentine* is paſt:
Begin theſe wood-birds but to couple now?
Lyſ. Pardon, my lord.
Theſ. I pray you all, ſtand up:
I know, you two are rival enemies.
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is ſo far from jealouſie,
To ſleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lyſ. My lord, I ſhall reply amazedly,
Half ſleep, half waking. But as yet, I ſwear,
I cannot truly ſay how I came here:
But as I think, (for truly would I ſpeak,)
And now I do bethink me, ſo it is;
I came with *Hermia* hither. Our intent
Was to be gone from *Athens*, where we might be
Without the peril of th' *Athenian* law.

Ege. Enough, enough; my lord, you have enough;
I beg the law, the law upon his head:
They would have ſtoll'n away, they would, *Demetrius*,
Thereby to have defeated you and me;
You, of your wife; and me, of my conſent;
Of my conſent, that ſhe ſhould be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair *Helen* told me of their ſtealth,
Of this their purpoſe hither to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them;
Fair *Helena* in fancy following me:
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
But by ſome power it is, my love to *Hermia*
Is melted as the ſnow; ſeems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gaude,
Which in my childhood I did doat upon:
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object and the pleaſure of mine eye,
Is only *Helena*. To her, my lord,
Was I betrothed ere I *Hermia* ſaw;
But like a ſickneſs did I loath this food;
But, as in health, come to my natural taſte,
Now do I wiſh it, love it, long for it;
And will for ever more be true to it.

Theſ. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this diſcourſe we ſhall hear more anon.
Egeus, I will over-bear your will;
For in the temple, by and by with us,
Theſe couples ſhall eternally be knit;
And for the morning now is ſomething worn,
Our purpos'd hunting ſhall be ſet aſide.
Away, with us to *Athens*; three and three,
We'll hold a feaſt in great ſolemnity.

Come,

Come, *Hippolito.* [*Exe. Duke,* Hippol. *and Train.*

Dem. Theſe things ſeem ſmall and undiſtinguiſhable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks, I ſee theſe things with parted Eye;
When every thing ſeems double.

Hel. So, methinks;
And I have found *Demetrius* like a Gemell, (20)
Mine own, and not mine own.

(20.) *And I have found* Demetrius *like a* jewel,
Mine own, and not my own.] *Hermia* had ſaid, Things appear'd double to her. *Helena* ſays, So, methinks: and then ſubjoins, *Demetrius* was like a *Jewel*, her own and not her own. According to common Senſe and Conſtruction, *Demetrius* is here compar'd to ſomething that has the Property of *appearing* the ſame, and yet not *being* the ſame: and this was a Thought natural enough, upon her declaring her Approbation of what *Hermia* had ſaid, that every thing ſeems *double*. But now, how has a Jewel, or any precious Thing, the Property, rather than a more worthleſs one, of appearing to be the ſame and yet not the ſame? This, I believe, won't be eaſily found out. I make no doubt therefore, but the true Reading is;

And I have found Demetrius *like a* Gemell,
Mine own, and not mine own.

from *Gemellus*, a *Twin*. For *Demetrius* acted that Night two ſuch different Parts, that ſhe could hardly think him one and the ſame *Demetrius*: but that there were two Twin-*Demetrius's* to the acting this Farce, like the two *Socia's*. This makes good and pertinent Senſe of the Whole; and the Corruption from *Gemell* to *Jewel* was ſo eaſy from the ſimilar Trace of the Letters, and the Difficulty of the Tranſcribers underſtanding the true Word, that, I think, it is not to be queſtion'd, Mr. *Warburton*.

If ſome over-nice Spirits ſhould object to *Gemell* wanting its Authorities as an *Engliſh* Word, I think fit to obſerve, in Aid of my Friend's fine Conjecture, that it is no new Thing with *Shakeſpeare* to coin and enfranchize Words fairly deriv'd; and ſome ſuch as have by the Grammarians been call'd ἅπαξ λεγόμενα, or Words *uſed but once*. Again, tho' *Gemell* be not adopted either by *Chaucer*, or *Spencer*; nor acknowledg'd by the Dictionaries; yet both *Blount* in his *Gloſſography* and *Philips* in his *World of Words* have *Geminels*, which they interpret *Twins*. And laſtly, in two or three other Paſſages, *Shakeſpeare* uſes the ſame Manner of Thought.

Dem. It ſeems to me,
That yet we ſleep, we dream. Do not you think,
The Duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea, and my father.

Hel. And *Hippolita.*

Lyſ. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake; let's follow him;
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*

As they go out, Bottom *wakes.*

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will anſwer. My next is, Moſt fair *Pyramus* —— hey, ho, —— *Peter Quince, Flute* the bellows-mender! *Snout* the tinker! *Starveling!* god's my life! ſtoll'n hence, and left me aſleep? I have had a moſt rare viſion. I had a dream, paſt the wit of man to ſay what dream it was: man is but an aſs, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was, there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,—But man is but a patch'd fool, if he will offer to ſay what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not ſeen; man's hand is not able to taſte, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report what my dream was. I will get *Peter Quince* to write a ballad of this dream; it ſhall be call'd *Bottom*'s *Dream*, becauſe it hath no Bottom; and I will ſing it in the latter end of a play before the Duke; (21) peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I ſhall ſing it after Death. [*Exit.*

SCENE

(21) *Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I ſhall ſing it* at her *Death.*] At *her* Death? At *whoſe?* In all *Bottom*'s Speech there is not the leaſt mention of any She-Creature, to whom this Relative can be coupled. I make not the leaſt Scruple, but *Bottom*, for the ſake of a Jeſt, and to render his *Voluntary*, as we may call it, the more gracious and extraordinary, ſaid;---*I ſhall ſing it after Death.* He, as *Pyramus*, is kill'd upon the Scene; and ſo might promiſe to riſe again at the Concluſion of the Interlude, and give h Duke his Dream by way of Song. —— The Source of the Corruption of the Text is very obvious. The *ſ* in *after* being ſunk by the vulgar Pronunciation, the Copyiſt might write

it

SCENE *changes to the Town.*

Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, *and* Starveling.

Quin. HAVE you ſent to *Bottom*'s houſe? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is tranſported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marr'd. It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not poſſible; you have not a man, in all *Athens*, able to diſcharge *Pyramus*, but he.

Flu. No, he hath ſimply the beſt wit of any handy-craft man in *Athens*.

Quin. Yea, and the beſt perſon too; and he is a very paramour for a ſweet voice.

Flu. You muſt ſay paragon; (22) a paramour is (God bleſs us!) a thing of naught.

Enter Snug.

Snug. Maſters, the Duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married; if our ſport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu. O ſweet bully *Bottom!* thus hath he loſt ſixpence a-day during his life; he could not have 'ſcap'd ſix-pence a-day; an the Duke had not given him ſixpence a-day for playing *Pyramus*, I'll be hang'd: he would have deſerv'd it. Six-pence a-day, in *Pyramus*, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are theſe lads? where are theſe hearts?

it from the Sound,——*a'ter*: which the wiſe Editors not underſtanding, concluded, two Words were erroneouſly got together; ſo ſplitting them, and clapping in an *b*, produced the preſent Reading——*at her.*

(22) *A Paramour is* (*God bleſs us*) *a thing of* Nought.] This is a Reading, I am ſure, *of Nought.* My Change of a ſingle Letter gives a very important Change to the Humour of the Paſſage. —— A Thing of *naught*, means, a *naughty* Thing, little better than downright *Bawdry.*

Quin. Bottom! —— O moſt courageous day! O moſt happy hour!

Bot. Maſters, I am to diſcourſe wonders, but aſk me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true *Athenian*. I will tell you every thing as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, ſweet *Bottom*.

Bot. Not a word of me; all I will tell you is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good ſtrings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet preſently at the palace, every man look o'er his part; for the ſhort and the long is, our play is preferr'd: in any caſe, let *Thiſby* have clean linen; and let not him, that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they ſhall hang out for the lion's claws; and, moſt dear actors! eat no onions nor garlick, for we are to utter ſweet breath; and I do not doubt to hear them ſay, it is a moſt ſweet comedy. No more words; away; go away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *the Palace.*

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, Egeus, *and his Lords.*

HIPPOLITA.

'TIS ſtrange, my *Theſeus*, what theſe lovers ſpeak of.

Theſ. More ſtrange than true. I never may believe
Theſe antick fables, nor theſe fairy toys;
Lovers and madmen have ſuch ſeething brains,
Such ſhaping fantaſies, that apprehend
More than cool reaſon ever comprehends.
The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One ſees more devils than vaſt hell can hold;
The madman. While the lover, all as frantick,
Sees *Helen*'s beauty in a brow of *Egypt*.
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rowling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heav'n;
And,

And, as Imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to ſhape, and gives to aiery nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath ſtrong imagination,
That if he would but apprehend ſome joy,
It comprehends ſome bringer of that joy;
Or in the night imagining ſome fear,
How eaſie is a buſh ſuppos'd a bear?

Hip. But all the ſtory of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd ſo together,
More witneſſeth than fancy's images,
And grows to ſomething of great conſtancy;
But, howſoever, ſtrange and admirable.

Enter Lyſander, Demetrius, Hermia, *and* Helena.

Theſ. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.
Joy, gentle friends; joy and freſh days of love
Accompany your hearts.

Lyſ. More than to us,
Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed.

Theſ. Come now, what maſks, what dances ſhall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-ſupper and bed-time?
Where is our uſual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? is there no play,
To eaſe the anguiſh of a torturing hour?
Call *Philoſtrate.*

Enter Philoſtrate.

Philoſt. Here, mighty *Theſeus.*

Theſ. Say, what abridgment have you for this evening?
What maſk? what muſick? how ſhall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with ſome delight?

Philoſt. There is a brief, how many ſports are ripe:
Make choice of which your Highneſs will ſee firſt.

[*Giving a Paper.*

Theſ. [reads.] *The battle with the Centaurs, to be ſung By an* Athenian *eunuch to the harp.*

We'll none of that. That I have told my love,
In glory of my kinsman *Hercules.*
The riot of the tipsie Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian *singer in their rage.*
That is an old device; and it was plaid,
When I from *Thebes* came last a conqueror.
The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.
That is some satyr, keen and critical;
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.
A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thisbe; *very tragical mirth.*
Merry and tragical? tedious and brief?
That is hot Ice, and wonderous strange Snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Philost. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long;
Which is as brief, as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long;
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is:
For *Pyramus* therein doth kill himself.
Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

Thes. What are they, that do play it?

Philost. Hard-handed men, that work in *Athens* here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories
With this same play against your nuptials.

Thes. And we will hear it.

Philost. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you. I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service,

Thes. I will hear that play:
For never any thing can be amiss,

When

When ſimpleneſs and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in, and take your places, ladies.
[*Exit* Phil.
Hip. I love not to ſee wretchedneſs o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his ſervice periſhing.
Theſ. Why, gentle ſweet, you ſhall ſee no ſuch thing.
Hip. He ſays, they can do nothing in this kind.
Theſ. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our ſport ſhall be, to take what they miſtake;
And what poor (willing) duty cannot do, (23)
Noble reſpect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purpoſed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have ſeen them ſhiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midſt of ſentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in concluſion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Truſt me, ſweet,
Out of this ſilence yet I pick'd a welcome:
And in the modeſty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of ſawcy and audacious eloquence.
Love therefore, and tongue-ty'd ſimplicity,
In leaſt ſpeak moſt, to my capacity.

Enter Philoſtrate.

Phil. So pleaſe your Grace, the prologue is addreſt.
Theſ. Let him approach. [*Flour. Trump.*

Enter Quince, *for the prologue.*

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you ſhould think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To ſhew our ſimple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.

(23) *And what poor duty cannot do, noble Reſpect*
Takes it in Might, not Merit.] What Ears have theſe poetical Editors, to palm this firſt line upon us as a Verſe of *Shakeſpeare?* 'Tis certain, an Epithet had ſlipt out, and I have ventur'd to reſtore ſuch a one as the Senſe may diſpenſe with; and which makes the two Verſes flowing and perfect.

Conſider then, we come but in deſpight.
We do not come, as minding to content you, (24)
Our true intent is.—all for your delight,
We are not here.—that you ſhould here repent you,
The actors are at hand;———and by their ſhow,
You ſhall know all, that you are like to know.

Theſ. This fellow doth not ſtand upon points.

Lyſ. He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt; he knows not the ſtop. A good moral, my lord. It is not enough to ſpeak, but to ſpeak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath play'd on his prologue, like a child on the recorder; a ſound, but not in government.

Theſ. His ſpeech was like a tangled chain; nothing impair'd, but all diſorder'd. Who is the next?

Enter Pyramus, *and* Thiſbe, Wall, Moonſhine, *and* Lion, *as in dumb ſhew.*

Pro. Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this ſhow,
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is *Pyramus*, if you would know;
This beauteous lady *Thiſbe* is, certain.
This man, with lime and rough-caſt, doth preſent
Wall, the vile wall, which did theſe lovers ſunder:
And through wall's chink, pour ſouls, they are content
To whiſper, at the which let no man wonder.
This man, with lanthorn, dog, and buſh of thorn,
Preſenteth Moon ſhine: For, if you will know,

(24) *We do not come as minding to content you,*
Our true Intent is all for your Delight,
We are not here that you ſhould here repent you,
The Actors are at hand; &c.] Thus the late accurate Editor, deviating from all the Old Copies, has, by a certain peculiar Fatality, pointed this Paſſage. The whole Glee and Humour of the Prologue is in the Actor's making falſe Reſts, and ſo turning every Member of the Sentences into flagrant Nonſenſe. And Mr. *Pope* ſeems very cruel to our Author, (conſidering, how many Paſſages, which ſhould have been pointed *right*, he has pointed *wrong*;) that here, when he ſhould point *wrong*, with a ſtrange Perverſeneſs, and unuſual Appetite for Senſe, he will point *right*.

By

By moon-ſhine did theſe lovers think no ſcorn
To meet at *Ninus'* tomb, there, there to woo.
This griſly beaſt, which by name *Lion* hight, (25)
The truſty *Thiſbe*, coming firſt by night,
Did ſcare away, or rather did affright:
And as ſhe fled, her mantle ſhe let fall;
Which *Lion* vile with bloody mouth did ſtain.
Anon comes *Pyramus*, ſweet youth and tall,
And finds his truſty *Thiſbe*'s mantle ſlain;
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breaſt.
And *Thiſby*, tarrying in the mulberry ſhade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the reſt,
Let *Lion*, *Moon-ſhine*, *Wall*, and lovers twain,
At large diſcourſe, while here they do remain.
[*Exeunt all but* Wall.

Theſ. I wonder, if the *Lion* be to ſpeak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord; one *Lion* may, when many aſſes do.

Wall. In this ſame Interlude, it doth befall,
That I, one *Snout* by name, preſent a Wall: (26)
And ſuch a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink;
Through which the lovers, *Pyr'mus* and *Thiſbe*,
Did whiſper often very ſecretly.
This loam, this rough-caſt, and this ſtone doth ſhew,
That I am that ſame wall; the truth is ſo.
And this the cranny is, right and ſiniſter,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whiſper.

(25) ——— *which* Lion *hight by name.*] As all the other Parts of this Speech are in *alternate* Rhyme, excepting that it cloſes with a *Couplet*; and as no Rhime is left to, *name*; we muſt conclude, either a Verſe is ſlipt out, which cannot now be retriev'd: or, by a Tranſpoſition of the Words, as I have placed them, the Poet intended a *Triplet*.

(26) *That I, one* Flute *by name,*] Thus Mr. *Pope* gives it us, either from the old *Quarto's*, or by Accident. But Accident, or Authority, happens to be wrong in it: and we muſt reſtore *Snout*, with the old *Folio's*; for it appears in the firſt Act, that *Flute* was to perform *Thiſbe*.

Theſ.

Thef. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition, that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

Thef. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!
O night which ever art, when day is not!
O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
I fear, my *Thisbe*'s promise is forgot.
And thou, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
That stands between her father's ground and mine;
Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
Shew me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne.
Thanks, courteous wall; *Jove* shield thee well for this!
But what see I? no *Thisby* do I see.
O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss;
Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

Thef. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, Sir, he should not. *Deceiving me*, is *Thisbe*'s cue; she is to enter, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you. Yonder she comes.

Enter Thisbe.

This. O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair *Pyramus* and me.
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones;
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

Pyr. I see a voice; now will I to the chink;
To spy, an I can hear my *Thisbe*'s face.
Thisbe!

This. My love! thou art, my love, I think.

Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace.
And like *Limander* am I trusty still.

This. And I like *Helen*, till the fates me kill.

Pyr. Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus* was so true.

This. As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.

Pyr. O kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.

This. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

Pyr.

Pyr. Wilt thou at *Ninny*'s tomb meet me ſtraightway?

Thiſ. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.

Wall. Thus have I *Wall* my part diſcharged ſo:
And, being done, thus *Wall* away doth go. [*Exit.*

Thiſ. Now is the Mural down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are ſo wilful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the ſilliеſt ſtuff that e'er I heard.

Theſ. The beſt in this kind are but ſhadows; and the worſt are no worſe, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It muſt be your imagination then, and not theirs.

Theſ. If we imagine no worſe of them than they of themſelves, they may paſs for excellent men. Here come two noble beaſts in a moon and a lion. (27)

Enter Lion *and* Moonſhine.

Lion. You, ladies, you, whoſe gentle hearts do fear
The ſmalleſt monſtrous mouſe that creeps on floor,
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When Lion rough in wildeſt rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one *Snug* the joiner, am
No Lion fell, nor elſe no Lion's dam:
For if I ſhould as Lion come in ſtrife
Into this place, 'twere pity of my life.

Theſ. A very gentle beaſt, and of a good conſcience.

Dem. The very beſt at a beaſt, my lord, that e'er I ſaw.

Lyſ. This Lion is a very fox for his valour.

Theſ. True; and a gooſe for his diſcretion.

(27) *Here come two noble Beaſts in a* Man *and a Lion.*] I don't think the Jeſt here is either compleat, or right. It is differently pointed in ſeveral of the Old Copies, which, I ſuſpect, may lead us to the true Reading, *viz.*

Here come two noble Beaſts,——in a Man *and a Lion.*

immediately upon *Theſeus* ſaying this, enter *Lion* and *Moonſhine.* It ſeems very probable therefore, that our Author wrote

——————*in a* Moon *and* a Lion.

the one having a *Creſcent* and a Lanthorn before him, and repreſenting the *Man in the Moon*; the other in a Lion's hide.

Dem.

Dem. Not ſo, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his diſcretion, and the fox carries the gooſe.

Theſ. His diſcretion, I am ſure, cannot carry his valour; for the gooſe carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his diſcretion, and let us hearken to the moon.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon preſent:

Dem. He ſhould have worn the horns on his head.

Theſ. He is no creſcent, and his horns are inviſible within the circumference.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned Moon preſent: Myſelf the man i'th' moon doth ſeem to be.

Theſ. This is the greateſt error of all the reſt; the man ſhould be put into the lanthorn: how is it elſe the man i'th' moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle; for you ſee, it is already in ſnuff.

Hip. I am weary of this moon; would, he would change!

Theſ. It appears by his ſmall light of diſcretion, that he is in the wane; but yet in courteſie, in all reaſon, we muſt ſtay the time.

Lyſ. Proceed, *Moon.*

Moon. All that I have to ſay, is to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-buſh, my thorn-buſh; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all theſe ſhould be in the lanthorn; for they are in the moon. But ſilence; here comes *Thisbe.*

Enter Thiſbe.

Thiſ. This is old *Ninny*'s tomb; where is my love?

Lion. Oh.———. [*The* Lion *roars,* Thiſbe *runs off.*

Dem. Well roar'd, *Lion.*

Theſ. Well run, *Thisbe.*

Hip. Well ſhone, *Moon.*

Truly, the *Moon* ſhines with a good grace.

Theſ. Well mouz'd, *Lion.*

Dem. And then came *Pyramus.*

Lyſ. And ſo the Lion vaniſh'd.

Enter

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy ſunny beams;
I thank thee, Moon, for ſhining now ſo brigh
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering ſtreams,
I truſt to taſte of trueſt *Thisbe*'s ſight.
But ſtay: O ſpight!
But mark, poor Knight,
What dreadful dole is here?
Eyes, do you ſee!
How can it be!
O dainty duck! O deer!
Thy mantle good,
What, ſtain'd with blood!
Approach, you furies fell:
O fates! come, come:
Cut thread and thrum;
Quail, crûſh, conclude, and quell.

Theſ. This paſſion, and the death of a dear friend
Would go near to make a man look ſad.

Hip. Beſhrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. O wherefore, nature, didſt thou Lions frame?
Since Lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear:
Which is——no, no——which was the faireſt dame,
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.
Come tears, confound: out ſword, and wound
The pap of *Pyramus*.
Ay, that left pap, where heart doth hop:
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead, now am I fled, my ſoul is in the ſky;
Tongue, loſe thy light: moon, take thy flight;
Now die, die, die, die, die. [*Dies.*

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lyſ. Leſs than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

Theſ. With the help of a Surgeon he might yet recover, and prove an aſs.

Hip. How chance the *Moonſhine* is gone, before *Thisbe* comes back and finds her lover?

Enter

Enter Thiſbe.

Theſ. She will find him by ſtar-light.
Here ſhe comes; and her paſſion ends the Play,

Hip. Methinks, ſhe ſhould not uſe a long one for ſuch a *Pyramus:* I hope, ſhe will be brief.

Dem. A moth will turn the balance, which *Pyramus*, which *Thiſbe*, is the better.

Lyſ. She hath ſpied him already with thoſe ſweet eyes.

Dem. And thus ſhe moans, *videlicet.*——(28)

Thiſ. Aſleep, my love?
What dead, my dove?
O *Pyramus*, ariſe:
Speak, ſpeak. Quite dumb?
Dead, dead? a tomb
Muſt cover thy ſweet eyes.
Theſe lilly brows, (29)
This cherry noſe,
Theſe yellow cowſlip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone:
Lovers, make moan!
His eyes were green as leeks.
O ſiſters three,
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk;
Lave them in gore,
Since you have ſhore
With ſhears his thread of ſilk.

(28) *And thus ſhe* means——] Thus all the Editions have it, I think, without any *Meaning*. It ſhould be, thus ſhe *moans*; i. e. laments over her dead *Pyramus*. It is ſaid a little above, *And her* Paſſion *ends the Play*.

(29) *Theſe lilly* Lips, *this cherry* Noſe,] All *Thiſbe*'s Lamentation, till now, runs in regular Rhyme and Metre. But both, by ſome Accident, are in this ſingular Inſtance interrupted. I ſuſpect the Poet wrote;

Theſe lilly Brows,
This cherry Noſe,

Now *black* Brows being a Beauty, *lilly* Brows are as ridiculous as a *cherry* Noſe, *green* Eyes, or *cowſlip* Cheeks.

Tongue,

Tongue, not a word;
Come, truſty ſword;
Come, blade, my breaſt imbrue:
And farewel, friends,
Thus *Thisbe* ends;
Adieu, adieu, adieu. [*Dies.*

Theſ. Moonſhine and *Lion* are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and *Wall* too,

Bot. No, I aſſure you, the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it pleaſe you to ſee the epilogue, or to hear a bergomask dance, between two of our company?

Theſ. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuſe. Never excuſe; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blam'd. Marry, if he, that writ it, had play'd *Pyramus*, and hung himſelf in *Thisbe*'s garter it would have been a fine tragedy: and ſo it is, truly, and very notably diſcharg'd. But come, your bergomask; let your Epilogue alone.

[*Here a dance of clowns.*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almoſt *Fairy* time.
I fear, we ſhall out-ſleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have over-watch'd.
This palpable groſs Play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gate of night. Sweet friends, to bed.
A fortnight hold we this ſolemnity,
In nightly revel and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Puck.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars.
And the wolf behowls the moon: (30)
Whilſt the heavy ploughman ſnoars,
All with weary task fore-done.

Now

(30) *And the Wolf* beholds *the moon:*] As 'tis the Deſign of theſe Lines to characterize the Animals, as they preſent themſelves at the Hour of Midnight; and as the Wolf is not juſtly Characteriz'd by ſaying he *beholds* the Moon; which all other Beaſts of Prey, then awake, do: and as the Sounds theſe Animals make at that

Now the waſted brands do glow,
Whilſt the ſcritch-owl, ſcritching loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a ſhroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his ſpright,
In the church-way paths to glide;
And we *Fairies*, that do run
By the triple *Hecate*'s team,
From the preſence of the ſun,
Following darkneſs like a dream,
Now are frolick; not a mouſe
Shall diſturb this hallow'd houſe:
I am ſent with broom before,
To ſweep the duſt behind the door.

Enter King and Queen of Fairies, *with their train.*

Ob. Through this houſe give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowſie fire,
Every elf, and fairy ſprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty after me
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Queen. Firſt rehearſe this ſong by roat,
To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we ſing and bleſs this place.

The SONG.

Now until the break of day,
Through this houſe each Fairy *ſtray.*
To the beſt bride-bed will we,
Which by us ſhall bleſſed be:

that Seaſon, ſeem alſo intended to be repreſented; I make no Queſtion but the Poet wrote;

And the Wolfe behowls *the Moon.*

For ſo the Wolfe is exactly characteriz'd; it being his peculiar Property to *howl at the Moon.* (*Behowl*, as *bemoan*, *beſeem*, and an hundred others.) Mr. *Warburton.*

And

And the iſſue, there create,
Ever ſhall be fortunate;
So ſhall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be:
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their iſſue ſtand;
Never mole, hair-lip, nor ſcar,
Nor mark prodigious, ſuch as are
Deſpiſed in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew conſecrate,
Every Fairy *take his gate,*
And each ſeveral chamber bleſs,
Through this palace, with ſweet peace.
Ever ſhall it ſafely reſt,
And the owner of it bleſt,
Trip away, make no ſtay;
Meet me all by break of day.

Puck. If we ſhadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended;
That you have but ſlumbred here,
While theſe viſions did appear.
And this weak and idle theam
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend;
If you pardon, we will mend.
And as I am honeſt *Puck*,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'ſcape the ſerpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long:
Elſe the *Puck* a liar call:
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends;
And *Robin* ſhall reſtore amends. [*Exeunt omnes.*

H. Gravelot in Vol: 1 P: 141. G. V.de Gucht Scul.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF *VERONA.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DUKE *of* Milan, *Father to* Silvia.
Valentine, } *the two Gentlemen.*
Protheus, }
Anthonio, *Father to* Protheus.
Thurio, *a fooliſh Rival to* Valentine.
Eglamore, *Agent for* Silvia *in her Eſcape.*
Hoſt, *where* Julia *lodges in* Milan.
Out-laws.
Speed, *a clowniſh Servant to* Valentine.
Launce, *the like to* Protheus.
Panthion, *Servant to* Anthonio.

Julia, *a Lady of* Verona, *beloved of* Protheus.
Silvia, *the Duke of* Milan's *Daughter, beloved of* Valentine.
Lucetta, *Waiting-woman to* Julia.

Servants, Muſicians.

The SCENE, *ſometimes in* Verona; *ſometimes in* Milan; *and on the Frontiers of* Mantua.

THE

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF *VERONA.*

ACT I.

SCENE, *An open Place in* Verona.

Enter Valentine *and* Protheus.

VALENTINE.

CEASE to perſuade, my loving *Protheus*;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits;
Wer't not, affection chains thy tender days
To the ſweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would intreat thy company,
To ſee the wonders of the world abroad;
Than (living dully ſluggardiz'd at home)
Wear out thy youth with ſhapeleſs idleneſs.
But ſince thou lov'ſt, love ſtill, and thrive therein;
Ev'n as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? ſweet *Valentine*, adieu;
Think on thy *Protheus*, when thou, haply, ſeeſt

Some

Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy Grievance to my holy prayer;
For I will be thy bead's-man, *Valentine.*

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success.

Pro. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love,
How young *Leander* cross'd the *Hellespont.*

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swom the *Hellespont.*

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots. (1)

Val. No, I will not; for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights.
If haply won, perhaps, an hapless gain:
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly bought with wit;
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear, you'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not love.

Val. Love is your master; for he masters you.
And he that is so yoaked by a fool,
Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells; so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud

(1) *nay, give me not the* boots.] A proverbial Expression, tho' now disus'd, signifying, don't make a laughing Stock of me; don't play upon me. The *French* have a Phrase, *Bailler foin en Corne*; which *Cotgrave* thus interprets, *To give one the Boots*; to sell him a Bargain.

In

Is eaten by the canker, ere it blow;
Even ſo by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blaſting in the bud;
Loſing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waſte I time to counſel thee,
That art a votary to fond deſire?
Once more, adieu: my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to ſee me ſhipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, *Valentine.*

Val. Sweet *Protheus*, no: now let us take our leave.
At *Milan*, let me hear from thee by letters
Of thy ſucceſs in love; and what news elſe
Betideth here in abſence of thy friend:
And I likewiſe will viſit thee with mine.

Pro. All happineſs bechance to thee in *Milan!*

Val. As much to you at home; and ſo, farewel! [*Exit.*

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love;
He leaves his friends to dignify them more;
I leave myſelf, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, *Julia*, thou haſt metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my ſtudies, loſe my time,
War with good counſel, ſet the world at nought;
Made wit with muſing weak, heart ſick with thought.

Enter Speed.

Speed. Sir *Protheus*, ſave you; ſaw you my maſter?

Pro. But now he parted hence, t'imbark for *Milan.*

Speed. Twenty to one then he is ſhipp'd already,
And I have play'd the ſheep in loſing him.

Pro. Indeed, a ſheep doth very often ſtray,
An if the ſhepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude that my maſter is a ſhepherd then, and I a ſheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then my horns are his horns, whether I wake or ſleep.

Pro. A ſilly anſwer, and fitting well a ſheep.

Speed. This proves me ſtill a ſheep.

Pro. True; and thy maſter a ſhepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumſtance.

Pro. It ſhall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The ſhepherd ſeeks the ſheep, and not the ſheep the ſhepherd; but I ſeek my maſter, and my maſter ſeeks not me; therefore I am no ſheep.

Pro. The ſheep for fodder follows the ſhepherd, the ſhepherd for the food follows not the ſheep; thou for wages followeſt thy maſter, thy maſter for wages follows not thee; therefore thou art a ſheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry *Baâ*.

Pro. But doſt thou hear? gaveſt thou my letter to *Julia*?

Speed. Ay, Sir, I, a loſt mutton, gave your letter to her, a lac'd mutton (2), and ſhe, a lac'd mutton, gave me, a loſt mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too ſmall a paſture for ſuch ſtore of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be over-charg'd, you were beſt ſtick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are a ſtray (3), 'twere beſt pound you.

Speed. Nay, Sir, leſs than a pound ſhall ſerve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You miſtake: I mean the pound, a pin-fold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over, 'tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

(2) *I, a* loſt mutton, *gave your letter to her, a* lac'd mutton;] *Speed* calls himſelf a *loſt Mutton*, becauſe he had loſt his Maſter, and becauſe *Protheus* had been proving him a *Sheep*. But why does he call the Lady a *lac'd Mutton?* Your notable Wenchers are to this Day call'd *Mutton-mongers:* and conſequently the Object of their Paſſion muſt, by the Metaphor, be the *Mutton*. And *Cotgrave*, in his *Engliſh-French* Dictionary, explains *Lac'd* Mutton, *Une Garſe, putain, fille de Joye*. And Mr. *Motteux* has render'd this Paſſage of *Rabelais*, in the Prologue of his fourth Book, *Cailles coiphées mignonnement chantans*, in this manner; *Coated Quails and* laced Mutton *waggiſhly ſinging*. So that *lac'd Mutton* has been a ſort of Standard Phraſe for *Girls of Pleaſure*.

(3) *Nay, in that you are* aſtray.] For the Reaſon *Protheus* gives, Dr. *Thirlby* adviſes that We ſhould read, *a Stray*, i. e. a ſtray Sheep; which continues *Protheus*'s Banter upon *Speed*.

Pro.

Pro. But what said she: did she nod? [Speed *nods.*

Speed. I.

Pro. Nod-I? why, that's noddy.

Speed. You mistook, Sir: I said, she did nod:
And you ask me, if she did nod; and I said, I.

Pro. And that set together, is noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive, I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, Sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, Sir, the letter very orderly;
Having nothing but the word noddy for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: what said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once deliver'd.

Pro. Well, Sir, here is for your pains; what said she?

Speed. Truly, Sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? could'st thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her;
No, not so much as a ducket for delivering your letter.
And being so hard to me that brought your mind,
I fear, she'll prove as hard to you in telling her mind.
Give her no token but stones; for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What, said she nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as—take this for thy pains:
To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd me:
In requital whereof, henceforth carry your letter yourself: and so, Sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck,
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore.
I must go send some better messenger:
I fear, my *Julia* would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE *changes to* Julia's *Chamber.*

Enter Julia *and* Lucetta.

Jul. BUT say, *Lucetta,* now we are alone,
Would'ſt thou then counſel me to fall in love;
Luc. Ay, madam, ſo you ſtumble not unheedfully.
Jul. Of all the fair reſort of gentlemen,
That ev'ry day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthieſt love?
Luc. Pleaſe you, repeat their names; I'll ſhew my mind,
According to my ſhallow ſimple skill.
Jul. What think'ſt thou of the fair Sir *Eglamour?*
Luc. As of a Knight well ſpoken, neat and fine;
But were I you, he never ſhould be mine.
Jul. What think'ſt thou of the rich *Mercatio?*
Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himſelf, ſo, ſo.
Jul. What think'ſt thou of the gentle *Protheus?*
Luc. Lord, lord! to ſee what folly reigns in us!
Jul. How now? what means this paſſion at his name?
Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a paſſing ſhame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should cenſure thus on lovely gentlemen.
Jul. Why not on *Protheus,* as of all the reſt?
Luc. Then thus; of many good, I think him beſt.
Jul. Your reaſon?
Luc. I have no other but a woman's reaſon;
I think him ſo, becauſe I think him ſo.
Jul. And would'ſt thou have me caſt my love on him?
Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not caſt away.
Jul. Why, he of all the reſt hath never mov'd me.
Luc. Yet he of all the reſt, I think, beſt loves ye.
Jul. His little ſpeaking ſhews his love but ſmall.
Luc. The fire, that's cloſeſt kept, burns moſt of all.
Jul. They do not love, that do not ſhew their love.
Luc. Oh, they love leaſt, that let men know their love.
Jul. I would, I knew his mind.
Luc. Peruſe this paper, madam.
Jul. To Julia; ſay, from whom?
Luc. That the contents will ſhew.
Jul. Say, ſay; who gave it thee?

Luc.

Luc. Sir *Valentine*'s page; and ſent, I think, from *Protheus.*
He would have giv'n it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.
Jul. Now, by my modeſty, a goodly broker!
Dare you preſume to harbour wanton lines?
To whiſper and conſpire againſt my youth?
Now, truſt me, 'tis an office of great worth;
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper; ſee, it be return'd;
Or elſe return no more into my ſight.
Luc. To plead for love deſerves more fee than hate.
Jul. Will ye be gone?
Luc. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*
Jul. And yet I would, I had o'er-look'd the letter.
It were a ſhame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her.
What fool is ſhe, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view?
Since maids, in modeſty, ſay *No*, to that
Which they would have the proffer conſtrue, *Ay*.
Fie, fie; how wayward is this fooliſh love,
That, like a teſty babe, will ſcratch the nurſe,
And preſently, all humbled, kiſs the rod?
How churliſhly I chid *Lucetta* hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to ſmile!
My penance is to call *Lucetta* back,
And ask remiſſion for my folly paſt.
What, ho! *Lucetta!*

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. What would your ladyſhip?
Jul. Is't near dinner-time?
Luc. I would it were;
That you might kill your ſtomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.
Jul. What is't that you
Took up ſo gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.
Jul. Why didſt thou ſtoop then?
Luc. To take a paper up, that I let fall.
Jul. And is that paper nothing?
Luc. Nothing concerning me.
Jul. Then let it lye for thoſe that it concerns.
Luc. Madam, it will not lye, where it concerns;
Unleſs it have a falſe interpreter.
Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhime.
Luc. That I might ſing it, madam, to a tune:
Give me a note; your ladyſhip can ſet.
Jul. As little by ſuch toys as may be poſſible:
Beſt ſing it to the tune of *Light o' love.*
Luc. It is too heavy for ſo light a tune.
Jul. Heavy? belike, it hath ſome burthen then.
Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you ſing it.
Jul. And why not you?
Luc. I cannot reach ſo high.
Jul. Let's ſee your ſong:
How now, minion?
Luc. Keep tune there ſtill, ſo you will ſing it out:
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.
Jul. You do not?
Luc. No, madam, 'tis too ſharp.
Jul. You, minion, are too ſawcy.
Luc. Nay, now you are too flat;
And mar the concord with too harſh a deſcant:
There wanteth but a mean, to fill your ſong.
Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly baſe.
Luc. Indeed, I bid the baſe for *Protheus.* (4)
Jul. This babble ſhall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with proteſtation! [*Tears it.*
Go, get you gone; and let the papers lye:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.

(4) *I* bid the baſe *for* Protheus.] *Lucetta* here alters the Allegory from the *Baſe* in *Muſick* to a Country Exerciſe, call'd in the North, *Bid-the-Baſe*; in which Some purſue, to take the Others Priſoners. So that *Lucetta* would intend to ſay, "Indeed, I take pains to make you a Captive for *Protheus.*"
Mr. *Warburton.*

Luc.

Luc. She makes it ſtrange, but ſhe would be beſt pleas'd
To be ſo anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*

Jul. Nay, would I were ſo anger'd with the ſame!
Oh hateful hands, to tear ſuch loving words!
Injurious waſps, to feed on ſuch ſweet honey,
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your ſtings!
I'll kiſs each ſeveral paper for amends:
Look, here is writ *kind* Julia;——Unkind *Julia!*
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name againſt the bruiſing ſtones;
Trampling contemptuouſly on thy diſdain.
Look, here is writ, *Love-wounded* Protheus.
Poor wounded name! my boſom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, 'till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I ſearch it with a ſov'reign kiſs.
But twice, or thrice, was *Protheus* written down;
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
'Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name: That ſome whirl-wind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging ſea!
Lo, here in one Line is his name twice writ:
Poor forlorn Protheus, *paſſionate* Protheus,
To the ſweet Julia: that I'll tear away;
And yet I will not, ſith ſo prettily
He couples it to his complaining names:
Thus will I fold them one upon another;
Now kiſs, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Enter Lucetta.

Luc. Madam, dinner is ready, and your father ſtays.

Jul. Well, let us go.

Luc. What, ſhall theſe papers lye like tell-tales here?

Jul. If thou reſpect them, beſt to take them up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they ſhall not lye, for catching cold.

Jul. I ſee, you have a month's mind to them.

Luc. Ay, madam, you may ſay what ſights you ſee:
I ſee things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come, will't pleaſe you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Anthonio's *Houſe.*

Enter Anthonio *and* Panthion.

Ant. TELL me, *Panthion*, what ſad talk was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloiſter?
Pant. 'Twas of his nephew *Protheus*, your ſon.
Ant. Why, what of him?
Pant. He wonder'd that your lordſhip
Would ſuffer him to ſpend his youth at home,
While other men of ſlender reputation
Put forth their ſons to ſeek preferment out: (5)
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some, to diſcover Iſlands far away;
Some, to the ſtudious univerſities.
For any, or for all theſe exerciſes,
He ſaid, that *Protheus* your ſon was meet:
And did requeſt me to importune you,
To let him ſpend his time no more at home;
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.
Ant. Nor need'ſt thou much importune me to that,
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have conſider'd well his loſs of time:
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try'd, and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by induſtry atchiev'd,
And perfected by the ſwift courſe of time:
Then tell me, whither were I beſt to ſend him?
Pant. I think, your lordſhip is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful *Valentine*,

(5) *Put forth their ſons*] In *Shakeſpeare*'s Time, Voyages for the Diſcovery of the *Weſt-Indies* were all in Vogue. And we find, in the Journals of Travellers of that Time, that the Sons of Noblemen, and of others of the beſt Quality in *England*, went commonly on thoſe Adventures. To which prevailing Faſhion, 'tis evident, the Poet frequently alludes in this Play; not without high Commendations of it. Mr. *Warburton.*

Attends

Attends the Emperor in his royal court. (6)

Ant. I know it well.

Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your lordſhip ſent him thither;

There ſhall he practiſe tilts and tournaments,
Hear ſweet diſcourſe, converſe with noblemen;
And be in eye of every exerciſe,
Worthy his youth and nobleneſs of birth.

Ant. I like thy counſel; well haſt thou advis'd:
And that thou may'ſt perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it ſhall make known;
Ev'n with the ſpeedieſt expedition
I will diſpatch him to the Emperor's court.

Pant. To morrow, may it pleaſe you, *Don Alphonſo*,
With other gentlemen of good eſteem,
Are journeying to ſalute the Emperor;
And to commend their ſervice to his will.

Ant. Good company: with them ſhall *Protheus* go.
And, in good time, now will we break with him.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. Sweet love, ſweet lines, ſweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.
Oh! that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To ſeal our happineſs with their conſents!
Oh heav'nly *Julia!*

Ant. How now? what letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't pleaſe your lordſhip, 'tis a word or two

(6) *Attends the* Emperor *in his royal court.*] The Emperor's Royal Court is properly at *Vienna*, but *Valentine*, 'tis plain, is at *Milan*; where, in moſt other Paſſages, 'tis ſaid he is attending the Duke, who makes one of the Characters in the *Drama*. This ſeems to convict the Author of a Forgetfulneſs and Contradiction; but, perhaps, it may be ſolved thus, and *Milan* be call'd the Emperor's Court; as, ſince the Reign of *Charlemaigne*, this Dukedom and its Territories have belong'd to the Emperors. I wiſh, I could as eaſily ſolve another Abſurdity, which encounters us; of *Valentine*'s going from *Verona* to *Milan*, both Inland Places, by Sea.

Of commendation ſent from *Valentine*;
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.
Ant. Lend me the letter; let me ſee what news.
Pro. There is no news, my lord, but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the Emperor;
Wiſhing me with him, partner of his fortune.
Ant. And how ſtand you affected to his wiſh?
Pro. As one relying on your lordſhip's will,
And not depending on his friendly wiſh.
Ant. My will is ſomething ſorted with his wiſh:
Muſe not that I thus ſuddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will; and there's an end.
I am reſolv'd, that thou ſhalt ſpend ſome time
With *Valentino* in the Emp'ror's court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou ſhalt have from me:
To morrow be in readineſs to go.
Excuſe it not, for I am peremptory.
Pro. My lord, I cannot be ſo ſoon provided;
Pleaſe to deliberate a day or two.
Ant. Look, what thou want'ſt, ſhall be ſent after thee:
No more of ſtay; to morrow thou muſt go.
Come on, *Panthion*; you ſhall be employ'd
To haſten on his expedition. [*Exe.* Ant. *and* Pant.
Pro. Thus have I ſhun'd the fire, for fear of burning;
And drench'd me in the Sea, where I am drown'd:
I fear'd to ſhew my father *Julia*'s letter,
Leſt he ſhould take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuſe,
Hath he excepted moſt againſt my love.
Oh, how this ſpring of love reſembleth (7)
Th' uncertain glory of an *April* day;
Which now ſhews all the beauty of the ſun,
And by and by, a cloud takes all away!

Enter

(7) *Oh, how this ſpring of love reſembleth* well.] This Monoſyllable was foiſted in by Mr. *Pope*, to ſupport, as he thought, the Verſification in the Cloſe. But it was done for want of obſerving *Shakeſpeare*'s Licences in his *Meaſures*: which 'tis proper

Enter Panthion.

Pant. Sir *Protheus*, your father calls for you;
He is in haſte, therefore, I pray you, go.
Pro. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto:
And yet a thouſand times it anſwers, no. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE *changes to* Milan.

An Apartment *in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Valentine *and* Speed.

SPEED.

SIR, your glove——
Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.
Speed. Why then this may be yours, for this is but one.
Val. Ha! let me ſee: ay, give it me, it's mine:
Sweet ornament, that decks a thing divine!
Ah *Silvia! Silvia!*
Speed. Madam *Silvia!* Madam *Silvia!*
Val. How now, Sirrah?
Speed. She is not within hearing, Sir.
Val. Why, Sir, who bad you call her?
Speed. Your worſhip, Sir, or elſe I miſtook.
Val. Well, you'll ſtill be too forward.
Speed. And yet I was laſt chidden for being too ſlow.
Val. Go to, Sir; tell me, do you know Madam *Silvia?*
Speed. She, that your worſhip loves?
Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

proper, once for all, to take notice of. *Reſembleth*, he deſign'd here ſhould in Pronunciation make four Syllables; as *Witneſſe*, afterwards in this Play, and as *Fidler*, (in the *Taming a Shrew*) and *Angry*, (twice in *Timon of Athens*) are made *Triſyllables*; and as *Fire* and *Hour* are almoſt for ever protracted by him to two Syllables.

Speed.

Speed. Marry, by these special marks; first, you have learn'd, like Sir *Protheus*, to wreath your arms like a male-content; to relish a love-song, like a *Robin-red-breast*; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his *A. B. C*; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at *Hallowmas*. You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you look'd sadly, it was for want of mony: and now you are metamorphos'd with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceiv'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiv'd *without* ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain; for without you were so simple, none else would: But you are so without these Follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye that sees you, but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But tell me, dost thou know my lady *Silvia?*

Speed. She, that you gaze on so as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observ'd that? ev'n she I mean.

Speed. Why, Sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favour'd, Sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair, as of you well favour'd.

Val. I mean that her beauty is exquisite,
But her Favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed.

Speed. Marry, Sir, ſo painted to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How eſteem'ſt thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never ſaw her ſince ſhe was deform'd.

Val. How long hath ſhe been deform'd?

Speed. Ever ſince you lov'd her.

Val. I have lov'd her, ever ſince I ſaw her;
And ſtill I ſee her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot ſee her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Becauſe love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes, or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at Sir *Protheus* for going ungarter'd!

Val. What ſhould I ſee then?

Speed. Your own preſent folly, and her paſſing deformity: For he, being in love, could not ſee to garter his hoſe; and you, being in love, cannot ſee to put on your hoſe.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love: for laſt morning you could not ſee to wipe my ſhoes.

Speed. True, Sir, I was in love with my bed; I thank you, you ſwing'd me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In concluſion, I ſtand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were ſet, ſo your affection would ceaſe.

Val. Laſt night ſhe injoin'd me to write ſome lines to one ſhe loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them:
Peace, here ſhe comes.

Enter Silvia.

Speed. Oh excellent motion! Oh exceeding puppet!
Now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and miſtreſs, a thouſand good morrows.

Speed.

Speed. Oh! 'give ye good ev'n; here's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir *Valentine* and ſervant, to you two thouſand.

Speed. He ſhould give her intereſt; and ſhe gives it him.

Val. As you injoin'd me, I have writ your letter,
Unto the ſecret, nameleſs, friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyſhip.

Sil. I thank you, gentle ſervant; 'tis very clerkly done.

Val. Now truſt me, madam, it came hardly off:
For being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance, you think too much of ſo much pains?

Val. No, madam, ſo it ſteed you, I will write,
Pleaſe you command, a thouſand times as much.
And yet———

Sil. A pretty period; well, I gueſs the ſequel;
And yet I will not name it; and yet I care not;
And yet take this again, and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet, another yet. [*Aſide.*

Val. What means your ladyſhip? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes, the lines are very quaintly writ;
But ſince unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, Sir, at my requeſt;
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Pleaſe you, I'll write your ladyſhip another.

Sil. And when it's writ, for my ſake read it over;
And if it pleaſe you, ſo; if not, why ſo.

Val. If it pleaſe me, madam, what then?

Sil. Why if it pleaſe you, take it for your labour;
And ſo good morrow, ſervant. [*Exit.*

Speed. O jeſt unſeen, inſcrutable, inviſible,
As a noſe on a man's face, or a weathercock on a ſteeple!

My

My master sues to her, and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor:
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better?
That my master, being the scribe, to himself should write the letter?

Val. How now, Sir, what are you reasoning with yourself?

Speed. Nay, I was rhiming; 'tis you that have the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from madam *Silvia.*

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself; why, she wooes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she,
When she hath made you write to yourself?
Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you, indeed, Sir: but did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there's an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:
" For often have you writ to her, and she in modesty,
" Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
" Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind
" discover,
" Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto
" her lover.
All this I speak in print; for in print I found it. ——
Why muse you, Sir? 'tis dinner time.

Val. I have din'd.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, Sir; tho' the *Cameleon* love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourish'd by my victuals,

victuals, and would fain have meat: Oh, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Julia's *House at* Verona.

Enter Protheus *and* Julia.

Pro. HAVE patience, gentle *Julia.*

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner;
Keep this remembrance for thy *Julia*'s sake.

[*Giving a ring.*

Pro. Why then we'll make exchange; here, take you this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not, *Julia*, for thy sake;
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me, for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming; answer not:
The tide is now; nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer, than I should: [*Exit* Julia.
Julia, farewel.——What! gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do; it cannot speak?
For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

Enter Panthion.

Pan. Sir *Protheus*, you are staid for.

Pro. Go; I come.
Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Street.*

Enter Launce, *with his dog* Crab.

Laun. NAY, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the *Launces* have this very fault; I have receiv'd my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir *Protheus* to the Imperial's court. I think, *Crab* my dog be the sowrest-

ſowreſt-natur'd dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my ſiſter crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our houſe in a great perplexity; yet did not this cruel-hearted cur ſhed one tear! he is a ſtone, a very pebble-ſtone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a *Jew* would have wept, to have ſeen our parting; why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herſelf blind at my parting. Nay, I'll ſhow you the manner of it: this ſhoe is my father; no, this left ſhoe is my father; no, no, this left ſhoe is my mother; nay, that cannot be ſo neither; yes, it is ſo, it is ſo; it hath the worſer ſole; this ſhoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; a vengeance on't, there 'tis: now, Sir, this ſtaff is my ſiſter; for, look you, ſhe is as white as a lilly, and as ſmall as a wand; this hat is *Nan*, our maid; I am the dog; no, the dog is himſelf, and I am the dog: oh, the dog is me, and I am myſelf; ay, ſo, ſo; now come I to my father; father, your bleſſing; now ſhould not the ſhoe ſpeak a word for weeping; now ſhould I kiſs my father; well, he weeps on; now come I to my mother; oh that ſhe could ſpeak now (8) like a wood woman! well, I kiſs her; why there 'tis? here's my mother's breath up and down: now come I to my ſiſter: mark the moan ſhe makes: now the dog all this while ſheds not a tear, nor ſpeaks a word; but ſee, how I lay the duſt with my tears.

Enter Panthion.

Pant. Launce, away, away, aboard; thy maſter is ſhipp'd and thou art to poſt after with oars: what's the matter? why weep'ſt thou, man? away, aſs, you will loſe the tide if you tarry any longer.

(8) *Like an* ould *Woman!*] Theſe mere poetical Editors can do Nothing towards an Emendation, even when 'tis chalkd out to their hands. The firſt *Folio's*, agree in *would-woman*; for which, becauſe it was a Myſtery to Mr. *Pope*, he has unmeaningly ſubſtituted *ould Woman*. But it muſt be writ, or at leaſt underſtood, *wood Woman*, i. e. crazy, frantick with Grief; or diſtracted, from any other Cauſe. The Word is very frequently uſed in *Chaucer*; and ſometimes writ, *wood*, ſometimes, *wode*.

Laun.

Laun. It is no matter if the ty'd were loſt, for it is the unkindeſt ty'd that ever any man ty'd.

Pant. What's the unkindeſt tide?

Laun. Why, he that's ty'd here; *Crab*, my dog.

Pant. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt loſe the flood; and in loſing the flood, loſe thy voyage; and in loſing thy voyage, loſe thy maſter; and in loſing thy maſter, loſe thy ſervice; and in loſing thy ſervice, ——— why doſt thou ſtop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou ſhould'ſt loſe thy tongue.

Pant. Where ſhould I loſe my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pant. In thy tail? ———

Laun. Loſe the flood, and the voyage, and the maſter, and the ſervice, and the tide? why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my ſighs.

Pant. Come, come away, man; I was ſent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou dar'ſt.

Pant. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Milan.

An Apartment in the Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, *and* Speed.

Sil. SErvant, ———

Val. Miſtreſs?

Speed. Maſter, Sir *Thurio* frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my miſtreſs then.

Speed. 'Twere good, you knockt him.

Sil. Servant, you are ſad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I ſeem ſo.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply, I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val.

Val. So do you.
Thu. What ſeem I, that I am not?
Val. Wiſe.
Thu. What inſtance of the contrary?
Val. Your folly.
Thu. And how quote you my folly?
Val. I quote it in your jerkin.
Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.
Val. Well then, I'll double your folly.
Thu. How?
Sil. What, angry, Sir *Thurio?* do you change colour?
Val. Give him leave, madam? he is a kind of *Cameleon.*
Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood than live in your air.
Val. You have ſaid, Sir.
Thu. Ay, Sir, and done too, for this time.
Val. I know it well, Sir; you always end, ere you begin.
Sil. A fine volly of words, gentlemen, and quickly ſhot off.
Val. 'Tis, indeed, madam; we thank the giver.
Sil. Who is that ſervant?
Val. Your ſelf, ſweet lady, for you gave the fire; Sir *Thurio* borrows his wit from your ladyſhip's looks, and ſpends, what he borrows, kindly in your company.
Thu. Sir, if you ſpend word for word with me, I ſhall make your wit bankrupt.
Val. I know it well, Sir; you have an exchequer of words, and I think, no other treaſure to give your followers: for it appears, by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.
Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more: Here comes my father.

Enter the Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter *Silvia*, you are hard beſet.
Sir *Valentine*, your father's in good health:
What ſay you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

Val.

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy meſſenger from thence.
Duke. Know you *Don Antonio*, your countryman?
Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth and worthy eſtimation;
And, not without deſert, ſo well reputed.
Duke. Hath he not a ſon?
Val. Ay, my good lord, a ſon that well deſerves
The honour and regard of ſuch a father.
Duke. You know him well?
Val. I knew him, as myſelf; for from our infancy
We have converſt, and ſpent our hours together:
And tho' my ſelf have been an idle truant,
Omitting the ſweet benefit of time,
To cloath mine age with angel-like perfection:
Yet hath Sir *Protheus*, for that's his name,
Made uſe and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praiſes, that I now beſtow;)
He is compleat in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.
Duke. Beſhrew me, Sir, but if he makes this good,
He is as worthy for an empreſs' love,
As meet to be an Emperor's counſellor.
Well, Sir, this gentleman is come to me,
With commendations from great potentates;
And here he means to ſpend his time a while.
I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.
Val. Should I have wiſh'd a thing, it had been he.
Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth:
Silvia, I ſpeak to you; and you, Sir *Thurio*;
For *Valentine*, I need not cite him to it:
I'll ſend him hither to you preſently. [*Exit* Duke.
Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyſhip,
Had come along with me, but that his miſtreſs
Did hold his eyes lockt in her cryſtal looks.
Sil. Belike, that now ſhe hath enfranchis'd them
Upon ſome other pawn for fealty.

Val.

Val. Nay, ſure, I think, ſhe holds them pris'ners ſtill.
Sil. Nay, then he ſhould be blind; and, being blind.
How could he ſee his way to ſeek out you?
Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.
Thu. They ſay, that love hath not an eye at all.
Val. To ſee ſuch lovers, *Thurio,* as your ſelf:
Upon a homely object love can wink.

Enter Protheus.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.
Val. Welcome, dear *Portheus:* miſtreſs, I beſeech you,
Confirm his welcome with ſome ſpecial favour.
Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he, you oft have wiſh'd to hear from.
Val. Miſtreſs, it is: Sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-ſervant to your ladyſhip.
Sil. Too low a miſtreſs for ſo high a ſervant.
Pro. Not ſo, ſweet lady, but too mean a ſervant,
To have a look of ſuch a worthy miſtreſs.
Val. Leave off diſcourſe of diſability:
Sweet lady, entertain him for your ſervant.
Pro. My duty will I boaſt of, nothing elſe.
Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed:
Servant, you're welcome to a worthleſs miſtreſs.
Pro. I'll die on him that ſays ſo, but yourſelf.
Sil. That you are welcome!
Pro. That you are worthleſs.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, my lord your father would ſpeak with you. (9)
Sil. I'll wait upon his pleaſure: [*Exit Serv.*] Come, Sir *Thurio,*
Go with me. Once more, my new ſervant, welcome:

(9) Thur. *Madam, my lord your father.*] This Speech in all the Editions is aſſign'd improperly to *Thurio*; but he has been all along upon the Stage, and could not know that the Duke wanted his Daughter. Beſides, the firſt Line and half of *Silvia*'s Anſwer is evidently addreſs'd to two Perſons. A Servant, therefore, muſt come in and deliver the Meſſage; and then *Silvia* goes out with *Thurio.*

I'll

I'll leave you to confer of home-affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.
Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyſhip.
[*Exe.* Sil. *and* Thur.
Val. Now tell me, how do all from whence you came?
Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.
Val. And how do yours?
Pro. I left them all in health.
Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?
Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you?
I know, you joy not in a love-diſcourſe.
Val. Ay, *Protheus*, but that life is alter'd now?
I have done penance for contemning love;
Whoſe high imperious thoughts have puniſh'd me
With bitter faſts, with penitential groans;
With nightly tears, and daily heart-ſore ſighs.
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chac'd ſleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's ſorrow.
O gentle *Protheus*, love's a mighty lord;
And hath ſo humbled me, as I confeſs,
There is no wo to his correction;
Nor to his ſervice, no ſuch joy on earth.
Now no diſcourſe, except it be of love,
Now can I break my faſt, dine, ſup, and ſleep
Upon the very naked name of love.
Pro. Enough: I read your fortune in your eye.
Was this the idol, that you worſhip ſo?
Val. Even ſhe; and is ſhe not a heav'nly ſaint?
Pro. No; but ſhe is an earthly paragon.
Val. Call her divine.
Pro. I will not flatter her.
Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praiſe.
Pro. When I was ſick, you gave me bitter pills;
And I muſt minſter the like to you.
Val. Then ſpeak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sov'reign to all the creatures on the earth.
Pro. Except my miſtreſs. *Val.*

Val. Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except againſt my love.
Pro. Have I not reaſon to prefer mine own?
Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She ſhall be dignify'd with this high honour,
To bear my lady's train, leſt the baſe earth
Should from her veſture chance to ſteal a kiſs;
And, of ſo great a favour growing proud,
Diſdain to root the ſummer-ſwelling flower;
And make rough winter everlaſtingly.
Pro. Why, *Valentine*, what bragadiſm is this?
Val. Pardon me, *Protheus*; all I can, is nothing
To her whoſe worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone——
Pro. Then let her alone.
Val. Not for the world: why, man, ſhe is mine own;
And I as rich in having ſuch a jewel,
As twenty ſeas, if all their ſand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Becauſe thou ſeeſt me doat upon my love.
My fooliſh rival, that her father likes,
Only for his poſſeſſions are ſo huge,
Is gone with her along, and I muſt after;
For love, thou know'ſt, is full of jealouſie.
Pro. But ſhe loves you?
Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd; nay more, our marriage-hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of; how I muſt climb her window,
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted and 'greed on for my happineſs.
Good *Protheus*, go with me to my chamber,
In theſe affairs to aid me with thy counſel.
Pro. Go on before; I ſhall enquire you forth.
I muſt unto the road, to diſembark
Some neceſſaries that I needs muſt uſe;
And then I'll preſently attend you.
Val. Will you make haſte?
Pro. I will. [*Exit* Val.

Ev'n

Ev'n as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by ſtrength drives out another;
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine Eye, or *Valentino*'s Praiſe, (10)
Her true perfection, or my falſe tranſgreſſion,
That makes me, reaſonleſs, to reaſon thus?
She's fair; and ſo is *Julia*, that I love;
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which like a waxen image 'gainſt a fire,
Bears no impreſſion of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to *Valentine* is cold;
And that I love him not, as I was wont.
O! but I love his lady too, too, much;
And that's the reaſon, I love him ſo little.
How ſhall I doat on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazled ſo my reaſon's light:
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reaſon, but I ſhall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compaſs her I'll uſe my skill. [*Exit.*

(10) *Is it mine* then, *or* Valentino's *Praiſe,*] This ſupplemental Word, *then*, was firſt clapt in by Mr. *Rowe* to help the lab'ring Verſe, and ſince embrac'd by Mr. *Pope*. But let us ſee, what Senſe reſults from it. What! is *Protheus* queſtioning with himſelf, whether it is his own Praiſe, or *Valentine*'s, that makes him fall in Love? But *Protheus* had not prais'd *Silvia* any farther than giving his Opinion of her in three Words, when his Friend demanded it. In all the old Editions, we find it thus;

Is it mine, or Valentino's *Praiſe.*

The Verſe halts ſo, that ſome one Syllable muſt be wanting; and that Mr. *Warburton* has very ingeniouſly, and, as I think, with Certainty ſupply'd, as I have reſtor'd in the Text. *Protheus* had juſt ſeen *Valentine*'s Miſtreſs; *Valentine* had prais'd her ſo laviſhly, that the Deſcription heighten'd *Protheus*'s Sentiments of her from the Interview; ſo that it was the leſs Wonder that he ſhould not know certainly, at firſt, which made the ſtrongeſt Impreſſion, *Valentine*'s Praiſes, or his own View of the Original.

SCENE

SCENE *changes to a Street.*

Enter Speed *and* Launce.

Speed. LAUNCE, by mine honesty, welcome to † *Milan.*

Laun. Forswear not thy self, sweet youth; for I am not welcome: I reckon this always, that a man is never undone, 'till he be hang'd: nor never welcome to a place, till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, welcome.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap; I'll to the ale-house with you presently, where, for one shot of five-pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, Sirrah, how did thy master part with madam *Julia?*

Laun. Marry, after they clos'd in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why then how stands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry, thus: when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou? I understand thee not.

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou canst not? My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Laun. Ay, and what I do too? look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee indeed.

Laun. Why, stand-under, and understand, is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Laun. Ask my dog: if he say, ay, it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will.

† —— *It is* Padua *in the former editions. See the note one Act* 3. *Mr.* Pope.

Laun. Thou ſhalt never get ſuch a ſecret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well, that I get it ſo; but *Launce*, how ſay'ſt thou, that my maſter is become a notable lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwiſe.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable Lubber, as thou reporteſt him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreſon aſs, thou miſtak'ſt me.

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy maſter.

Speed. I tell thee, my maſter is become a hot lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not tho' he burn himſelf in love: If thou wilt go with me to the ale houſe, ſo; if not, thou art an *Hebrew*, a *Jew*, and not worth the name of a *Chriſtian*.

Speed. Why?

Laun. Becauſe thou haſt not ſo much charity in thee, as to go to the ale-houſe with a *Chriſtian:* wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy ſervice. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Protheus *ſolus.*

Pro. To leave my *Julia*, ſhall I be forſworn;
To love fair *Silvia*, ſhall I be forſworn;
To wrong my friend, I ſhall be much forſworn:
And ev'n that pow'r, which gave me firſt my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
Love bad me ſwear, and love bids me forſwear:
O ſweet-ſuggeſting love! if thou haſt ſinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted ſubject, to excuſe it.
At firſt I did adore a twinkling ſtar,
But now I worſhip a celeſtial ſun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit, that wants reſolved will
To learn his wit t'exchange the bad for better.
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue? to call her bad,
Whoſe ſov'reignty ſo oft thou haſt preferr'd
With twenty thouſand ſoul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do:
But there I leave to love, where I ſhould love:
Julia I loſe, and *Valentine* I loſe:

If

If I keep them, I needs muſt loſe my ſelf:
If I loſe them, this find I by their loſs,
For *Valentine*, my ſelf; for *Julia*, *Silvia*.——
I to my ſelf am dearer than a friend;
For love is ſtill moſt precious in its ſelf:
And *Silvia*, (witneſs heaven, that made her fair!)
Shews *Julia* but a ſwarthy *Ethiope*.
I will forget that *Julia* is alive,
Remembring that my love to her is dead:
And *Valentine* I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at *Silvia* as a ſweeter friend.
I cannot now prove conſtant to my ſelf,
Without ſome treachery us'd to *Valentine*:
This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celeſtial *Silvia*'s chamber-window;
My ſelf in counſel his competitor.
Now preſently I'll give her father notice
Of their diſguiſing, and pretended flight;
Who, all enrag'd, will baniſh *Valentine*:
For *Thurio* he intends, ſhall wed his daughter.
But, *Valentine* being gone, I'll quickly croſs,
By ſome ſly trick, blunt *Thurio*'s dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpoſe ſwift,
As thou haſt lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* Julia's *Houſe in* Verona.

Enter Julia *and* Lucetta.

Jul. COunſel, *Lucetta*; gentle girl, aſſiſt me;
And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are viſibly character'd and engrav'd,
To leſſon me; and tell me ſome good mean,
How with my honour I may undertake
A journey to my loving *Protheus*.
Luc. Alas! the way is weariſome and long.
Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To meaſure kingdoms with his feeble ſteps;
Much leſs ſhall ſhe, that hath love's wings to fly;

And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir *Protheus*.
Luc. Better forbear, 'till *Protheus* make return.
Jul. Oh, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food?
Pity the dearth, that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.
Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualifie the fire's extream rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.
Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns:
The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet musick with th' enamel'd stones;
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage:
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course;
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
'Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in *Elysium*.
Luc. But in what habit will you go along?
Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle *Lucetta*, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page.
Luc. Why then your ladyship must cut your hair.
Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love-knots:
To be fantastick may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall shew to be.
Luc. What fashion, Madam, shall I make your breeches?

Jul.

Jul. That fits as well, as ——— " tell me, good my lord,
" What compaſs will you wear your farthingale ?
Why, even what faſhion thou beſt like'ſt, *Lucetta.*
Luc. You muſt needs have them with a cod-piece, Madam.
Jul. Out, out, *Lucetta!* that will be ill-favour'd.
Luc. A round hoſe, Madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unleſs you have a cod-piece to ſtick pins on.
Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'ſt me let me have
What thou think'ſt meet, and is moſt mannerly;
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking ſo unſtaid a journey ?
I fear me, it will make me ſcandaliz'd.
Luc. If you think ſo, then ſtay at home, and go not.
Jul. Nay, that I will not.
Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If *Protheus* like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's diſpleas'd, when you are gone:
I fear me, he will ſcarce be pleas'd withal.
Jul. That is the leaſt, *Lucetta,* of my fear:
A thouſand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And inſtances as infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my *Protheus.*
Luc. All theſe are ſervants to deceitful men.
Jul. Baſe men, that uſe them to ſo baſe effect!
But truer ſtars did govern *Protheus'* birth;
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love ſincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure meſſengers ſent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heav'n from earth.
Luc. Pray heav'n he prove ſo, when you come to him!
Jul. Now, as thou lov'ſt me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth;
Only deſerve my love, by loving him;
And preſently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note, of what I ſtand in need of,
To furniſh me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy diſpoſe,

My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence:
Come, answer not; but do it presently:
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *the Duke's Palace, in* Milan.

Enter Duke, Thurio, *and* Protheus.

DUKE.

SIR *Thurio*, give us leave, I pray, a while;
We have some secrets to confer about. [*Exit* Thur.
Now tell me, *Protheus*, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover,
The law of friendship bids me to conceal;
But when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that,
Which, else, no worldy good should draw from me.
Know, worthy Prince, Sir *Valentine* my friend
This night intends to steal away your daughter:
My self am one made privy to the plot,
I know, you have determin'd to bestow her
On *Thurio*, whom your gentle daughter hates:
And should she thus be stoll'n away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift;
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
If unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Protheus, I thank thee for thine honest care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply, when they have judg'd me fast asleep:

And

And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir *Valentine* her company, and my court:
But, fearing leſt my jealous aim might err,
And ſo unworthily diſgrace the man,
(A raſhneſs that I ever yet have ſhunn'd;)
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thy ſelf haſt now diſclos'd to me.
And that thou may'ſt perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is ſoon ſuggeſted,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myſelf have ever kept;
And thence ſhe cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her chamber-window will aſcend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it preſently:
Where, if it pleaſe you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it ſo cunningly,
That my diſcov'ry be not aimed at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publiſher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he ſhall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord: Sir *Valentine* is coming.
[*Exit* Pro.

Enter Valentine.

Duke. Sir *Valentine*, whither away ſo faſt?

Val. Pleaſe it your Grace, there is a meſſenger
That ſtays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The Tenour of them doth but ſignifie
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay then, no matter; ſtay with me a while;
I am to break with thee of ſome affairs,
That touch me near; wherein thou muſt be ſecret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have ſought
To match my friend, Sir *Thurio*, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and, ſure, the match

Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter.
Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And may I say to thee, this pride of hers
Upon advice hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower:
For me, and my possessions, she esteems not.

Val. What would your Grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady, † Sir, in *Milan* here,
Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now therefore would I have thee to my tutor;
(For long agone I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd,)
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respects not words;
Dumb jewels often in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present, that I sent her.

Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her;
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:

† Sir, in *Milan* here. *It ought to be thus, instead of* ——— in *Verona* here—— *for the Scene apparently is in* Milan, *as is clear from several passages in the first Act, and in the beginning of the first Scene of the fourth Act. A like mistake has crept into the eighth Scene of Act* II. *where* Speed *bids his fellow-servant* Launce, *welcome to* Padua. *Mr.* Pope.

If

If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For, get you gone, she doth not mean away:
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Tho' ne'er so black, say, they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she I mean, is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lockt, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets, but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why then a ladder quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another *Hero*'s tower,
So bold *Leander* would adventure it.

Duke. Now as you are a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, Sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By seven a clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But hark thee: I will go to her alone;
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak;
I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.

What letter is this same? what's here? To *Silvia?*
And here an engine fit for my proceeding?
I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [Duke *reads.*
My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia *nightly,*
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:
Oh could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge, where senseless they are lying:
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them,
While I their King, that thither them importune,
Do curse the grace, that with such grace hath blest them,
Because my self do want my servant's fortune;
I curse my self, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour, where their lord would be.
What's here? *Silvia, this night will I enfranchise thee:*
'Tis so, and here's the ladder for the purpose,
Why, *Phaëton,* for thou art *Merops'* son,
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heav'nly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
Go, base intruder! over-weening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;
And think, my patience more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence:
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours,
Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories,
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heav'n my wrath shall far exceed the love,
I ever bore my daughter or thy self:
Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuse,
But as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence. [*Exit.*

Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die, is to be banish'd from my self:
And *Silvia* is my self; banish'd from her,
Is self from self: a deadly banishment!
What light is light, if *Silvia* be not seen?
What joy is joy, if *Silvia* be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by;
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.

Except

Except I be by *Silvia* in the night,
There is no muſick in the nightingale;
Unleſs I look on *Silvia* in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my eſſence, and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foſter'd, illumin'd, cheriſh'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom;
Tarry I here, I but attend on death:
But fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter Protheus *and* Launce.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and ſeek him out.
Laun. So-ho! ſo-ho! ———
Pro. What ſeeſt thou?
Laun. Him we go to find:
There's not an hair on's head, but 'tis a *Valentine.*
Pro. Valentine, ———
Val. No.
Pro. Who then; his ſpirit?
Val. Neither.
Pro. What then?
Val. Nothing.
Laun. Can nothing ſpeak? maſter, ſhall I ſtrike?
Pro. Whom wouldſt thou ſtrike?
Laun. Nothing.
Pro. Villain, forbear.
Laun. Why, Sir, I'll ſtrike nothing; I pray you,—
Pro. I ſay, forbear: friend *Valentine,* a word.
Val. My ears are ſtopt, and cannot hear good news;
So much of bad already hath poſſeſt them.
Pro. Then in dumb ſilence will I bury mine;
For they are harſh, untuneable, and bad.
Val. Is *Silvia* dead?
Pro. No, *Valentine.*
Val. No *Valentine,* indeed, for ſacred *Silvia!*
Hath ſhe forſworn me?
Pro. No, *Valentine.*
Val. No *Valentine,* if *Silvia* have forſworn me!
What is your news?

Laun.

Laun. Sir, there's a proclamation that you are vaniſh'd.

Pro. That thou art baniſh'd; oh, that is the news,
From hence, from *Silvia*, and from me thy friend.

Val. Oh, I have fed upon this woe already;
And now exceſs of it will make me ſurfeit.
Doth *Silvia* know that I am baniſhed?

Pro. Ay, ay; and ſhe hath offer'd to the doom,
Which unrevers'd ſtands in effectual force,
A ſea of melting pearl, which ſome call tears:
Thoſe at her father's churliſh feet ſhe tender'd,
With them, upon her knees, her humble ſelf;
Wringing her hands, whoſe whiteneſs ſo became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for wo.
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad ſighs, deep groans, nor ſilver-ſhedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompaſſionate Sire;
But *Valentine*, if he be ta'en, muſt die.
Beſides, her interceſſion chaf'd him ſo,
When ſhe for thy repeal was ſuppliant,
That to cloſe priſon he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of 'biding there.

Val. No more; unleſs the next word, that thou ſpeak'ſt,
Have ſome malignant power upon my life:
If ſo, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endleſs dolour.

Pro. Ceaſe to lament for that thou canſt not help,
And ſtudy help for that which thou lament'ſt.
Time is the nurſe and breeder of all good:
Here if thou ſtay, thou canſt not ſee thy love;
Beſides, thy ſtaying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's ſtaff; walk hence with that;
And manage it againſt deſpairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, tho' thou art hence,
Which, being writ to me, ſhall be deliver'd
Ev'n in the milk-white boſom of thy love.
The time now ſerves not to expoſtulate;
Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love affairs:

As

As thou lov'ſt *Silvia*, tho' not for thyſelf,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, *Launce*, an' if thou ſeeſt my boy,
Bid him make haſte, and meet me at the north-gate.

Pro. Go, Sirrah, find him out: come, *Valentine*.

Val. O my dear *Silvia!* hapleſs *Valentine!*

[*Exeunt* Valentine *and* Protheus.

Laun. I am but a fool, look you, and yet I have the wit to think my maſter is a kind of a knave: but that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now that knows me to be in love, yet I am in love; but a team of horſe ſhall not pluck that from me, nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman I will not tell myſelf, and yet 'tis a milk-maid; yet 'tis not a maid, for ſhe hath had goſſips; yet 'tis a maid, for ſhe is her maſter's maid, and ſerves for wages: ſhe hath more qualities than a water-ſpaniel, which is much in a bare chriſtian. Here is the cat-log [*Pulling out a paper.*] of her conditions; *Imprimis*, ſhe can fetch and carry; why, a horſe can do no more; nay, a horſe cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore ſhe is better than a jade. *Item*, ſhe can milk; look you, a ſweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter Speed.

Speed. How now, ſignior *Launce?* what news with your maſterſhip?

Laun. With my maſter's ſhip? why, it is at ſea. (11)

Speed. Well, your old vice ſtill; miſtake the word: what news then in your paper?

(11) *With my* Maſterſhip? *why, it is at ſea.*] Theſe Poetical Editors are pleaſant Gentlemen to let this paſs without any Suſpicion. For how does *Launce* miſtake the Word? *Speed* asks him about his Maſterſhip, and he replies to it *litteratim*. But then how was his Maſterſhip at Sea, and on Shore too? The Addition of a Letter and a Note of *Apoſtrophe* make *Launce* both miſtake the Word, and ſets the Pun right: It reſtores, indeed, but a mean Joke; but, without it, there is no Senſe in the Paſſage. Beſides, it is in Character with the reſt of the Scene; and, I dare be confident, the Poet's own Conceit.

Laun.

Laun. The blackeſt news that ever thou heard'ſt.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Laun. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. Fie on thee, jolt-head, thou can'ſt not read.

Speed. Thou lyeſt, I can.

Laun. I will try thee; tell me this, who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the ſon of my grand-father.

Laun. O illiterate loiterer, it was the ſon of thy grand-mother; this proves, that thou canſt not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come, try me in thy paper.

Laun. There, and St. *Nicholas* be thy ſpeed!

Speed. Imprimis, ſhe can milk.

Laun. Ay, that ſhe can.

Speed. Item, ſhe brews good ale.

Laun. And thereof comes the proverb, *Bleſſing of your heart, you brew good ale.*

Speed. Item, ſhe can ſowe.

Laun. That's as much as to ſay, *Can ſhe ſo?*

Speed. Item, ſhe can knit.

Laun. What need a man care for a ſtock with a wench, when ſhe can knit him a ſtock!

Speed. Item, ſhe can waſh and ſcour.

Laun. A ſpecial virtue, for then ſhe need not to be waſh'd and ſcour'd.

Speed. Item, ſhe can ſpin.

Laun. Then may I ſet the world on wheels, when ſhe can ſpin for her living.

Speed. Item, ſhe hath many nameleſs virtues.

Laun. That's as much as to ſay, *Baſtard Virtues*; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Laun. Cloſe at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, ſhe is not to be kiſt faſting, in reſpect of her breath.

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a break-faſt: read on.

Speed. Item, ſhe hath a ſweet mouth.

Laun. That makes amends for her ſour breath.

Speed.

Speed. Item, ſhe doth talk in her ſleep.

Laun. It's no matter for that, ſo ſhe ſleep not in her talk.

Speed. Item, ſhe is ſlow in words.

Laun. O villain! that ſet down among her vices! to be ſlow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't, and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, ſhe is proud.

Laun. Out with that too: it was *Eve*'s legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, ſhe hath no teeth.

Laun. I care not for that neither, becauſe I love cruſts.

Speed. Item, ſhe is curſt.

Laun. Well; the beſt is, ſhe hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. Item, ſhe will often praiſe her liquor.

Laun. If her liquor be good, ſhe ſhall; if ſhe will not, I will; for good things ſhould be praiſed.

Speed. Item, ſhe is too liberal.

Laun. Of her tongue ſhe cannot, for that's writ down, ſhe is ſlow of; of her purſe ſhe ſhall not, for that I'll keep ſhut; now of another thing ſhe may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, ſhe hath more hairs than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.

Laun. Stop here; I'll have her; ſhe was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that article. Rehearſe that once more.

Speed. Item, ſhe hath more hair than wit.

Laun. More hair than wit, it may be; I'll prove it: the cover of the ſalt hides the ſalt, and therefore it is more than the ſalt; the hair, that covers the wit, is more than the wit; for the greater hides the leſs. What's next?

Speed. And more faults than hairs.

Laun. That's monſtrous: oh, that that were out!

Speed. And more wealth than faults.

Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gracious: well, I'll have her; and if it be a match, as nothing is impoſſible——

Speed.

Speed. What then?

Laun. Why then will I tell thee, that thy maſter ſtays for thee at the north-gate.

Speed. For me?

Laun. For thee? ay; who art thou? he hath ſtaid for a better man than thee.

Speed. And muſt I go to him?

Laun. Thou muſt run to him, for thou haſt ſtaid ſo long, that going will ſcarce ſerve the turn.

Speed. Why didſt not tell me ſooner? pox on your love-letters!

Laun. Now will he be ſwing'd for reading my letter: an unmannerly ſlave, that will thruſt himſelf into ſecrets. ——I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Duke *and* Thurio.

Duke. Sir *Thurio*, fear not, but that ſhe will love you. Now *Valentine* is baniſh'd from her ſight.

Thu. Since his exile ſhe hath deſpis'd me moſt, Forſworn my company, and rail'd at me, That I am deſperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impreſs of love is as a figure Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat Diſſolves to water, and doth loſe his form. A little time will melt her frozen thoughts, And worthleſs *Valentine* ſhall be forgot.

Enter Protheus.

How now, Sir *Protheus?* Is your countryman, According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going heavily.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but *Thurio* thinks not ſo. *Protheus*, the good conceit I hold of thee, (For thou haſt ſhown ſome ſign of good deſert) Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your Grace, Let me not live to look upon your Grace.

Duke.

Duke. Thou know'ſt, how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir *Thurio* and my daughter.
Pro. I do, my lord.
Duke. And alſo, I do think, thou art not ignorant
How ſhe oppoſes her againſt my will.
Pro. She did, my lord, when *Valentine* was here.
Duke. Ay, and perverſely ſhe perſeveres ſo.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of *Valentine*, and love Sir *Thurio?*
Pro. The beſt way is to ſlander *Valentine*
With falſhood, cowardice, and poor deſcent:
Three things, that women highly hold in hate.
Duke. Ay, but ſhe'll think, that it is ſpoken haaet.
Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it muſt, with circumſthace, be ſpoken
By one, whom ſhe eſteemeth as his friend.
Duke. Then you muſt undertake to ſlander him.
Pro. And that, my lord, I ſhall be loth to do;
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;
Eſpecially, againſt his very friend.
Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your ſlander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your friend.
Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it,
By aught that I can ſpeak in his diſpraiſe,
She ſhall not long continue love to him.
But ſay, this weed her love from *Valentine*,
It follows not, that ſhe will love Sir *Thurio*.
Thu. Therefore as you unwind her love from him,
Leſt it ſhould ravel, and be good to none,
You muſt provide to bottom it on me:
Which muſt be done, by praiſing me as much
As you in worth diſpraiſe Sir *Valentine*.
Duke. And, *Protheus*, we dare truſt you in this kind,
Becauſe we know, on *Valentine*'s report,
You are already love's firm votary;
And cannot ſoon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant, ſhall you have acceſs,
Where you with *Silvia* may confer at large:

For

For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
To hate young *Valentine*, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect,
But you, Sir *Thurio*, are not sharp enough;
You must lay lime, to tangle her desires,
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhimes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Much is the force of heav'n-bred poesie.

Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
Write, 'till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity:
For *Orpheus'* lute was strung with poets' sinews;
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tygers tame, and huge *Leviathans*
Forsake unsounded deeps, to dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
With some sweet consort: to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This discipline shews, thou hast been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.
Therefore, sweet *Protheus*, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in musick;
I have a sonnet, that will serve the turn,
To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your Grace, 'till after supper;
And afterwards determine our proceedings.

Duke. Ev'n now about it. I will pardon you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE, *A Foreſt, leading towards* Mantua.

Enter certain Out-laws.

1 OUT-LAW.

FELLOWS, ſtand faſt: I ſee a paſſenger.

2 *Out.* If there be ten, ſhrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter Valentine *and* Speed.

3 *Out.* Stand, Sir, and throw us what you have about you; if not, we'll make you, Sir, and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone; theſe are the villains, that all the travellers do fear ſo much.

Val. My friends,——

1 *Out.* That's not ſo, Sir; we are your enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace; we'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we; for he is a proper man.

Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to loſe:
A man I am, croſs'd with adverſity;
My riches are theſe poor habiliments,
Of which if you ſhould here diſfurniſh me,
You take the ſum and ſubſtance that I have.

2 *Out.* Whither travel you?

Val. To *Verona.*

1 *Out.* Whence came you?

Val. From *Milan.*

3 *Out.* Have you long ſojourn'd there?

Val. Some ſixteen months; and longer might have ſtaid,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 *Out.* What, were you baniſh'd thence?

Val. I was.

2 *Out.*

2 *Out.* For what offence?

Val. For that, which now torments me to rehearſe:
I kill'd a man, whoſe death I much repent;
But yet I ſlew him manfully in fight,
Without falſe vantage or baſe treachery.

1 *Out.* Why ne'er repent it, if it were done ſo.
But were you baniſh'd for ſo ſmall a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of ſuch a doom.

1 *Out.* Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy,
Or elſe I often had been miſerable.

3 *Out.* By the bare ſcalp of *Robin Hood*'s fat friar,
This fellow were a King for our wild faction.

1 *Out.* We'll have him. Sirs, a word.

Speed. Maſter, be one of them: it's an honourable kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain.

2 *Out.* Tell us this; have you any thing to take to?

Val. Nothing, but my fortune.

3 *Out.* Know then, that ſome of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thruſt from the company of awful men;
Myſelf was from *Verona* baniſh'd,
For practiſing to ſteal away a lady,
An heir, and near ally'd unto the Duke. (12)

2 *Out.* And I from *Mantua*, for a gentleman
Whom, in my mood, I ſtabb'd unto the heart.

1 *Out.* And I for ſuch like petty crimes as theſe.
But, to the purpoſe; for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawleſs lives;
And, partly, ſeeing you are beautify'd
With goodly ſhape, and by your own report

(12) *An Heir and* Neice *ally'd unto the Duke.*] Thus all the Impreſſions, from the firſt downwards. But our Poet would never have expreſs'd himſelf ſo ſtupidly, as to tell us, this Lady was the Duke's *Neice*, and *ally'd* to him: For her Alliance was, certainly, ſufficiently included in the firſt Term. Our Author meant to ſay, ſhe was an *Heireſs*, and *near ally'd* to the Duke: an Expreſſion the moſt natural that can be for the Purpoſe, and very frequently uſed by the Stage-Poets.

A

A linguiſt; and a man of ſuch perfection,
As we do in our quality much want;——
2 *Out.* Indeed, becauſe you are a baniſh'd man,
Therefore, above the reſt, we parley to you;
Are you content to be our General?
To make a virtue of neceſſity,
And live, as we do, in the wilderneſs?
3 *Out.* What ſay'ſt thou? wilt thou be of our conſort?
Say, ay, and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee;
Love thee as our commander, and our king.
1 *Out.* But if thou ſcorn our courteſie, thou dy'ſt.
2 *Out.* Thou ſhalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.
Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided, that you do no outrages
On ſilly women, or poor paſſengers.
3 *Out.* No, we deteſt ſuch vile baſe practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
And ſhew thee all the treaſure we have got;
Which, with ourſelves, ſhall reſt at thy diſpoſe.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to an open Place, under* Silvia's *Apartment, in* Milan.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. ALready I've been falſe to *Valentine*,
And now I muſt be as unjuſt to *Thurio*.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have acceſs my own love to prefer:
But *Silvia* is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthleſs gifts.
When I proteſt true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falſhood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think, how I have been forſworn
In breaking faith with *Julia* whom I lov'd.

And,

And, notwithſtanding all her ſudden quips,
The leaſt whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, ſpaniel-like, the more ſhe ſpurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her ſtill.
But here comes *Thurio*: now muſt we to her window,
And give ſome evening muſick to her ear.

Enter Thurio *and Muſicians.*

Thu. How now, Sir *Protheus*, are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle *Thurio*; for, you know, that love
Will creep in ſervice where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but I hope, Sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or elſe I would be hence.

Thu. Whom, *Silvia?*

Pro. Ay, *Silvia*, for your ſake.

Thu. I thank you, for your own: now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it luſtily a while.

Enter Hoſt, and Julia *in boy's cloaths.*

Hoſt. Now, my young gueſt, methinks, you're allycholly: I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine hoſt, becauſe I cannot be merry.

Hoſt. Come, we'll have you merry; I'll bring you where you ſhall hear muſick, and ſee the gentleman that you aſk'd for.

Jul. But ſhall I hear him ſpeak?

Hoſt. Ay, that you ſhall.

Jul. That will be muſick.

Hoſt. Hark, hark!

Jul. Is he among theſe?

Hoſt. Ay; but peace, let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? *what is ſhe,*
That all our ſwains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wiſe is ſhe;
The heav'n ſuch grace did lend her,
That ſhe might admired be.

Is

Is she kind, as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness:
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia *let us sing,*
That Silvia *is excelling;*
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now? are you sadder than you were before? how do you, man? the musick likes you not.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How, out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false, that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive, you delight not in musick.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the musick.

Jul. Ay; that change is the spight.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing. But, host, doth this Sir *Protheus*, that we talk on, Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what *Launce*, his man, told me, he lov'd her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is *Launce?*

Host. Gone to seek his dog, which to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Jul. Peace, stand aside, the company parts.

Pro. Sir *Thurio*, fear not you; I will so plead, That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.

Thu.

Thu. Where meet we?
Pro. At St. *Gregory*'s well.
Thu. Farewel. [*Exeunt* Thurio *and Muſick.*

Silvia *above, at her window.*

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyſhip.
Sil. I thank you for your muſick, gentlemen:
Who is that, that ſpake?
Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.
Sil. Sir *Protheus*, as I take it.
Pro. Sir *Protheus*, gentle lady, and your ſervant.
Sil. What is your will?
Pro. That I may compaſs yours.
Sil. You have your wiſh; my will is even this,
That preſently you hie you home to bed.
Thou ſubtle, perjur'd, falſe, diſloyal man!
Think'ſt thou, I am ſo ſhallow, ſo conceitleſs,
To be ſeduced by thy flattery,
That haſt deceiv'd ſo many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me, by this pale queen of night, I ſwear,
I am ſo far from granting thy requeſt,
That I deſpiſe thee for thy wrongful ſuit;
And, by and by, intend to chide myſelf,
Ev'n for this time I ſpend in talking to thee.
Pro. I grant, ſweet love, that I did love a lady;
But ſhe is dead.
Jul. [*aſide.*] 'Twere falſe, if I ſhould ſpeak it;
For, I am ſure, ſhe is not buried.
Sil. Say, that ſhe be; yet *Valentine*, thy friend,
Survives; to whom, thyſelf art witneſs,
I am betroath'd; and art thou not aſham'd
To wrong him with thy importunacy?
Pro. I likewiſe hear, that *Valentine* is dead.
Sil. And ſo, ſuppoſe, am I; for in his grave,
Aſſure thyſelf, my love is buried.
Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.
Sil. Go to thy lady's grave and call her thence,
Or, at the leaſt, in hers ſepulchre thine.

Jul.

Jul. [*aside.*] He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if that your heart be ſo obdurate,
Vouchſafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber:
To that I'll ſpeak, to that I'll ſigh and weep:
For ſince the ſubſtance of your perfect ſelf
Is elſe devoted, I am but a ſhadow;
And to your ſhadow will I make true love.

Jul. [*aside.*] If 'twere a ſubſtance, you would, ſure, deceive it,
And make it but a ſhadow, as I am.

Sil. I'm very loath to be your idol, Sir;
But ſince your falſhood ſhall become you well
To worſhip ſhadows, and adore falſe ſhapes;
Send to me in the morning, and I'll ſend it:
And ſo, good reſt.

Pro. As wretches have o'er night,
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt* Protheus *and* Silvia.

Jul. Hoſt, will you go?

Hoſt. By my hallidom, I was faſt aſleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir *Protheus?*

Hoſt. Marry, at my houſe: truſt me, I think, 'tis almoſt day.

Jul. Not ſo; but it hath been the longeſt night
That e'er I watch'd, and the moſt heavieſt. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. This is the hour that Madam *Silvia*
Intreated me to call, and know her mind:
There's ſome great matter ſhe'd employ me in.
Madam, Madam!

Silvia *above, at her window.*

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your ſervant, and your friend;
One that attends your ladyſhip's command.

Sil. Sir *Eglamour*, a thouſand times good morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourſelf:
According to your ladyſhip's impoſe,

I am thus early come, to know what ſervice
It is your pleaſure to command me in.

Sil. O *Eglamour*, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not I flatter, for, I ſwear, I do not)
Valiant and wiſe, remorſeful, well accompliſh'd;
Thou art not ignorant, what dear good will
I bear unto the baniſh'd *Valentine*;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain *Thurio*, whom my very ſoul abhorr'd.
Thyſelf haſt lov'd; and I have heard thee ſay,
No grief did ever come ſo near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love dy'd;
Upon whoſe grave thou vow'dſt pure chaſtity.
Sir *Eglamour*, I would to *Valentine*,
To *Mantua*, where, I hear, he makes abode:
And, for the ways are dangerous to paſs,
I do deſire thy worthy company:
Upon whoſe faith and honour I repoſe.
Urge not my father's anger, *Eglamour*;
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the juſtice of my flying hence;
To keep me from a moſt unholy match,
Which heav'n and fortune ſtill reward with plagues.
I do deſire thee, even from a heart
As full of ſorrows as the ſea of ſands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have ſaid to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which, ſince, I know, they virtuouſly are plac'd,
I give conſent to go along with you;
Recking as little what betideth me,
As much I wiſh all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where ſhall I meet you?

Sil. At friar *Patrick*'s cell;
Where I intend holy confeſſion.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyſhip:
Good morrow, gentle lady.

Sil.

Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir *Eglamour*. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Launce *with his Dog.*

When a man's ſervant ſhall play the cur with him: look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppey, one that I ſav'd from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and ſiſters went to it! I have taught him, even as if one would ſay preciſely, thus I would teach a dog. I went to deliver him, as a preſent to miſtreſs *Silvia* from my maſter; and I came no ſooner into the dining-chamber, but he ſteps me to her trencher, and ſteals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himſelf in all companies! I would have, as one ſhould ſay, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had no more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily, he had been hang'd for't; ſure as I live, he had ſuffer'd for't; you ſhall judge. He thruſts me himſelf into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs, under the Duke's table: he had not been there (bleſs the mark) a piſſing while, but all the chamber ſmelt him. Out with the dog, ſays one; what cur is that? ſays another; whip him out, ſays the third; hang him up, ſays the Duke. I, having been acquainted with the ſmell before, knew it was *Crab*, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs; Friend, quoth I, you mean to whip the dog? Ay, marry, do I, quoth he. You do him the more wrong, quoth I; 'twas I did the thing you wot of. He makes no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many maſters would do this for their ſervant; nay, I'll be ſworn, I have ſat in the ſtocks for the puddings he hath ſtoll'n, otherwiſe he had been executed; I have ſtood on the pillory for the geeſe he hath kill'd, otherwiſe he had ſuffer'd for't. Thou think'ſt not of this now. Nay, I remember the trick you ſerv'd me, when I took my leave of Madam *Silvia*; did not I bid thee ſtill mark me, and do as I do? when didſt thou ſee me heave up my leg, and make water againſt a gentlewoman's farthingale? didſt thou ever ſee me do ſuch a trick?

Enter Protheus *and* Julia.

Pro. Sebaſtian is thy name? I like thee well;
And will employ thee in ſome ſervice preſently.

Jul. In what you pleaſe: I'll do, Sir, what I can.

Pro. I hope, thou wilt —— How now, you whoreſon peaſant,
Where have you been theſe two days loitering?

Laun. Marry, Sir, I carry'd miſtreſs *Silvia* the dog, you bad me.

Pro. And what ſays ſhe to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, ſhe ſays, your dog was a cur; and tells you, curriſh thanks is good enough for ſuch a preſent.

Pro. But ſhe receiv'd my dog?

Laun. No, indeed, ſhe did not: here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What, didſt thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay, Sir; the other ſquirrel was ſtoll'n from me by the hangman's boy in the market-place; and then I offer'd her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my ſight:
Away I ſay; ſtay'ſt thou to vex me here?
A ſlave, that, ſtill an end, turns me to ſhame.
[*Exit* Launce.
Sebaſtian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of ſuch a youth;
That can with ſome diſcretion do my buſineſs:
(For 'tis no truſting to yon fooliſh lowt:)
But, chiefly, for thy face and thy behaviour;
Which, if my augury deceive me not,
Witneſs good bringing up, fortune and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go preſently, and take this ring with thee;
Deliver it to Madam *Silvia*.
She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It ſeems, you lov'd not her, to leave her token:
She's dead, belike.

Pro.

Pro. Not ſo: I think, ſhe lives.
Jul. Alas!
Pro. Why doſt thou cry, alas?
Jul. I cannot chuſe but pity her.
Pro. Wherefore ſhouldſt thou pity her?
Jul. Becauſe, methinks, that ſhe lov'd you as well
As you do love your lady *Silvia:*
She dreams on him, that has forgot her love;
You doat on her, that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity, love ſhould be ſo contrary;
And, thinking on it, makes me cry, alas!
Pro. Well, give her that ring, and give therewithal
This letter; that's her chamber: tell my lady,
I claim the promiſe for her heav'nly picture.
Your meſſage done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou ſhalt find me ſad and ſolitary.
[*Exit* Protheus.
Jul. How many women would do ſuch a meſſage?
Alas, poor *Protheus,* thou haſt entertain'd
A fox to be the ſhepherd of thy lambs:
Alas, poor fool, why do I pity him,
That with his very heart deſpiſeth me?
Becauſe he loves her, he diſpiſeth me;
Becauſe I love him, I muſt pity him:
This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will.
And now I am, unhappy meſſenger,
To plead for that, which I would not obtain;
To carry that, which I would have refus'd;
To praiſe his faith, which I would have diſprais'd.
I am my maſter's true confirmed love,
But cannot be true ſervant to my maſter,
Unleſs I prove falſe traitor to myſelf.
Yet will I woo for him, but yet ſo coldly,
As, heav'n it knows, I would not have him ſpeed.

Enter Silvia.

Lady, good day; I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to ſpeak with Madam *Silvia.*
Sil. What would you with her, if that I be ſhe?

Jul. If you be ſhe, I do intreat your patience
To hear me ſpeak the meſſage I am ſent on.
Sil. From whom?
Jul. From my maſter, Sir *Protheus*, Madam.
Sil. Oh! he ſends you for a picture?
Jul. Ay, Madam.
Sil. Urſula, bring my picture there.
Go, give your maſter this: tell him from me,
One *Julia*, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this ſhadow.
Jul. Madam, may't pleaſe you to peruſe this letter.
Pardon me, Madam, I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I ſhould not;
This is the letter to your ladyſhip.
Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.
Jul. It may not be; good Madam, pardon me.
Sil. There, hold;
I will not look upon your maſter's lines;
I know they're ſtufft with proteſtations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break,
As eaſily as I do tear his paper.
Jul. Madam, he ſends your ladyſhip this ring.
Sil. The more ſhame for him, that he ſends it me;
For, I have heard him ſay a thouſand times,
His *Julia* gave it him at his departure:
Tho' his falſe finger have prophan'd the ring,
Mine ſhall not do his *Julia* ſo much wrong.
Jul. She thanks you.
Sil. What ſay'ſt thou?
Jul. I thank you, Madam, that you tender her;
Poor gentlewoman, my maſter wrongs her much.
Sil. Doſt thou know her?
Jul. Almoſt as well, as I do know myſelf.
To think upon her woes, I do proteſt
That I have wept an hundred ſeveral times.
Sil. Belike, ſhe thinks, that *Protheus* hath forſook her.
Jul. I think ſhe doth; and that's her cauſe of ſorrow.
Sil. Is ſhe not paſſing fair?
Jul. She hath been fairer, Madam, than ſhe is:
When ſhe did think, my maſter lov'd her well,

She,

She, in my judgment, was as fair as you.
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away;
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lilly-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Jul. About my stature: for at *Pentecost*,
When all our pageants of delight were plaid,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trim'd in Madam *Julia*'s gown,
Which served me as fit, by all mens judgments,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore, I know, she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep a-good,
For I did play a lamentable part.
Madam, 'twas *Ariadne*, passioning
For *Theseus*' perjury and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth.
Alas, poor lady! desolate and left!
I weep myself, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewel. [*Exit* Silvia.

Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful,
I hope, my master's suit will be but cold;
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas! how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture; let me see; I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow.

If that be all the diff'rence in his love,
I'll get me ſuch a colour'd periwig.
Her eyes are grey as glaſs, and ſo are mine
Ay, but her forhead's low, and mine is high.
What ſhould it be, that he reſpects in her,
But can make reſpective in myſelf,
If this fond love were not a blinded god?
Come, ſhadow, come; and take this ſhadow up;
For 'tis thy rival. O thou ſenſeleſs form,
Thou ſhalt be worſhip'd, kiſs'd, lov'd and ador'd;
And were there ſenſe in his idolatry,
My ſubſtance ſhould be ſtatue in thy ſtead.
I'll uſe thee kindly for thy miſtreſs' ſake,
That us'd me ſo; or elſe, by *Jove* I vow,
I ſhould have ſcratch'd out your unſeeing eyes,
To make my maſter out of love with thee. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE *near the Friar's Cell, in* Milan.

Enter Eglamour.

EGLAMOUR.

THE ſun begins to gild the weſtern ſky,
And now it is about the very hour
Silvia, at Friar *Patrick*'s cell, ſhould meet me.
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unleſs it be to come before their time:
So much they ſpur their expedition.
See, where ſhe comes. Lady, a happy evening.

Enter Silvia.

Sil. Amen, Amen! Go on, good *Eglamour*,
Out at the poſtern by the abby-wall
I fear, I am attended by ſome ſpies.
Egl. Fear not; the foreſt is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we're ſure enough. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to an Apartment in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter Thurio, Protheus, *and* Julia.

Thur. SIR *Protheus*, what says *Silvia* to my suit?

Pro. Oh, Sir, I find her milder than she was, And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What, that my leg is too long?

Pro. No; that it is too little.

Thu. I'll wear a boot to make it somewhat rounder.

Pro. But love will not be spurr'd to what it loaths.

Thu. What says she to my face?

Pro. She says, it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
"Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

Jul. 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes: For I had rather wink, than look on them. [*Aside.*

Thu. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace?

Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.

Thu. What says she to my valour?

Pro. Oh, Sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.

Thu. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool.

Thu. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. Oh, ay, and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. That such an ass should own them.

Pro. That they are out by lease.

Jul. Here comes the Duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, Sir *Protheus*? how now, *Thurio*? Which of you saw Sir *Eglamour* of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.
Duke. Why then
She's fled unto that peasant *Valentine*;
And *Eglamour* is in her company.
'Tis true; for Friar *Laurence* met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest:
Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she;
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it.
Besides, she did intend confession
At *Patrick*'s cell this Ev'n, and there she was not:
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently, and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot
That leads tow'rds *Mantua*, whither they are fled.
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit* Duke.
Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
That flies her fortune where it follows her:
I'll after, more to be reveng'd of *Eglamour*,
Than for the love of reckless *Silvia*.
Pro. And I will follow, more for *Silvia*'s love,
Than hate of *Eglamour* that goes with her.
Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love,
Than hate for *Silvia*, that is gone for love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* Forest.

Enter Silvia *and* Out-laws.

Out. COME, come, be patient; we must bring you to our Captain.
Sil. A thousand more mischances, than this one,
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.
2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.
1 *Out.* Where is the gentleman, that was with her?
3 *Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath out-run us;
But *Moyses* and *Valerius* follow him.
Go thou with her to th' west end of the wood,
There is our captain: follow him, that's fled.
The thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape.
1 *Out.* Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave.

Fear

Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlesly.
Sil. O *Valentine!* this I endure for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the* Out-laws' *Cave in the* Forest.

Enter Valentine.

Val. HOW use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desart, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
O thou, that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was.
Repair me with thy presence, *Silvia*;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain.
What hallo'ing, and what stir, is this to day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chase.
They love me well, yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, *Valentine:* who's this comes here?

Enter Protheus, Silvia, *and* Julia.

Pro. Madam, this service have I done for you,
(Tho' you respect not ought your servant doth)
To hazard life, and rescue you from him,
That wou'd have forc'd your honour and your love.
Vouchsafe me for my meed but one fair look:
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I'm sure, you cannot give.
Val. How like a dream is this, I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. [*Aside.*
Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!
Pro. Unhappy were you, Madam, ere I came;
But by my coming I have made you happy.
Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.
Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your presence.
[*Aside.*

Sil.

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false *Protheus* rescue me.
Oh, heav'n be judge, how I love *Valentine*,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul;
And full as much, for more there cannot be,
I do detest false perjur'd *Protheus:*
Therefore be gone, sollicit me no more.

Pro. What dang'rous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look?
Oh, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love, where they're belov'd.

Sil. When *Protheus* cannot love, where he's belov'd.
Read over *Julia*'s heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou then didst rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou'dst two,
And that's far worse than none: better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one.
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love,
Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but *Protheus.*

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form;
I'll move you like a soldier, at arms end,
And love you 'gainst the nature of love; force you.

Sil. Oh heav'n!

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch,
Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Pro. Valentine? ——

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love;
For such is a friend now: thou treach'rous man!
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me. Now I dare not say,
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted now, when the right hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom? *Protheus,*

I'm

I'm ſorry, I muſt never truſt thee more,
But count the world a ſtranger for thy ſake.
The private wound is deepeſt. Oh time, moſt accurſt
'Mongſt all foes, that a friend ſhould be the worſt!

Pro. My ſhame and guilt confound me:
Forgive me, *Valentine*; if hearty ſorow
Be a ſufficient ranſom for offence,
I tender't here; I do as truly ſuffer,
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid:
And once again I do receive thee honeſt.
Who by repentance is not ſatisfy'd
Is nor of heav'n, nor earth; for theſe are pleas'd;
By penitence th'Eternal's wrath's appeas'd.
And that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in *Silvia*, I give thee.

Jul. Oh me unhappy! [*Swoons.*

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! how now? what's the matter? look up; ſpeak.

Jul. O good Sir, my maſter charg'd me to deliver a ring to Madam *Silvia*, which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis: this is it.

Pro. How? let me ſee:
This is the ring I gave to *Julia*.

Julia. Oh, cry your mercy, Sir, I have miſtook;
This is the ring you ſent to *Silvia*.

Pro. How cam'ſt thou by this ring? at my depart, I gave this unto *Julia*.

Jul. And *Julia* herſelf did give it me.
And *Julia* herſelf hath brought it hither.

Pro. How, *Julia*?

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart:
How oft haſt thou with perjury cleft the root?
Oh *Protheus*, let this habit make thee bluſh!
Be thou aſham'd, that I have took upon me
Such an immodeſt rayment; if ſhame live

In

In a disguise of love. ——
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.
Pro. Than men their minds? 'tis true; Oh heav'n! were man
But constant, he were perfect; that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all sins:
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins.
What is in *Silvia*'s face, but I may spy
More fresh in *Julia*'s with a constant eye?
Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close;
'Twere pity, two such friends should long be foes.
Pro. Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish for ever.
Jul. And I mine.

Enter Out-laws, *with* Duke *and* Thurio.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!
Val. Forbear, forbear, it is my lord the *Duke*.
Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
The banish'd *Valentine*.
Duke. Sir *Valentine*?
Thu. Yonder is *Silvia*: and *Silvia*'s mine.
Val. Thurio, give back; or else embrace thy death:
Come not within the measure of my wrath.
Do not name *Silvia* thine; if once again, ——
Milan shall not behold thee. Here she stands, (13)
Take but possession of her with a touch;
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love, ——
Thu. Sir *Valentine*, I care not for her, I.
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger

(13) Verona *shall not behold thee.*] Thus all the Editions, but, whether thro' the mistake of the first Editors, or the Poet's own carelessness, this Reading is absurdly faulty. For the Threat here is to *Thurio*, who is a *Milanese*; and has no Concerns, as it appears, with *Verona*. Besides, the Scene is betwixt the Confines of *Milan* and *Mantua*, to which *Silvia* follows *Valentine*, having heard that he had retreated thither. And, upon these Circumstances, I ventur'd to adjust the Text, as, I imagine, the Poet must have intended: i. e. Milan, *thy Country, shall never see thee again: thou shalt never live to go back thither.*

His

His body for a girl that loves him not.
I claim her not; and therefore she is thine.
Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, *Valentine*,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love:
Know then, I here forget all former griefs;
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new state in thy unrival'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe: Sir *Valentine*,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;
Take thou thy *Silvia*, for thou hast deserv'd her.
Val. I thank your Grace; the gift hath made me happy:
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.
Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.
Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile.
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.
Duke. Thou hast prevail'd, I pardon them and thee;
Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go; we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.
Val. And as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your Grace to smile.
What think you of this Page, my lord?
Duke. I think, the boy hath grace in him; he blushes.
Val. I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.
Duke. What mean you by that saying?
Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned.
Come, *Protheus*, 'tis your penance but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours,
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness. [*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

H. Gravelot in Vol. 1. P. 209 G. V.dr Gucht Sculp.

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THE

MERRY WIVES

OF

WINDSOR.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

SIR John Falſtaff.

Fenton, *a young Gentleman of ſmall Fortune, in Love with Mrs.* Anne Page.

Shallow, *a Country Juſtice.*

Slender, *Couſin to* Shallow, *a fooliſh Country Squire.*

Mr. Page, } *two Gentlemen, dwelling at* Windſor.
Mr. Ford, }

Sir Hugh Evans *a* Welch *Parſon.*

Dr. Caius, *a* French *Doctor.*

Hoſt of the Garter, *a merry talking Fellow.*

Bardolph, }
Piſtol, } *Sharpers attending on* Falſtaff.
Nym, }

Robin, *Page to* Falſtaff.

William Page, *a Boy, Son to Mr.* Page.

Simple, *Servant to* Slender.

Rugby, *ſervant to Dr.* Caius.

Mrs. Page, Wife *to Mr.* Page.

Mrs. Ford, *Wife to Mr.* Ford.

Mrs. Anne Page, *Daughter to Mr.* Page, *in Love with* Fenton.

Mrs. Quickly, *Servant to Dr.* Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, *&c.*

SCENE, *Windſor:* and the parts adjacent.

THE

(1) MERRY WIVES of *Windsor*.

ACT I.

SCENE, *before* Page's *House in* Windsor.

Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, *and Sir* Hugh Evans.

SHALLOW.

SIR *Hugh*, persuade me not; I will make a *Star-Chamber* matter of it: if he were twenty Sir *John Falstaffs*, he shall not abuse *Robert Shallow*, Esq;

Slen. In the county of *Gloucester*, justice of peace, and *Coram.*

Shal. Ay, cousin *Slender*, and *Custalorum.*

Slen. Ay, and *Rato-lorum* too; and a gentleman born,

(1) *The* Merry Wives of Windsor.] Queen *Elizabeth* was so well pleas'd with the admirable Character of *Falstaff* in the two Parts of *Henry* IV, that, as Mr. *Rowe* informs us, She commanded *Shakespeare* to continue it for one Play more, and to shew him in Love. To this Command We owe the *Merry Wives of Windsor:* which, Mr. *Gildon* says, he was very well assur'd, our Author finish'd in a Fortnight. But this must be meant only of the first imperfect Sketch of this Comedy, an old *Quarto* Edition whereof I have, printed in 1602; which says in the Title-page——*As it hath been divers times acted both* before her Majesty *and elsewhere.*

master

maſter parſon, who writes himſelf *Armigero* in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation; *Armigero*.

Shal. Ay, that I do, and have done any time theſe three hundred years.

Slen. All his ſucceſſors, gone before him, have done't; and all his anceſtors, that come after him, may; they may give the dozen white luces in their Coat.

Shal. It is an old Coat.

Eva. The dozen white lowſes do become an old coat well; it agrees well, paſſant; it is a familiar beaſt to man, and ſignifies love.

Shal. The luce is the freſh-fiſh, the ſalt-fiſh is an old Coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz.

Shal. You may by marrying.

Eva. It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, per lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for your ſelf, in my ſimple conjectures; but that is all one: if Sir *John Falſtaff* have committed diſparagements upon you, I am of the Church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromiſes between you.

Shal. The Council ſhall hear it; it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet, the Council hear of a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the Council, look you, ſhall deſire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your viza-ments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the ſword ſhould end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the ſword, and end it; and there is alſo another device in my prain, which peradventure, prings good diſcretions with it: there is *Anne Page*, (2) which is daughter to maſter *George Page*, which is pretty virginity.

(2) ——*which is Daughter to Maſter* Thomas Page,] The whole Set of Editions have negligently blunder'd one after another in *Page*'s Chriſtian-Name in this place; tho' Mrs. *Page* calls him *George* afterwards in at leaſt ſix ſeveral Paſſages.

Slen.

Slen. Miſtreſs *Anne Page?* ſhe has brown hair, and ſpeaks ſmall like a woman.

Eva. It is that ferry perſon for all the orld, as juſt as you will deſire; and ſeven hundred pounds of monies, and gold and ſilver, is her grandſire upon his death's-bed (Got deliver to a joyful reſurrections) give, when ſhe is able to overtake ſeventeen years old: it were a good motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and deſire a marriage between maſter *Abraham* and miſtreſs *Anne Page.*

Slen. Did her grand-ſire leave her ſeven hundred pounds?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the young gentlewoman; ſhe has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and poſſibilities, is good gifts.

Shal. Well; let us ſee honeſt Mr. *Page:* is *Falſtaff* there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do deſpiſe a liar, as I do deſpiſe one that is falſe; or as I deſpiſe one that is not true. The Knight, Sir *John*, is there; and, I beſeech you, be ruled by your well-wiſhers. I will peat the door [*Knocks.*] for maſter *Page.* What, hoa? Got bleſs your houſe here.

Enter Mr. Page.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's pleſſing, and your friend, and Juſtice *Shallow*; and here's young maſter *Slender*; that, peradventures, ſhall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to ſee your worſhips well. I thank you for my veniſon, maſter *Shallow.*

Shal. Maſter *Page*, I am glad to ſee you; much good do it to your good heart: I wiſh'd your veniſon better; it was ill kill'd. How doth good miſtreſs *Page?* and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to ſee you, good maſter *Slender*.

Slen. How do's your fallow greyhound, Sir? I heard ſay, he was out-run on *Cotſale*.

Page. It could not be judg'd, Sir.

Slen. You'll not confeſs, you'll not confeſs.

Shal. That he will not; 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault; 'tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, Sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more ſaid? he is good and fair. Is Sir *John Falſtaff* here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would, I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is ſpoke, as a chriſtians ought to ſpeak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, maſter *Page*.

Page. Sir, he doth in ſome ſort confeſs it.

Shal. If it be confeſs'd, it is not redreſs'd; is not that ſo, maſter *Page?* he hath wrong'd me; indeed, he hath; at a word, he hath; believe me, *Robert Shallow* Eſquire ſaith, he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes Sir *John*.

Enter Sir John Falſtaff, Bardolph, Nym *and* Piſtol.

Fal. Now, maſter *Shallow*, you'll complain of me to the King?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiſs'd your keeper's daughter.

Shal. Tut, a pin; this ſhall be anſwer'd.

Fal. I will anſwer it ſtraight: I have done all this. That is now anſwer'd.

Shal. The Council ſhall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you, if 'twere not known in Council; you'll be laugh'd at.

Eva. Pauca verba, Sir *John*, good worts.

Fal. Good worts? good cabbage. *Slender*, I broke your head; what matter have you againſt me?

Slen. Marry, Sir, I have matter in my head againſt you, and againſt your cony-catching raſcals *Bardolph*, *Nym*, and *Piſtol*.

Bar.

Bar. You *Banbury* cheeſe!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Piſt. How now, *Mephoſtophilus?*

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I ſay; *pauca, pauca:* ſlice, that's my humour.

Slen. Where's *Simple*, my man? can you tell, couſin?

Eva. Peace: I pray you: now let us underſtand; there is three umpires in this matter, as I underſtand; that is, maſter *Page*; *fidelicet*, maſter *Page*; and there is my ſelf; *fidelicet*, my ſelf; and the three party is, laſtly and finally, mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Page. We three to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Ferry goot; I will make a prief of it in my note-book, and we will afterwards ork upon the cauſe with as great diſcreetly as we can.

Fal. Piſtol,——

Piſt. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phraſe is this, he hears with ear? why, it is affectations.

Fal. Piſtol, did you pick maſter *Slender*'s purſe?

Slen. Ay, by theſe gloves, did he; (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again elſe,) of ſeven groats in mill-ſixpences, and two *Edward* ſhovel-boards, that coſt me two ſhilling and two pence a-piece of *Yead Miller*, by theſe gloves.

Fal. Is this true, *Piſtol?*

Eva. No; it is falſe, if it is a pick-purſe.

Piſt. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner! —— Sir *John*, and maſter mine,
I Combat challenge of this latten bilboe: (3)
Word

(3) *I combat challenge of this* Latin *bilboe.*] Our modern Editors have diſtinguiſh'd this Word, *Latin*, in *Italic* Characters, as if it was addreſs'd to Sir *Hugh*, and meant to call him *pedantic Blade*, on account of his being a Schoolmaſter, and teaching *Latin*. But I'll be bold to ſay, in This they do not take the Poet's Conceit. *Piſtol* barely calls Sir *Hugh* Mountain-foreigner, becauſe he had interpos'd in the Diſpute; but then immediately demands the Combat of *Slender*, for having charg'd him with picking his Pocket. The old *Quarto's* write

it

Word of denial in thy *Labra*'s here;
Word of denial; froth and scum, thou ly'ſt.

Slen. By theſe gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be advis'd, Sir, and paſs good humours: I will ſay marry trap with you, if you run the baſe humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it; for tho' I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an aſs.

Fal. What ſay you, *Scarlet* and *John?*

Bard. Why, Sir, for my part, I ſay, the gentleman had drunk himſelf out of his five ſentences.

Eva. It is his five ſenſes: fie, what the Ignorance is!

Bard. And being ſap, Sir, was, as they ſay, caſhier'd; and ſo concluſions paſt the car-eires.

Slen. Ay, you ſpake in *Latin* then too; but 'tis no matter; I'll never be drunk whilſt I live again, but in honeſt, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with thoſe that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got udg me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all theſe matters deny'd, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Miſtreſs Anne Page, *with wine.*

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [*Exit* Anne Page.

it *Latten*, as it ſhould be, in the common Characters: And as a Proof that the Author deſign'd This ſhould be addreſs'd to *Slender*, Sir *Hugh* does not there interpoſe one Word in the Quarrel. But what then ſignifies—— *latten Bilbo?* Why, *Piſtol* ſeeing *Slender* ſuch a ſlim, puny, Wight; would intimate, that he is as thin as a Plate of that compound Metal, which is call'd *latten:* and which was, as we are told, the Old *Orichalc.* Monſieur *Dacier,* upon this Verſe in *Horace*'s Epiſtle *de Arte Poeticâ,*

Tibia non ut nunc Orichalco *vincta,* &c.

ſays, *Eſt une eſpece de Cuivre de montagne, comme ſon nom meſme le temoigne; c'eſt ce que nous appellons aujourd'huy du* leton. "It is a ſort of Mountain-Copper, as its very Name imports, "and which we at this time of Day call *Latten.*"

Slen.

Slen. Oh heav'n! this is miſtreſs *Anne Page.*

Enter Miſtreſs Ford *and Miſtreſs* Page.

Page. How now, miſtreſs *Ford?*

Fal. Miſtreſs *Ford,* by my troth, you are very well met; by your leave, good miſtreſs. [*Kiſſing her.*

Page. Wife, bid theſe gentlemen welcome: come, we have a hot veniſon paſty to dinner; come, gentlemen; I hope, we ſhall drink down all unkindneſs.

[*Exe.* Fal. Page, *&c.*

Manent Shallow, Evans, *and* Slender.

Slen. I had rather than forty ſhillings, I had my book of ſongs and ſonnets here.

Enter Simple.

How now, *Simple,* where have you been? I muſt wait on my ſelf, muſt I? you have not the book of riddles about you, have you?

Simp. Book of riddles! why, did you not lend it to *Alice Shortcake* (4) upon *All-hallowmas* laſt, a fortnight afore *Martlemas?*

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we ſtay for you: a word with you, coz: marry this, coz; there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir *Hugh* here; do you underſtand me?

Slen. Ay, Sir, you ſhall find me reaſonable: if it be ſo, I ſhall do that that is reaſon.

Shal. Nay, but underſtand me.

Slen. So I do, Sir.

(4) *Upon* Allhallowmas *laſt, a fortnight afore* Michaelmas.] Sure, *Simple*'s a little out in his Reckoning. *Allhallowmas* is almoſt five Weeks after *Michaelmas.* But may it not be urg'd, it is deſign'd, *Simple* ſhould appear thus ignorant, to keep up Character? I think, not. The ſimpleſt Creatures (nay, even Naturals) generally are very preciſe in the Knowledge of Feſtivals, and marking how the Seaſons run: And therefore I have ventur'd to ſuſpect, our Poet wrote *Martlemas,* as the Vulgar call it; which is near a fortnight after *All-Saints* Day, i. e. eleven Days, both incluſive.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, Mr. *Slender:* I will deſcription the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do, as my couſin *Shallow* ſays: I pray you, pardon me; he's a Juſtice of peace in his country, ſimple tho' I ſtand here.

Eva. But that is not the queſtion; the queſtion is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, Sir.

Eva. Marry, is it; the very point of it, to Mrs. *Anne Page.*

Slen. Why, if it be ſo, I will marry her upon any reaſonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philoſophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mind: therefore preciſely, can you carry your good Will to the maid?

Shal. Couſin *Abraham Slender*, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, Sir, I will do, as it ſhall become one that would do reaſon.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you muſt ſpeak poſſitable, if you can carry her your deſires towards her.

Shal. That you muſt: will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that upon your requeſt, couſin, in any reaſon.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, ſweet coz; what I do, is to pleaſure you, coz; can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, Sir, at your requeſt: but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heav'n may decreaſe it upon better acquaintance, when we are marry'd, and have more occaſion to know one another: (5) I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt:

(5) *I hope, upon Familiarity will grow more* Content.] Certainly, the Editors in their Sagacity have murther'd a Jeſt here. It is deſign'd, no Doubt, that *Slender* ſhould ſay *decreaſe*,

contempt: but if you say, marry her, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a serry discretion answer, save, the fall is in th'ort *dissolutely:* the ort is, according to our meaning, *resolutely*; his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think, my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hang'd, la.

Enter Mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Here comes fair mistress *Anne:* 'would, I were young for your sake, mistress *Anne!*

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worship's company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair mistress *Anne.*

Eva. Od's pless'd will, I will not be absence at the Grace. [*Ex.* Shallow *and* Evans.

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, Sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, Sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. Go, Sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin *Shallow:* [*Ex.* Simple.] A Justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, 'till my mother be dead; but what though, yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship; they will not sit, 'till you come.

Slen. I'faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, Sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruis'd my shin th' other day with playing at sword and dag-

crease, instead of *increase*; and *dissolved, dissolutely*, instead of *resolved* and *resolutely:* but to make him say, on the present Occasion, that upon Familiarity will grow more *Content*, instead of *Contempt*, is disarming the Sentiment of all its *Salt* and *Humour*, and disappointing the Audience of a reasonable Cause for Laughter.

ger with a master of fence, three veneys for a dish of stew'd prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i'th' town?

Anne. I think, there are, Sir; I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the sport well, but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in *England*. You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, Sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now; I have seen *Sackerson* loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but I warrant you, the women have so cry'd and shriek'd at it, that it past: but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Enter Mr. Page.

Page. Come, gentle Mr. *Slender*, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, Sir.

Page. By cock and pye, you shall not chuse, Sir; come; come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, Sir.

Slen. Mistress *Anne*, your self shall go first.

Anne. Not I, Sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first, truly-la: I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, Sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly, than troublesome; you do your self wrong, indeed-la. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Evans *and* Simple.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor *Caius*' house which is the way; and there dwells one mistress *Quickly*, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Simp. Well, Sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet; give her this letter; for it

it is a 'oman that altogethers acquaintance with mistreſs *Anne Page*; and the letter is to deſire and require her to ſollicit your maſter's deſires to miſtreſs *Anne Page*: I pray you, be gone; I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheeſe to come. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE *changes to the Garter-Inn.*

Enter Falſtaff, Hoſt, Bardolph, Nym, Piſtol *and* Robin.

Fal. MINE hoſt of the garter,———

Hoſt. What ſays my bully rock? ſpeak ſchollarly, and wiſely.

Fal. Truly, mine hoſt, I muſt turn away ſome of my followers.

Hoſt. Diſcard, bully *Hercules*, caſhier; let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I ſit at ten pounds a week.

Hoſt. Thou'rt an Emperor, *Cæſar*, *Keiſar* and *Pheazar*. I will entertain *Bardolph*, he ſhall draw, he ſhall tap; ſaid I well, bully *Hector?*

Fal. Do ſo, good mine hoſt.

Hoſt. I have ſpoke, let him follow; let me ſee thee froth, and live: I am at a word; follow.

[*Exit* Hoſt.

Fal. Bardolph, follow him; a tapſter is a good trade; an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a wither'd ſerving-man, a freſh tapſter; go, adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have deſir'd: I will thrive. [*Exit* Bard.

Piſt. O baſe *Hungarian* wight, wilt thou the ſpigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink, is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroick, and there's the humour of it.

Fal. I am glad, I am ſo quit of this tinderbox; his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unſkilful finger, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to ſteal at a minute's reſt.

Piſt. Convey, the Wiſe it call: ſteal? foh; a fico for the phraſe!

Fal. Well, Sirs, I am almoſt out at heels.

Piſt. Why then, let kibes enſue.

Fal. There is no remedy: I muſt conycatch, I muſt ſhift.

Piſt. Young ravens muſt have food.

Fal. Which of you know *Ford* of this town?

Piſt. I ken the wight, he is of ſubſtance good.

Fal. My honeſt lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Piſt. Two yards and more.

Fal. No quips now, *Piſtol:* indeed, I am in the waſte two yards about; but I am now about no waſte, I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to *Ford*'s wife: I ſpy entertainment in her; ſhe diſcourſes, ſhe carves, ſhe gives the leer of invitation; I can conſtrue the action of her familiar ſtile, and the hardeſt voice of her behaviour, to be engliſh'd right, is, *I am Sir* John Falſtaff's.

Piſt. He hath ſtudy'd her well, and tranſlated her well; out of honeſty into Engliſh.

Nym. The anchor is deep; will that humour paſs?

Fal. Now, the report goes, ſhe has all the rule of her huſband's purſe: ſhe hath a legion of angels.

Piſt. As many devils entertain; and to her, boy, ſay I.

Nym. The humour riſes; it is good; humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her; and here another to *Page*'s wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with moſt judicious Iliads; ſometimes, the beam of her view guilded my foot; ſometimes, my portly belly.

Piſt. Then did the ſun on dung-hill ſhine. [*Aſide.*

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O, ſhe did ſo courſe o'er my exteriors with ſuch a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did ſeem to ſcorch me up like a burning-glaſs. Here's another letter to her; ſhe bears the purſe too;

(6) ſhe

(6) she is a region in *Guiana*, all gold and bounty. I will be Cheater to them both, and they shall be *Exchequers* to me; they shall be my *East* and *West-Indies*, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to mistress *Page*; and thou this to mistress *Ford*: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become,
And by my side wear steel? then, *Lucifer* take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour; here, take the humour-letter, I will keep the haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, Sirrah, bear you these letters tightly,
Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores. [*To* Robin.
Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hail-stones, go;
Trudge, plod away o'th' hoof, seek shelter, pack!
Falstaff will learn the humour of the age,
French thrift, you rogues; my self, and skirted page.
[*Ex.* Falstaff *and* Boy.

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts; for gourd, and *Fullam* holds:
And high and low beguiles the rich and poor.
Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,
Base *Phrygian Turk!*

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her star.

Pist. With wit, or steel?

(6) *She is a Region in* Guiana, *all Gold and Bounty.*] If the Tradition be true, (as I doubt not, but it is;) of this Play being wrote at Queen *Elizabeth*'s Command; this Passage, perhaps, may furnish a probable Conjecture that it could not appear 'till after the Year 1598. The mention of *Guiana*, then so lately discover'd to the *English*, was a very happy Compliment to Sir *W. Raleigh*, who did not begin his Expedition for South *America* 'till 1595, and return'd from it in 1596, with an advantageous Account of the great Wealth of *Guiana*. Such an Address of the Poet was likely, I imagine, to have a proper Impression on the People, when the Intelligence of such a golden Country was fresh in their Minds, and gave them Expectations of immense Gain.

Nym. With both the humours, I:
I will diſcuſs the humour of this love to *Ford.*

Piſt. And I to *Page* ſhall eke unfold,
How *Falſtaff*, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his ſoft couch defile.

Nym. My humour ſhall not cool; I will incenſe *Ford* to deal with poiſon; I will poſſeſs him with yellowneſs; for the Revolt of Mien is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Piſt. Thou art the *Mars* of male-contents: I ſecond thee; troop on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to Dr.* Caius's *Houſe.*

Enter miſtreſs Quickly, Simple, *and* John Rugby.

Quic. WHAT, *John Rugby!* I pray thee, go to the caſement, and ſee if you can ſee my maſter, maſter Doctor *Caius*, coming; if he do, i'faith, and find any body in the houſe, here will be old abuſing of God's patience, and the King's *Engliſh.*

Rug. I'll go watch. [*Exit* Rugby.

Quic. Go, and we'll have a poſſet for't ſoon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a ſea-coal-fire. An honeſt, willing, kind fellow, as ever ſervant ſhall come in houſe withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate; his worſt fault is, that he is given to pray'r; he is ſomething peeviſh that way; but no body but has his fault; but let that paſs. *Peter Simple*, you ſay, your name is.

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quic. And maſter *Slender*'s your maſter?

Sim. Ay, forſooth.

Quic. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forſooth; he hath but a little wee-face, with a little yellow beard, (7) a *Cain*-colour'd beard.

(7) *A* cane-*colour'd* beard.] Thus the latter Editions. I have reſtor'd with the old Copies. *Cain* and *Judas*, in the Tapeſtries and Pictures of old, were repreſented with *yellow* Beards.

Quic.

Quic. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth; but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head: he hath fought with a warrener.

Quic. How say you? oh, I should remember him; does he not hold up his head, as it were? and strut in his gate?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quic. Well, heav'n send *Anne Page* no worse fortune! Tell master parson *Evans*, I'll do what I can for your master: *Anne* is a good girl, and I wish——

Enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quic. We shall all be shent; run in here, good young man; go into this closet; [*Shuts* Simple *in the closet.*] He will not stay long. What, *John Rugby! John!* what, *John*, I say; go, *John*, go enquire for my master; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home: *and down, down, a-down-a*, &c. [*Sings.*

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like des toys; pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier verd*; a box, a green-a box; do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quic. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you.
I am glad, he went not in himself; if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad. [*Aside.*

Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe, ma foi, il fait fort chaud; je me'n vais à la Cour——la grande affaire.

Quic. Is it this, Sir?

Caius. Ouy, mettez le au mon pocket; *Depêchez*, quickly; ver is dat knave *Rugby?*

Quic. What, *John Rugby! John!*

Rug. Here, Sir.

Caius. You are *John Rugby*, and you are *Jack Rugby*; come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to the Court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, Sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long: od's me! *Que ay je oublié?* dere is some simples in my closet, dat I will not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quic. Ay-me, he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. O *Diable, Diable!* vat is in my closet? villaine, *Larron! Rugby*, my rapier. [*Pulls* Simple *out of the closet.*

Quic. Good master, be content.

Caius. Wherefore shall I be content-a?

Quic. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. What shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man, dat shall come in my closet.

Quic. I beseech you, be not so flegmatick; hear the truth of it. He came of an errand to me from parson *Hugh.*

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to———

Quic. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue, speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to mistress *Anne Page* for my master in the way of marriage.

Quic. This is all, indeed-la; but I'll never put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir *Hugh* send-a-you? *Rugby, baillez* me some paper; tarry you a little-a-while.

Quic. I am glad, he is so quiet; if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy: but notwithstanding, man, I'll do for your master what good I can; and the very yea and the no is, the *French* Doctor my master, (I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house, and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all my self.)

Sim. 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

Quic. Are you a-vis'd o'that? you shall find it a great charge; and to be up early and down late. But notwithstanding, to tell you in your ear, I would have no words of it, my master himself is in love with mis-

tress

treſs *Anne Page*; but, notwithſtanding that, I know *Anne*'s mind, that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape; give a this letter to Sir *Hugh*; by gar, it is a ſhallenge: I will cut his troat in de parke, and I will teach a ſcurvy jack-a-nape prieſt to meddle or make ——— you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here; by gar, I will cut all his two ſtones; by gar, he ſhall not have a ſtone to trow at his dog. [*Exit* Simple.

Quic. Alas, he ſpeaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter'a ver dat: do you not tell-ame, dat I ſhall have *Anne Page* for myſelf? by gar, I vill kill de jack prieſt; and I have appointed mine hoſt of *de Jarterre* to meaſure our weapon; by gar, I will myſelf have *Anne Page*.

Quic. Sir, the maid loves you, and all ſhall be well: we muſt give folks leave to prate; what, the good jer!

Caius. Rugby, come to the Court with me; ——— by gar, if I have not *Anne Page*, I ſhall turn your head out of my door; ——follow my heels, *Rugby*.

[*Exe.* Caius *and* Rugby.

Quic. You ſhall have *An* fools-head of your own. No, I know *Anne*'s mind for that; never a Woman in *Windſor* knows more of *Anne*'s mind than I do, nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heav'n.

Fent. [*within.*] Who's within there, hoa?

Quic. Who's there, I trow? come near the houſe, I pray you.

Enter Mr. Fenton.

Fent. How now, good woman, how doſt thou?

Quic. The better, that it pleaſes your good worſhip to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty miſtreſs *Anne?*

Quic. In truth, Sir, and ſhe is pretty, and honeſt, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praiſe heav'n for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'ſt thou? ſhall I not loſe my ſuit?

Quic. Troth, Sir, all is in his hands above; but notwithſtanding, maſter *Fenton*, I'll be ſworn on a book, ſhe

she loves you: have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; and what of that?

Quic. Well, thereby hangs a tale; good faith, it is such another *Nan*; but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread; we had an hour's talk of that wart: I shall never laugh but in that maid's company! but, indeed, she is given too much to allicholly and musing; but for you ——— Well ——— go to ———

Fent. Well, I shall see her to day; hold, there's mony for thee: let me have thy voice in my behalf; if thou seest her before me, commend me———

Quic. Will I? ay, faith, that we will: and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence, and of other wooers.

Fen. Well, farewel, I am in great haste now. [*Exit.*

Quic. Farewel to your worship. Truly, an honest gentleman, but *Anne* loves him not; I know *Anne*'s mind as well as another does. Out upon't, what have I forgot? [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *before* Page's *House.*

Enter Mrs. Page, *with a Letter.*

Mrs. PAGE.

WHAT, have I 'scap'd love-letters in the holy-day-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? let me see:

Ask me no reason, why I love you; for tho' love use reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his counseller: you are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; ha! ha! then there's more sympathy; you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? let it suffice thee, mistress Page, *at the*

the leaſt if the love of a ſoldier can ſuffice, that I love thee. I will not ſay, pity me, 'tis not a ſoldier-like phraſe; but I ſay, love me:

By me, thine own true Knight, by day or night,
Or any kind of light, with all his might,
For thee to fight. John Falſtaff.

What a *Herod* of *Jewry* is this? O wicked, wicked world! one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to ſhow himſelf a young gallant! what unweigh'd behaviour hath this *Flemiſh* drunkard pickt, i'th'devil's name, out of my converſation, that he dares in this manner aſſay me? why, he hath not been thrice in my company: what ſhould I ſay to him? I was then frugal of my mirth, heav'n forgive me: why, I'll exhibit (8) a Bill in the Parliament for the putting down of fat men: how ſhall I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I will be, as ſure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Mrs. *Ford.* Mrs. *Page*, truſt me, I was going to your houſe.

Mrs. *Page.* And truſt me, I was coming to you; you look very ill.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to ſhew to the contrary.

Mrs. *Page.* 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

(8) ——*a bill in the Parliament for the putting down of Men:*] What, Mrs. *Page*, put down the whole Species *Unius ob noxam*, for a ſingle Offender's Treſpaſs? Don't be ſo unreaſonable in your Anger. But 'tis a falſe Charge againſt You. I am perſuaded, a ſhort Monoſyllable is dropt out, which, once reſtor'd, would qualify the matter. We muſt neceſſarily read, ——*for the putting down of* fat *Men.* ——Mrs. *Ford* ſays in the very enſuing Scene, *I ſhall think the worſe of* fat *Men, as long as I have an Eye*, &c. And in the old Quarto's, Mrs. *Page*, ſo ſoon as ſhe has read the Letter, ſays, *Well, I ſhall truſt* fat *Men the worſe, while I live, for his ſake:* And he is call'd, the *fat* Knight, the *greaſy* Knight, by the Women, throughout the Play.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Ford.* Well, I do then; yet I say, I could shew you to the contrary: O mistress *Page*, give me some counsel.

Mrs. *Page.* What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. *Ford.* O woman! if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour.

Mrs. *Page.* Hang the trifle, woman, take the honour; what is it? dispense with trifles; what is it?

Mrs. *Ford.* If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. *Page.* What, thou liest! Sir *Alice Ford?* these Knights will hack, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. *Ford.* We burn day-light; here, read, read; perceive, how I might be knighted: I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking; and yet he would not swear; prais'd women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomelinefs, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere, and keep place together, than the hundredth Psalm to the tune of *Green Sleeves*. What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tun of oyl in his belly, a'shore at *Windsor?* how shall I be reveng'd on him? I think, the best way were to entertain him with hope, 'till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease. Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. *Page.* Letter for letter, but that the name of *Page* and *Ford* differs. To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinons, here's the twin brother of thy letter; but let thine inherit first, for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant, he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names; nay, more; and these are of the second edition: he will print them out of doubt, for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lye under mount *Pelion*. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Ford.* Why, this is the very ſame, the very hand, the very words; what doth he think of us?

Mrs. *Page.* Nay, I know not; it makes me almoſt ready to wrangle with mine own honeſty. I'll entertain myſelf like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, ſure, unleſs he knew ſome Strain in me, that I know not myſelf, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. *Ford.* Boarding, call it you! I'll be ſure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. *Page.* So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to ſea again. Let's be reveng'd on him; let's appoint him a meeting, give him a ſhow of comfort in his ſuit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horſes to mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay I will conſent to act any villany againſt him, that may not ſully the charineſs of our honeſty: oh, that my husband ſaw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealouſie.

Mrs. *Page.* Why, look, where he comes, and my good man too; he's as far from jealouſie, as I am from giving him cauſe; and that, I hope, is an unmeaſurable diſtance.

Mrs. *Ford.* You are the happier woman.

Mrs. *Page.* Let's conſult together againſt this greaſie Knight. Come, hither. [*They retire.*

Enter Ford *with* Piſtol, Page *with* Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope, it be not ſo.

Piſt. Hope is a curtal-dog in ſome affairs.
Sir *John* affects thy Wife.

Ford. Why Sir, my wife is not young.

Piſt. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, *Ford*;
He loves thy gally-mawfry, *Ford*, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Piſt. With liver burning hot: prevent, or go thou, like Sir *Acteon*, he, with Ring-wood at thy heels—O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name, Sir?

Piſt.

Piſt. The horn, I ſay: farewel.
Take heed, have open eye; for thieves do foot by night.
Take heed ere ſummer comes, or cuckoo-birds affright.
Away, Sir corporal *Nym.* ———
Believe it, *Page*, he ſpeaks ſenſe. [*Exit* Piſtol.

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true: I like not the humour of lying; he hath wrong'd me in ſome humours: I ſhould have borne the humour'd letter to her; but I have a ſword, and it ſhall bite upon my neceſſity. He loves your wife; there's the ſhort and the long. My name is Corporal *Nym*; I ſpeak, and I avouch; 'tis true: my name is *Nym*; and *Falſtaff* loves your Wife. Adieu; I love not the humour of bread and cheeſe: Adieu. [*Exit* Nym.

Page. The humour of it, quoth a'! here's a fellow, frights humour out of its wits.

Ford. I will ſeek out *Falſtaff*.

Page. I never heard ſuch a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it: well.

Pro. I will not believe ſuch a *Cataian*, tho' the prieſt o'th' town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good ſenſible fellow: well.

Mrs Page *and Mrs.* Ford *come forwards.*

Page. How now, *Meg?*

Mrs. *Page.* Whither go you, *George?* hark you.

Mrs. *Ford.* How now, ſweet *Frank*, why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy. Get you home, go.

Mrs. *Ford.* Faith, thou haſt ſome crotchets in thy head. Now, will you go, miſtreſs *Page?*

Mrs. *Page.* Have with you. You'll come to dinner, *George?* Look, who comes yonder; ſhe ſhall be our meſſenger to this paultry Knight.

Enter Miſtreſs Quickly.

Mrs. *Ford.* Truſt me I thought on her, ſhe'll fit it.

Mrs. *Page.* You are come to ſee my daughter *Anne?*

Quick. Ay, forſooth; and, I pray, how does good miſtreſs *Anne?*

Mrs.

Mrs. *Page*. Go in with us, and see; we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Exe. Mrs* Page, *Mrs*. Ford, *and Mrs*. Quickly.

Page. How now, master *Ford?*

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves; I do not think, the Knight would offer it; but these, that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoak of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that. Does he lye at the *Garter?*

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend his voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lye on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife, but I would be loth to turn them together; a man may be too confident; I would have nothing lye on my head; I cannot be thus satisfy'd.

Page. Look, where my ranting Host of the Garter comes; there is either liquor in his pate, or mony in his purse, when he looks so merrily. How, now, mine Host?

Enter Host *and* Shallow.

Host. How now, bully *Rock?* thou'rt a gentleman; cavalerio-justice, I say.

Shal. I follow mine Host, I follow. Good even, and twenty, good master *Page*. Master *Page*, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavaliero-justice; tell him, bully *Rock*.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir *Hugh* the *Welch* priest, and *Caius* the *French* doctor.

Ford. Good mine Host o'th'Garter, a word with you,

Host.

Host. What say'ſt thou, bully *Rock?*

Shal. Will you go with us to behold it? my merry Hoſt hath had the meaſuring of their weapons, and, I think, he hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear, the parſon is no jeſter. Hark, I will tell you what our ſport ſhall be.

Host. Haſt thou no ſuit againſt my Knight, my gueſt-cavalier?

Ford. None, I proteſt; but I'll give you a pottle of burnt ſack to give me recourſe to him, (9) and tell him, my name is *Brook*; only for a jeſt.

Host. My hand, bully: thou ſhalt have egreſs and regreſs; ſaid I well? and thy name ſhall be *Brook*. It is a merry Knight. (10) Will you go an-heirs?

Shal. Have with you, mine hoſt.

Page. I have heard, the *Frenchman* hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, Sir, I could have told you more; in theſe times you ſtand on diſtance, your paſſes, ſtoccado's and I know not what: 'tis the heart, maſter *Page*; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have ſeen the time, with my long

(9) *And tell him, my Name is* Brook;] Thus both the old *Quarto's*; and thus moſt certainly the Poet wrote. We need no better Evidence, than the Pun that *Falſtaff* anon makes on the Name, when *Brook* ſends him ſome burnt Sack.

Such Brooks *are welcome to me, that overflow with ſuch Liquor.*

The Players, in their Editions, alter'd the Name to *Broom*: But how far that Name will ſort with that jeſt, is ſubmitted to common Senſe.

(10) *Will you go* an-heirs?] I can make Nothing of this Reading, which hath poſſeſs'd all the Editions. The Word is not to be traced; and, conſequently, I am apt to ſuſpect, muſt be corrupted. I ſhould think, the Hoſt meant to ſay, either,

Will you go on here?

Pointing out the Way, which was to lead them to the Combatants; as he afterwards ſays. *Here, boys, here, here; ſhall we wag?* Or, *Will you go,* myn-heers? i. e. my Maſters; Both theſe make plain Senſe; and are not remote from the Traces of the Text: but, without ſome ſuch Alteration, the Paſſage ſeems utterly unintelligible to me.

ſword

sword, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here: shall we wag?

Page. Have with you; I had rather hear them scold than fight. [*Exeunt* Host, Shallow *and* Page.

Ford. Tho' *Page* be a secure fool, (11) and stand so firmly on his wife's fealty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily. She was in his company at *Page*'s house; and what they made there, I know not. Well I will look further into't; and I have a disguise to sound *Falstaff*: if I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestow'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the* Garter-Inn.

Enter Falstaff *and* Pistol.

Fal. I Will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why then the world's mine oyster, which I with sword will open. ——— I will retort the sum in Equipage.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, Sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn; I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you, and your couch-fellow, *Nim*; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damn'd in hell for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows. And when mistress *Bridget* lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour, thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: think'st thou, I'll endanger my soul *gratis?* At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you: go, a short knife

(11) *And stand so firmly on his-Wife's* Frailty,] No surely; *Page* stood tightly to the opinion of her Honesty, and would not entertain a Thought of her being *frail*. I have therefore ventur'd to substitute a Word correspondent to the Sense requir'd; and one, which our Poet frequently uses, to signify *conjugal Faith*.

and

and a throng, to your manour of *Pickt-hatch*; go, you'll not bear a letter for me, your rogue! you ſtand upon your honour! why, thou unconfinable baſeneſs, it is as much as I can do to keep the term of my honour preciſe. I, I, I myſelf ſometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my neceſſity, am fain to ſhuffle, to hedge and to lurch; and yet you rogue will enſconſe your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lettice phraſes, and your bold-beating oaths, under the ſhelter of your honour! you will not do it, you!

Piſt. I do relent; what wouldſt thou more of man?

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would ſpeak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Miſtreſs Quickly.

Quic. Give your worſhip good morrow.

Fal. Good morrow, good wife.

Quic. Not ſo, and't pleaſe your worſhip.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quic. I'll be ſworn, as my mother was, the firſt hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the ſwearer: what with me?

Quic. Shall I vouchſafe your worſhip a word or two?

Fal. Two thouſand, fair woman, and I'll vouchſafe thee the hearing.

Quic. There is one miſtreſs *Ford*, Sir: I pray, come a little nearer this ways: I myſelf dwell with Mr. Doctor *Caius*.

Fal. Well, on: miſtreſs *Ford*, you ſay——

Quic. Your worſhip ſays very true: I pray your worſhip, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, no body hears: mine own people, mine own people.

Quic. Are they ſo? heaven bleſs them, and make them his ſervants!

Fal. Well: miſtreſs *Ford*, ——what of her?

Quic. Why, Sir, ſhe's a good creature. Lord, lord, your

your worship's a wanton: well, heav'n forgive you, and all of us, I pray ——

Fal. Mistress *Ford*, — come, mistress *Ford* ——

Quic. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries, as 'tis wonderful: the best courtier of them all, when the court lay at *Windsor*, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, smelling so sweetly; all musk; and so rustling, I warrant you, in silk and gold, and in such alligant terms, and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her. I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defie all angels, in any such sort as they say, but in the way of honesty; and I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good She *Mercury*.

Quic. Marry, she hath receiv'd your letter, for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notifie, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven.

Quic. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of: master *Ford*, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him, he's a very jealousie-man; she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven: woman, commend me to her, I will not fail her.

Quic. Why, you say well: But I have another messenger to your worship; mistress *Page* has her hearty commendations to you too; and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell

tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in *Windsor*, whoe'er be the other; and she bad me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home, but, she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman so doat upon a man; surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quic. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But I pray thee, tell me this; has *Ford*'s wife, and *Page*'s wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quic. That were a jest, indeed; they have not so little grace, I hope; that were a trick, indeed! but mistress *Page* would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and, truly, master *Page* is an honest man. Never a wife in *Windsor* leads a better life, than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and, truly, she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in *Windsor*, truly, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quic. Nay, but do so then; and look you, he may come and go between you both, and in any case have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind: and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good, that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well; commend me to them both: there's my purse, I am yet thy debtor. Boy, go along, with this woman. This news distracts me!

[*Exeunt* Quickly *and* Robin.

Pist. This punk is one of *Cupid*'s carriers:
Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights;
Give fire; she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!

[*Exit* Pistol.

Fal. Say'st thou so, old *Jack?* go thy ways; I'll make

make more of thy old body, than I have done; will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expence of so much mony, be now a gainer? good body, I thank thee; let them say, 'tis grosly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Sir *John*, there's one master *Brook* below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. Brook, is his name?

Bard. Ay, Sir.

Fal. Call him in; [*Exit* Bardolph.] such *Brooks* are welcome to me, that o'erflow with such liquor. Ah! ah! mistress *Ford* and mistress *Page*, have I encompass'd you? go to, *via!*

Re-enter Bardolph, *with* Ford *disguis'd.*

Ford. Bless you, Sir.

Fal. And you, Sir; would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome; what's your will? give us leave, drawer. [*Exit* Bardolph.

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is *Brook*.

Fal. Good master *Brook*, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir *John*, I sue for yours; not to charge you; for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are, the which hath something emboldened me to this unseason'd intrusion; for they say, if mony go before, all ways do lye open.

Fal. Mony is a good soldier, Sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of mony, here, troubles me; if you will help me to bear it, Sir *John*, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford.

Ford. I will tell you, Sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good master *Brook*, I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear, you are a scholar; (I will be brief with you) and you have been a man long known to me, tho' I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you: I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfections; but, good Sir *John*, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own, that I may pass with a reproof the easier; sith you yourself know, how easie it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well: Sir, proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is *Ford.*

Fal. Well, Sir.

Ford. I have long lov'd her; and, I protest to you, bestow'd much on her; follow'd her with a doating observance; ingross'd opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursu'd me, which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means; meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel; That I have purchas'd at an infinite rate, and That hath taught me to say this;

" *Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;*
" *Pursuing That that flies, and flying what pursues.*

Fal. Have you receiv'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built on another man's ground;

so

so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that tho' she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir *John*, here is the heart of my purpose: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentick in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O Sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it; there is mony, spend it, spend it; spend more, spend all I have, only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this *Ford*'s wife; use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemence of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? methinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift; she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too too strongly embattel'd against me. What say you to't, Sir *John?*

Fal. Master *Brook*, I will first make bold with your mony; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy *Ford*'s wife.

Ford. O good Sir!

Fal. Master *Brook*, I say, you shall.

Ford. Want no mony, Sir *John*, you shall want none.

Fal. Want no mistress *Ford*, master *Brook*, you shall want none; I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment. Even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go between, parted from me; I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth; come you to me at night, you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance: do you know *Ford*, Sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave, I know him not: yet I wrong him, to call him poor; they say, the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of mony, for the which his wife seems to be well-favour'd. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly-rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew *Ford*, Sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue; I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel; it shall hang like a meteor o'er the Cuckold's horns. Master *Brook*, thou shalt know, I will predominate over the peasant; and thou shalt lye with his wife: Come to me soon at night; *Ford*'s a knave, and I will aggravate his stile: thou, master *Brook*, shalt know him for knave and cuckold: come to me soon at night. [*Exit.*

Ford. What a damn'd *Epicurean* rascal is this! my heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says, this is improvident jealousie? my wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixt, the match is made; would any man have thought this? see the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be abus'd, my coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me the wrong. Terms, names; *Amaimon* sounds well; *Lucifer*, well; *Barbason* well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold, wittol, cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. *Page* is an ass, a secure ass, he will trust his wife; he will not be jealous: I will rather trust a *Fleming* with my butter, parson *Hugh* the *Welchman* with my

my cheese, an *Irishman* with my *Aquavitæ* bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises: and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heav'n be prais'd for my jealousie! Eleven o'clock the hour; I will prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on *Falstaff*, and laugh at *Page:* I will about it: better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie; cuckold, cuckold, cuckold! [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* Windsor Park.

Enter Caius *and* Rugby.

Caius. JACK *Rugby!*

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, *Jack?*

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, Sir, that Sir *Hugh* promis'd to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his pible well, dat he is no come: by gar, *Jack Rugby*, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, Sir; he knew, your worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is not so dead as me vill make him. Take your rapier, *Jack*; I vill tell you how I will kill him.

Rug. Alas, Sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villany, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, Shallow, Slender *and* Page.

Host. 'Bless thee, bully Doctor.

Shal. 'Save you, Mr. Doctor *Caius.*

Page. Now, good Mr. Doctor.

Slen. Give you good morrow, Sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foigne, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there, to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thymontant. Is he dead, my *Ethiopian?* Is he dead,

my *Francisco?* ha, bully? what says my *Æsculapius?* my *Galen?* my heart of elder? ha? is he dead, bully-stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward *Jack-priest* of de vorld; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a *Castalion-king-Urinal: Hector* of *Greece*, my boy.

Caius. I pray you bear witness, that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, Mr. Doctor; he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies: if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions: Is it not true, master *Page?*

Page. Master *Shallow*, you have yourself been a great fighter, tho' now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins, Mr. *Page*, tho' I now be old, and of peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one; tho' we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, Mr. *Page*, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, Mr. *Page*.

Page. 'Tis true, Mr. *Shallow*.

Shal. It will be found so, Mr. *Page*. Mr. Doctor *Caius*, I am come to fetch you home; I am sworn of the peace; you have shew'd yourself a wise physician, and Sir *Hugh* hath shown himself a wise and patient church-man: you must go with me, Mr. Doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest-justice; a word, Monsieur mock-water.

Caius. Mock-vater? vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our *English* tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much mock-vater as de *Englishman*, scurvy-jack-dog-priest; by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me; for by gar, me vill have it.

Host.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And moreover, bully: but first, Mr. Guest, and Mr. *Page*, and eek *Cavaliero Slender*, go you through the town to *Frogmore*.

Page. Sir *Hugh* is there, is he?

Host. He is there; see, what humour he is in; and I will bring the Doctor about the fields: will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

All. Adieu, good Mr. Doctor.

[*Exe.* Page, Shallow *and* Slender.

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to *Anne Page*.

Host. Let him die; but, first, sheath thy impatience: throw cold water on thy choler; go about the fields with me through *Frogmore*; I will bring thee where mistress *Anne Page* is, at a farm-house a feasting; and thou shalt woo her, (12) Try'd game; said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you vor dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure 'a you de good guest; de Earl, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which I will be thy adversary toward *Anne Page:* said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, *Jack Rugby*. [*Exeunt.*

(12) *And thou shalt* woo *her*, Cride-Game,] Thus the old Folio's: The Quarto's with a little Difference. *And thou shalt* wear *her* cry'd Game. *Said I well?* Neither of the Readings furnish any Idea; nor can be genuine. *Try'd Game*, as I have restor'd it, may well signify, Thou old Cock of the Game; thou experienc'd Sinner: and might be reasonably apply'd to *Caius*, who was an old Batchelor, and had Dame *Quickly* for his Housekeeper.

ACT III.

SCENE, Frogmore *near* Windſor.

Enter Evans *and* Simple.

EVANS.

I Pray you now, good maſter *Slender*'s ſervingman, and friend *Simple* by your name, which way have you look'd for maſter *Caius*, that calls himſelf *Doctor of Phyſick?*

Simp. Marry, Sir, the *Pitty-ward*, the *Park-ward*, every way, old *Windſor* way, and every way but the town way.

Eva. I moſt fehemently deſire you, you will alſo look that way.

Simp. I will, Sir.

Eva. 'Pleſs my ſoul, how full of chollars I am, and trempling of mind! I ſhall be glad, if he have deceiv'd me; how melancholies I am! I will knog his urinals about his knave's coſtard, when I have good opportunities for the orke: 'Pleſs my ſoul!

[*Sings, being afraid.*

By ſhallow rivers, to whoſe falls
Melodious birds ſing madrigalls;
There will we make our peds of roſes;
And a thouſand vragrant poſies.

By ſhallow——'Mercy on me! I have a great diſpoſitions to cry. *Melodious birds ſing madrigalls* —— *When as I ſat in* Pabilon; ——*and a thouſand vragrant poſies.* ——*By ſhallow*, &c.

Simp. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir *Hugh*.

Eva. He's welcome. *By ſhallow rivers, to whoſe falls*——

Heav'n proſper the right! what weapons is he?

Simp.

Simp. No weapons, Sir; there comes my master, Mr. *Shallow*, and another gentleman from *Frogmore*, over the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown, or else keep it in your arms.

Enter Page, Shallow *and* Slender.

Shal. How now, master Parson? good morrow, good Sir *Hugh*. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah, sweet *Anne Page!*

Page. Save you, good Sir *Hugh*.

Eva. 'Pless you from his mercy-sake, all of you.

Shal. What? the sword and the word? do you study them both, Mr. Parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw-rheumatick day?

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, Mr. Parson.

Eva. Ferry well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike, having receiv'd wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. I have liv'd fourscore years, and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think, you know him; Mr. Doctor *Caius*, the renowned *French* physician.

Eva. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you should tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*; and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave as you will desire to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Slen. O, sweet *Anne Page!*

Enter Hoſt, Caius, *and* Rugby.

Shal. It appears ſo, by his weapons: keep them aſunder: here comes Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Nay, good Mr. Parſon, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good Mr. Doctor.

Hoſt. Diſarm them, and let them queſtion; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our *Engliſh*.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me ſpeak a word with your ear: wherefore vill you not meet-a me?

Eva. Pray you, uſe your patience in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de *Jack* dog, *John* ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-ſtocks to other mens humours: I deſire you in friendſhip, and will one way or other make you amends; I will knog your urinal about your knave's cogs-comb, for miſſing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable! Jack Rugby, mine *Hoſt de Jartere*, have I not ſtay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a chriſtian's ſoul, now look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay, *Gallia* and *Gaul*, *French* and *Welch*, ſoul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good, excellent.

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay; hear mine Hoſt of the Garter. Am I politick? am I ſubtle? am I a *Machiavel?* ſhall I loſe my Doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I loſe my Parſon? my Prieſt? my Sir *Hugh?* no; he gives me the proverbs and the no verbs. Give me thy hand, terreſtrial; ſo: Give me thy hand, celeſtial; ſo. Boys of art, I have deceiv'd you both: I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your ſkins are whole, and let burn'd ſack be the iſſue. Come, lay their ſwords to pawn. Follow me, lad of peace, follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Truſt me, a mad Hoſt. Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen.

Slen. O, sweet *Anne Page!*

[*Exeunt* Shal. Slen. Page *and* Host.

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make a-de-sot of us, ha, ha?

Eva. This is well, he has made us his vlouting-stog. I desire you, that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scald-scurvy-cogging companion, the Host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, with all my heart; he promise to bring me where is *Anne Page*; by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles; pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The Street, in* Windsor.

Enter Mistress Page, *and* Robin.

Mrs. *Page.* NAY, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. *Page.* O, you are a flattering boy; now, I see, you'll be a Courtier.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, mistress *Page*; whither go you?

Mrs. *Page.* Truly, Sir, to see your wife; is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company; I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. *Page.* Be sure of that, two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs. *Page.* I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of: what do you call your Knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir *John Falstaff.*

Ford. Sir *John Falstaff?*

Mrs. *Page.* He, he; I can never hit on's name; there is such a league between my good man and he. Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed, she is.

Mrs. *Page.* By your leave, Sir; I am sick, 'till I see her. [*Exeunt Mrs.* Page *and* Robin.

Ford. Has *Page* any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? sure, they sleep: he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve-score; he pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage; and now she's going to my wife, and *Falstaff*'s boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind: and *Falstaff*'s boy with her! good plots; they are laid, and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife; pluck the borrow'd veil of modesty from the so seeming mistress *Page*, divulge *Page* himself for a secure and wilful *Acteon*, and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find *Falstaff:* I shall be rather praised for this, than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that *Falstaff* is there: I will go.

To him Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Evans, *and* Caius.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, Mr *Ford.*

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home, and I pray you, all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, Mr. *Ford.*

Slen. And so must I, Sir; we have appointed to dine with Mrs. *Anne*, and I would not break with her for more mony than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match between *Anne Page* and my cousin *Slender*, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen.

Slen. I hope, I have your good will, father *Page.*

Page. You have, Mr. *Slender*; I stand wholly for you; but my wife, master Doctor is for you, altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar, and de maid is love-a-me: my nursh-a *Quickly* tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young Mr. *Fenton?* he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holy-day, he smells *April* and *May*; he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you: the Gentleman is of no Having, he kept company with the wild Prince and *Poinz:* he is of too high a region, he knows too much; no, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance. If he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner; besides your cheer you shall have sport; I will shew you a monster. Mr. Doctor, you shall go; so shall you, Mr. *Page*; and you, Sir *Hugh.*

Shal. Well, fare you well; we shall have the freer wooing at Mr. *Page*'s.

Caius. Go home, *John-Rugby*, I come anon.

Host. Farewel, my hearts; I will to my honest Knight *Falstaff*, and drink *Canary* with him.

Ford. I think, I shall drink in Pipe-wine first with him: I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you, to see this monster. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Ford's *House.*

Enter Mrs. Ford, *Mrs.* Page, *and Servants with a basket.*

Mrs. *Ford.* WHAT, *John!* what, *Robert!*

Mrs. *Page.* Quickly, quickly: is the buck-basket——

Mrs. *Ford.* I warrant.——What, *Robin*, I say.

Mrs. *Page.* Come, come, come.

Mrs. *Ford.* Here, set it down.

Mrs. *Page.*

Mrs. *Page*. Give your men the charge, we must be brief.

Mrs. *Ford*. Marry, as I told you before, *John* and *Robert*, be ready here hard by in the brew-house, and when I suddenly call on you, come forth, and without any pause or staggering take this basket on your shoulders; that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in *Datchet*-Mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the *Thames* side.

Mrs. *Page*. You will do it?

Mrs. *Ford*. I ha' told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

Mrs. *Page*. Here comes little *Robin*.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. *Ford*. How now, my Eyas-musket, what news with you?

Rob. My master Sir *John* is come in at your back-door, mistress *Ford*, and requests your company.

Mrs. *Page*. You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn; my master knows not of your being here, and hath threaten'd to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he swears, he'll turn me away.

Mrs. *Page*. Thou'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. I'll go hide me.

Mrs. *Ford*. Do so; go tell thy master, I am alone; mistress *Page*, remember you your cue. [*Exit* Robin.

Mrs. *Page*. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me. [*Exit Mrs*. Page.

Mrs. *Ford*. Go to then; we'll use this unwholsome humidity, this gross watry pumpion —— we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heav'nly jewel? why, now let me die; for I have liv'd long enough: this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. *Ford*.

Mrs. *Ford.* O sweet Sir *John!*

Fal. Mrs. *Ford,* I cannot cog; I cannot prate, mistress *Ford:* now shall I sin in my wish. I would, thy husband were dead; I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. *Ford.* I your lady, Sir *John?* alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the Court of *France* shew me such another; I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched bent of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any *Venetian* attire.

Mrs. *Ford.* A plain kerchief, Sir *John:* my brows become nothing else, nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to say so; thou would'st make an absolute Courtier; and the firm fixure of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gate, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert; if fortune thy foe were not, nature is thy friend: come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. *Ford.* Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say, thou art this and that, like a-many of these lisping haw-thorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like *Bucklers-Bury* in simpling time: I cannot: but I love thee, none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. *Ford.* Do not betray me, Sir; I fear, you love mistress *Page.*

Fal. Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the *Counter*-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. *Ford.* Well, heav'n knows how I love you, and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*within.*] Mistress *Ford,* mistress *Ford,* here's mistress *Page* at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. *Ford.* Pray you, do so; she's a very tattling woman. [Falstaff *hides himself.*

Enter mistress Page.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. *Page.* O mistress *Ford*, what have you done? you're sham'd, y'are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs. *Ford.* What's the matter, good mistress *Page?*

Mrs. *Page.* O well-a-day, mistress *Ford*, having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. *Ford.* What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. *Page.* What cause of suspicion? out upon you! how am I mistook in you?

Mrs. *Ford.* Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. *Page.* Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in *Windsor*, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence. You are undone.

Mrs. *Ford.* Speak louder—[*Aside.*] 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. *Page.* Pray heav'n it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis most certain, your husband's coming with half *Windsor* at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you: if you know your self clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your Senses to you, defend your reputation, or bid farewel to your good life for ever.

Mrs. *Ford.* What shall I do? there is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame, so much as his peril. I had rather than a thousand pound, he were out of the house.

Mrs. *Page.* For shame, never stand *you had rather*, and *you had rather*; your husband's here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance, in the house you cannot hide him. Oh, how have you deceiv'd me? look, here

here is a basket, if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here, and throw foul linnen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or it is whiting time, send him by your two men to *Datchet*-mead.

Mrs. *Ford.* He's too big to go in there: what shall I do?

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't, O let me see't; I'll in, I'll in; follow your friend's counsel; I'll in.

Mrs. *Page.* What! Sir *John Falstaff?* are these your letters, Knight?

Fal. I love thee, help me away; let me creep in here. I'll never———

[*He goes into the basket, they cover him with foul linnen.*

Mrs. *Page.* Help to cover your master, boy: call your men, mistress *Ford.* You dissembling Knight!

Mrs. *Ford.* What, *John, Robert, John,* go take up these cloaths here, quickly. Where's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble: carry them to the landress in *Datchet*-mead; quickly, come.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, *and* Evans.

Ford. Pray you, come near; if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest, I deserve it. How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the landress, forsooth.

Mrs. *Ford.* Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck? I would, I could, wash my self of the buck: buck, buck, buck? ay, buck: I warrant you, buck, and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dream'd to night, I'll tell you my dream: here, here, here be my keys; ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out. I'll warrant, we'll unkennel the fox. Let me stop this way first. So, now uncape.

Page. Good master *Ford,* be contented: you wrong your self too much.

Ford.

Ford. True, master *Page.* Up, gentlemen, you shall see sport anon; follow me, gentlemen.

Eva. This is ferry fantastical humours and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no the fashion of *France*; it is not jealous in *France*——

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen, see the issue of his search. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Mistress Page *and Mistress* Ford.

Mrs. *Page.* Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. *Ford.* I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceiv'd, or Sir *John.*

Mrs. *Page.* What a taking was he in, when your husband ask'd who was in the basket!

Mrs. *Ford.* I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. *Page.* Hang him, dishonest rascal; I would, all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. *Ford.* I think, my husband hath some special suspicion of *Falstaff*'s being here! I never saw him so gross in his jealousie till now.

Mrs. *Page.* I will lay a plot to try that, and we will yet have more tricks with *Falstaff:* his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. *Ford.* Shall we send that foolish carrion, mistress *Quickly,* to him, and excuse his throwing into the water, and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. *Page.* We'll do it; let him be sent for to-morrow by eight a clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, *&c.*

Ford. I cannot find him; may be, the knave brag'd of that he could not compass.

Mrs. *Page.* Heard you that?

Mrs. *Ford.* I, I; peace:——You use me well, master *Ford,* do you?

Ford. Ay, ay, I do so.

Mrs. *Ford.*

Mrs. *Ford.* Heav'n make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. *Page.* You do your ſelf mighty wrong, Mr. *Ford.*

Ford. Ay, ay; I muſt bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the houſe, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the preſſes, heav'n forgive my ſins at the day of judgment!

Caius. By gar, nor I too; there is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Mr. *Ford,* are you not aſham'd? what ſpirit, what devil ſuggeſts this imagination? I would not ha' your diſtemper in this kind, for the wealth of *Windſor Caſtle.*

Ford. 'Tis my fault, Mr. *Page:* I ſuffer for it.

Eva. You ſuffer for a pad conſcience; your wife is as honeſt a o'mans, as I will deſires among five thouſand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I ſee, 'tis an honeſt woman.

Ford. Well, I promis'd you a dinner; come, come, walk in the park. I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this. Come, wife; come, miſtreſs *Page*; I pray you pardon me: pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but truſt me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to morrow morning to my houſe to breakfaſt; after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the buſh. Shall it be ſo?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I ſhall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I ſhall make a de turd.

Eva. In your teeth, for ſhame.

Ford. Pray you go, Mr. *Page.*

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to morrow on the louſie knave, mine Hoſt.

Caius. Dat is good, by gar, with all my heart.

Eva. A louſie knave, to have his gibes, and his mockeries. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to* Page's *House.*

Enter Fenton *and Mistress* Anne Page.

Fent. I See, I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet *Nan.*

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thy self.
He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that my state being gall'd with my expence,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth.
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,
My riots past, my wild societies:
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, heav'n so speed me in my time to come
Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, *Anne:*
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thy self
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Mr. *Fenton,*
Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, Sir;
If opportunity and humblest suit (13)
Cannot attain it, why then——hark you hither.

[Fenton *and Mistress* Anne *go apart.*

(13) *If* opportunity *and humblest Suit*] Dr. *Thirlby* imagines, that our Author with more Propriety wrote;

If Importunity *and humblest Suit*

I have not ventur'd to disturb the Text, because, tho' an equal Exactness be not maintain'd in the Expression, it may mean, " If the frequent Opportunities you find of folliciting " my Father, and your Obsequiousness to him, cannot get " him over to your Party, &c.

Enter

Enter Shallow, Slender, *and Miſtreſs* Quickly.

Shal. Break their talk, miſtreſs *Quickly*; my kinſman ſhall ſpeak for himſelf.

Slen. I'll make a ſhaft or a bolt on't: 'd'slid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not diſmay'd,

Slen. No, ſhe ſhall not diſmay me: I care not for that, but that I am affeard.

Quic. Hark ye, Mr *Slender* would ſpeak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him.——This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Look handſome in three hundred pounds a year!

Quic. And how does good maſter *Fenton?* pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadſt a father!

Slen. I had a father, Mrs. *Anne*; my uncle can tell you good jeſts of him. Pray you, uncle, tell Mrs. *Anne* the jeſt, how my father ſtole two geeſe out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Miſtreſs *Anne*, my couſin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do, as well as I love any woman in *Glouceſterſhire*.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a Squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good maſter *Shallow*, let him woo for himſelf.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that. Good comfort; ſhe calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now maſter *Slender*.

Slen. Now, good miſtreſs *Anne*.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My Will? od's-heart-lings, that's a pretty jeſt, indeed, I ne'er made my Will yet, I thank heav'n; I am not ſuch a ſickly creature, I give heav'n praiſe.

[*Anne.*

Anne. I mean, Mr. *Slender*, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for my own part, I would little or nothing with you; your father and my uncle have made motions; if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! they can tell you how things go, better than I can; you may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter Page, *and Mistress* Page.

Page. Now, master *Slender:* love him, daughter *Anne.*

——Why, how now? what does master *Fenton* here?
You wrong me, Sir, thus still to haunt my house:
I told you, Sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fent. Nay, master *Page*, be not impatient.

Mrs. *Page.* Good master *Fenton*, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good master *Fenton.*
Come, master *Shallow*; come, son *Slender*, in.
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master *Fenton.*

[*Exeunt* Page, Shallow, *and* Slender.

Quic. Speak to mistress *Page*,

Fent. Good mistress *Page*, for that I love your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love,
And not retire. Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yon fool.

Mrs. *Page.* I mean it not, I seek you a better husband.

Quic. That's my master, master Doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i'th earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips.

Mrs. *Page.* Come, trouble not your self; good master *Fenton*,
I will not be your friend nor enemy:
My daughter will I question how she loves you,

And

And as I find her, so am I affected.
'Till then, farewel, Sir; she must needs go in,
Her father will be angry. [*Exe. Mrs.* Page *and* Anne.

Fent. Farewel, gentle mistress; farewel, *Nan.*

Quic. This is my doing now. Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? look on master *Fenton:* this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to night Give my sweet *Nan* this ring: there's for thy pains. [*Exit.*

Quic. Now heav'n send thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath, a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my master had mistress *Anne*, or I would Mr. *Slender* had her; or, in sooth, I would Mr. *Fenton* had her. I will do what I can for them all three, for so I have promis'd; and I'll be as good as my word, but speciously for Mr. *Fenton*. Well, I must of another errand to Sir *John Falstaff* from my two mistresses: what a beast am I to slack it? [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the* Garter-Inn.

Enter Falstaff *and* Bardolph.

Fal. *Bardolph*, I say.

Bard. Here, Sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack, put a toast in't. [*Ex.* Bard.] Have I liv'd to be carry'd in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown into the *Thames?* well, if I be serv'd such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new-years gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse (14) as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i'th'litter;

(14) *As they would have drown'd a* blind bitch's *puppies,*] I have ventur'd to transpose the Adjective here, against the Authority of the printed Copies. I know, in Horses, a Colt from a blind Stallion loses much of the Value it might otherwise have; but are *puppies* ever drown'd the sooner, for coming from a *blind Bitch?* The Author certainly wrote, *as they would have drown'd a Bitch's blind puppies.*

and

and you may know, by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking: if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drown'd, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man: and what a thing should I have been, when I had been swell'd? I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Enter Bardolph.

Now, is the Sack brew'd?

Bard. Here's Mrs. *Quickly*, Sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the *Thames*-water; for my belly's as cold as if I had swallow'd snow-balls, for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Quic. By your leave: I cry you mercy. Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these challices: go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, Sir?

Fal. Simple of it self: I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage. How now?

Quic. Marry, Sir, I come to your worship from mistress *Ford.*

Fal. Mistress *Ford?* I have had Ford enough; I was thrown into the Ford; I have my belly full of Ford.

Quic. Alas the dey! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build on a foolish woman's promise.

Quic. Well, she laments, Sir, for it, that it would yern your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine. I must carry her word quickly; she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her; tell her so, and bid her think, what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quic.

Quic. I will tell her,

Fal. Do ſo. Between nine and ten, ſay'ſt thou?

Quic. Eight and nine, Sir.

Fal. Well, be gone; I will not miſs her.

Quic. Peace be with you, Sir. [*Exit.*

Fal. I marvel, I hear not of maſter *Brook*; he ſent me word to ſtay within: I like his mony well. Oh, here he comes.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bleſs you, Sir.

Fal. Now, maſter *Brook*, you come to know what hath paſs'd between me and *Ford*'s wife.

Ford. That indeed, Sir *John*, is my buſineſs.

Fal. Maſter *Brook*, I will not lie to you; I was at her houſe the hour ſhe appointed me.

Ford. And you ſped, Sir?

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, maſter *Brook*.

Ford. How, Sir, did ſhe change her determination?

Fal. No, maſter *Brook*; but the peaking cornuto her huſband, maſter *Brook*, dwelling in a continual larum of jealouſie, comes me in the inſtant of our encounter; after we had embrac'd, kiſs'd, proteſted, and as it were, ſpoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provok'd and inſtigated by his diſtemper, and, forſooth, to ſearch his Houſe for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you was there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he ſearch for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You ſhall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one miſtreſs *Page*, gives intelligence of *Ford*'s approach, and by her invention, and *Ford*'s wife's diſtraction, they convey'd me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket?

Fal. Yea, a buck-basket; ramm'd me in with foul ſhirts and ſmocks, ſocks, foul ſtockings, and greaſie napkins; that, maſter *Brook*, there was the rankeſt compound of villainous ſmell, that ever offended noſtril.

Ford.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, master *Brook*, what I have suffer'd to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the basket, a couple of *Ford*'s knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul cloaths to *Datchet-lane*; they took me on their shoulders, met the jealous knave their master in the door, who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their basket; I quak'd for fear, lest the lunatick knave would have search'd it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well, on went he for a search, and away went I for foul cloaths; but mark the sequel, master *Brook*; I suffer'd the pangs of three egregious deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected by a jealous rotten bell-weather; next to be compass'd like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then to be stopt in, like a strong distillation, with stinking cloaths that fretted in their own grease: think of that, a man of my kidney; think of that, that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stew'd in grease, like a *Dutch* dish, to be thrown into the *Thames*, and cool'd glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that; hissing hot; think of that, master *Brook*.

Ford. In good sadness, Sir, I am sorry that for my sake you suffer'd all this. My suit is then desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master *Brook*, I will be thrown into *Etna*, as I have been into *Thames*, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding; I have receiv'd from her another embassie of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master *Brook*.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, Sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crown'd with your enjoying her; adieu, you shall have her, master *Brook*; master *Brook*, you shall cuckold *Ford*. [*Exit.*

Ford.

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? master *Ford*, awake; awake, master *Ford*; there's a hole made in your best coat, master *Ford*; this 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linnen and buck-baskets! well, I will proclaim myself what I am? I will now take the leacher; he is at my house; he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible, he should; he cannot creep into a half-penny purse, nor into a pepper-box. But, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places; tho' what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn-mad. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, Page's *House.*

Enter Mrs. Page, *Mrs.* Quickly, *and* William.

Mrs. PAGE.

IS he at Mr. *Ford*'s already, think'st thou?

Quic. Sure, he is by this, or will be presently? but truly he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water; Mrs. *Ford* desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. *Page.* I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see. How now, Sir *Hugh*, no school to day?

Enter Evans.

Eva. No; master *Slender* is let the boys leave to play.

Quic. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. *Page.* Sir *Hugh*, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you ask him some questions in his Accidence.

Eva. Come hither, *William*; hold up your head, come.

Mrs. *Page.* Come on, Sirrah, hold up your head; answer your master, be not afriad.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quic. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, od's nouns.

Eva. Peace your tatlings. What is *Fair, William?*

Will. Pulcher.

Quic. Poulcats? there are fairer things than proulcats, sure.

Eva. You are a very simplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace. What is *Lapis, William?*

Will. A stone.

Eva. And what is a stone, *William?*

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *Lapis:* I pray you, remember in your prain.

Will. Lapis.

Eva. That is a good *William:* what is he, *William,* that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrow'd of the pronoun, and be thus declin'd, *singulariter nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

Eva. Nominativo, hig, hag, hog; pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus:* well what is your *accusative case?*

Will. Accusative, hinc.

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *accusative, hung, hang, hog.*

Quic. Hang hog is *Latin* for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the *focative case, William?*

Will. O, *vocativo,* O.

Eva. Remember, *William, focative* is *caret.*

Quic. And that's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. *Page.* Peace.

Eva, What is your *genitive case plural, William?*

Will. Genitive case?

Eva. Ay.

Will.

Will. Genitive, horum, harum, horum.

Quic. 'Vengeance of *Giney's* caſe; fie on her! never name her, child, if ſhe be a whore.

Eva. For ſhame, 'oman.

Quic. You do ill to teach the child ſuch words: he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do faſt enough of themſelves; and to call horum; fie upon you!

Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunacies; haſt thou no underſtandings for thy caſes, and the numbers of the genders? thou art as fooliſh chriſtian creatures, as I would deſire.

Mrs. *Page.* Pr'ythee, hold thy peace.

Eva. Shew me now, *William*, ſome declenſions of your pronouns.

Will. Forſooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is, *ki, kæ, cod*; if you forget your *kies*, your *kæs*, and your *cods*, you muſt be preeches: go your ways and play, go.

Mrs. *Page.* He is a better ſcholar, than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good ſprag memory. Farewel, Mrs. *Page.*

Mrs. *Page.* Adieu, good Sir *Hugh.* Get you home, boy. Come, we ſtay too long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Ford's *Houſe.*

Enter Falſtaff *and Mrs.* Ford.

Fal. MIſtreſs *Ford*, your ſorrow hath eaten up my ſufferance; I ſee, you are obſequious in your love, and I profeſs requital to a hair's breadth; not only, miſtreſs *Ford*, in the ſimple office of love, but in all the accouſtrement, complement, and cermony of it. But are you ſure of your husband now?

Mrs. *Ford.* He's a birding, ſweet Sir *John.*

Mrs *Page.* [*within.*] What hoa, goſſip *Ford!* what hoa!

Mrs. *Ford.* Step into the chamber, Sir *John.*

[*Exit* Falſtaff.

Enter Mrs Page.

Mrs. *Page*. How now, sweet heart, who's at home besides your self?

Mrs. *Ford*. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. *Page*. Indeed?

Mrs. *Ford*. No, certainly——Speak louder. [*Aside.*

Mrs. *Page*. Truly, I am so glad you have no body here

Mrs. *Ford*. Why?

Mrs. *Page* Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes again; he so takes on yonder with my husband, so rails against all married mankind, so curses all *Eve's* daughters, of what complexion soever, and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, *peer-out, peer-out!* that any madness I ever yet beheld seem'd but tameness, civility, and patience, to this distemper he is in now; I am glad, the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. *Ford*. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. *Page*. Of none but him? and swears, he was carry'd out, the last time he search'd for him, in a basket? protests to my husband, he is now here? and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion; but I am glad, the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. *Ford*. How near is he, mistress *Page?*

Mrs. *Page*. Hard by, at street's end, he will be here anon.

Mrs. *Ford*. I am undone, the knight is here.

Mrs. *Page*. Why, then thou art utterly sham'd, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you? away with him; away with him; better, shame than murther.

Mrs. *Ford*. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? shall I put him into the basket again?

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i'th' basket: may I not go out, ere he come?

Mrs.

Mrs. *Page.* Alas! alas! three of maſter *Ford*'s brothers watch the door with piſtols, that none ſhould iſſue out, otherwiſe you might ſlip away ere he came: but what make you here?

Fal. What ſhall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. *Ford.* There they always uſe to diſcharge their birding-pieces; creep into the kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. *Ford.* He will ſeek there, on my word; neither preſs, coffer, cheſt, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abſtract for the remembrance of ſuch places, and goes to them by his note; there is no hiding you in the houſe.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. *Ford.* If you go out in your own ſemblance, you die, Sir *John*, unleſs you go out diſguis'd. How might we diſguiſe him?

Mrs. *Page.* Alas-the-day, I know not; there is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwiſe, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and ſo eſcape.

Fal. Good heart, deviſe ſomething; any extremity, rather than miſchief.

Mrs. *Ford.* My maid's aunt, the fat woman of *Brainford*, has a gown above.

Mrs. *Page.* On my word, it will ſerve him; ſhe's as big as he is, and there's her thrum hat, and her muffler too. Run up, Sir *John*.

Mrs. *Ford.* Go, go, ſweet Sir *John*; miſtreſs *Page* and I will look ſome linnen for your head.

Mrs. *Page.* Quick, quick, we'll come dreſs you ſtraight; put on the gown the while. [*Exit* Falſtaff.

Mrs. *Ford.* I would, my husband would meet him in this ſhape; he cannot abide the old woman of *Brainford*; he ſwears, ſhe's a witch, forbad her my houſe, and hath threatned to beat her.

Mrs. *Page.* Heav'n guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. *Ford.* But is my husband coming?

Mrs. *Page.* Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, however he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. *Ford.* We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. *Page.* Nay, but he'll be here presently; let's go dress him like the witch of *Brainford.*

Mrs. *Ford.* I'll first direct my men, what they shall do with the basket; go up, I'll bring linnen for him straight.

Mrs. *Page.* Hang him, dishonest varlet, we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too.
We do not act, that often jest and laugh:
'Tis old but true, *Still Swine eats all the draugh.*

Mrs. *Ford.* Go, Sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders; your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, dispatch.

[*Exeunt* Mrs *Page* and Mrs *Ford.*

Enter Servants with the basket.

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take up.

2 *Serv.* Pray heav'n, it be not full of the knight again.

1 *Serv.* I hope not. I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter Ford, Shallow, Page, Caius, *and* Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master *Page*, have you any way then to unfool me again? set down the basket, villain; somebody call my wife: youth in a basket! oh, you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a gang, a pack, a conspiracy, against me: now shall the devil be sham'd. What! wife, I say; come, come, forth, behold what honest cloaths you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes, master *Ford,* —— you are not to go loose any longer, you must be pinnion'd.

Eva. Why, this is lunaticks; this is mad as a mad dog.

Enter

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Shal. Indeed, maſter *Ford*, this is not well, indeed.

Ford. So ſay I too, Sir. Come hither, miſtreſs *Ford*; miſtreſs *Ford*, the honeſt woman, the modeſt wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her huſband! I ſuſpect without cauſe, miſtreſs, do I?

Mrs. *Ford.* Heav'n be my witneſs, you do, if you ſuſpect me in any diſhoneſty.

Ford. Well ſaid, brazen-face; hold it out: come forth, Sirrah. [*Pulls the cloaths out of the baſket.*

Page. This paſſes———

Mrs. *Ford.* Are you not aſham'd? let the cloaths alone.

Ford. I ſhall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreaſonable; will you take up your wife's cloaths? come away.

Ford. Empty the baſket, I ſay.

Mrs. *Ford.* Why, man, why——

Ford. Maſter *Page*, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my houſe yeſterday in this baſket; why may not he be there again? in my houſe I am ſure he is; my intelligence is true, my jealouſie is reaſonable; pluck me out all the linnen.

Mrs. *Ford.* If you find a man there, he ſhall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, maſter *Ford*; this wrongs you.

Eva. Maſter *Ford*, you muſt pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart; this is jealouſies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I ſeek for.

Page. No, nor no where elſe but in your brain.

Ford. Help to ſearch my houſe this one time; if I find not what I ſeek, ſhew no colour for my extremity; let me for ever be your table-ſport; let them ſay of me, as jealous as *Ford*, that ſearched a hollow wall-nut for his wife's leman. Satisfie me once more, once more ſearch with me.

Mrs. *Ford.* What hoa, miſtreſs *Page!* come you, and the old woman down; my huſband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! what old woman's that?

Mrs. *Ford.* Why, it is my maid's aunt of *Brainford.*

Ford. A witch, a queen, an old cozening queen; have I not forbid her my houſe? ſhe comes of errands, does ſhe? we are ſimple men, we do not know what's brought to paſs under the profeſſion of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by ſpells, by th' figure; and ſuch dawbry as this is beyond our element; we know nothing. Come down, you witch; you hag you, come down, I ſay.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, good ſweet huſband; good gentlemen, let him not ſtrike the old woman.

Enter Falſtaff *in womens cloaths, and Mrs.* Page.

Mrs. *Page.* Come, mother *Prat,* come give me your hand.

Ford. I'll *Prat* her. Out of my door, you witch! [*Beats him.*] you hag, you baggage, you poulcat, you runnion! out, out, out; I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit* Fal.

Mrs. *Page.* Are you not aſham'd? I think, you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, he will do it; 'tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch.

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I ſpy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beſeech you, follow; ſee but the iſſue of my jealouſie; if I cry out thus upon no trail, never truſt me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: come, gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

Mrs. *Page.* Truſt me, he beat him moſt pitifully.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, by th' maſs, that he did not; he beat him moſt unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. *Page.* I'll have the cudgel hallow'd and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious ſervice.]

Mrs.

Mrs. *Ford.* What think you? may we, with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. *Page.* The spirit of wantonness, is, sure, scar'd out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. *Ford.* Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. *Page.* Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brain. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. *Ford.* I'll warrant, they'll have him publickly sham'd; and, methinks, there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publickly sham'd.

Mrs. *Page.* Come to the forge with it, then shape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* Garter-Inn.

Enter Host *and* Bardolph.

Bard. SIR, the *German* desires to have three of your horses; the Duke himself will be to morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What Duke should that be, comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court: let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak *English?*

Bard. Sir, I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay, I'll sawce them. They have had my house a week at command; I have turn'd away my other guests; (15) they must compt off; I'll sawce them, come. [*Exeunt.*

(15) ——*they must* come off;] This can never be our Poet's, or his Host's Meaning: to *come off*, is, in other Terms, to *go scot-free*; But these *Germans* had taken up the Host's house, and he was resolv'd to make them pay for it. We must certainly, therefore, read, *they must* compt off: *i. e.* they must pay off the Accompt, or, as we now say, *down with their Pence.* Mr. *Warburton.*

SCENE *changes to* Ford's *House*.

Enter Page, Ford, *Mrs.* Page, *Mrs.* Ford, *and* Evans.

Eva. 'TIS one of the best discretions of 'oman, as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. *Page.* Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;
I rather will suspect the sun with cold,
Than thee with wantonness; thy honour stands,
In him that was of late an heretick,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.
Be not as extream in submission, as in offence;
But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us publick sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How? to send him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight? fie, fie, he'll never come.

Eva. You say, he hath been thrown into the river; and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman; methinks, there should be terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks, his flesh is punish'd, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. *Ford.* Devise but how you'll use him, when he comes;
And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. *Page.* There is an old tale goes, that *Herne* the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in *Windsor* forest,
Doth all the winter-time at still of midnight
Walk round about an oak, with ragged horns;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain

In

In a most hideous and dreadful manner.
You've heard of such a spirit; and well you know,
The superstitious idle-headed *Eld*
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of *Herne* the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this *Herne*'s oak;
But what of this?

Mrs. *Ford.* Marry, this is our device, (16)
That *Falstaff* at that oak shall meet with us.
We'll send him word to meet us in the field,
Disguised like *Herne*, with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted, but he'll come.
And in this shape when you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. *Page.* That likewise we have thought upon, and thus:
Nan Page, (my daughter) and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress
Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; upon a sudden,
As *Falstaff*, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused song: upon their sight,
We two, in great amazedness, will fly;
Then let them all encircle him about,
And fairy-like to pinch the unclean knight;

(16) *Mrs.* Ford. *Marry, this is our Device,*
That Falstaff *at that Oak shall meet with us.*
Page. *Well; let it not be doubted, but he'll come.*
And in this Shape *when you have brought him thither,*] Thus this Passage has been transmitted down to us, from the Time of the first Edition by the Players: But what was this Shape, in which *Falstaff* was to be appointed to meet? For the women have not said one Word to ascertain it. This makes it more than suspicious, the Defect in this Point must be owing to some wise Retrenchment. The two intermediate Lines, which I have restor'd from the old *Quarto*, are absolutely necessary, and clear up the matter.

And

And aſk him, why, that hour of fairy Revel,
In their ſo ſacred paths he dares to tread
In ſhape prophane?

Mrs. *Ford.* And 'till he tell the truth,
Let the ſuppoſed fairies pinch him round,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. *Page.* The truth being known,
We'll all preſent our ſelves; diſ-horn the ſpirit,
And mock him home to *Windſor.*

Ford. The children muſt
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be like a jack-anapes alſo, to burn the knight with my taber.

Ford. This will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards.

Mrs. *Page.* My *Nan* ſhall be the Queen of all the fairies; Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That ſilk will I go buy, and in that tire
Shall Mr. *Slender* ſteal my *Nan* away, [*Aſide:*
And marry her at *Eaton.* Go, ſend to *Falſtaff* ſtraight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in the name of *Brook*; he'll tell me all his purpoſe. Sure, he'll come.

Mrs. *Page.* Fear not you that; go get us properties and tricking for our fairies.

Eva. Let us about it, it is admirable pleaſures, and ferry honeſt knaveries. [*Exe.* Page, Ford, *and* Evans.

Mrs. *Page.* Go, Mrs. *Ford,*
Send *Quickly* to Sir *John,* to know his mind.
[*Exit Mrs.* Ford.

I'll to the doctor; he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with *Nan Page.*
That *Slender,* tho' well landed, is an Idiot;
And he my huſband beſt of all affects:
The doctor is well mony'd, and his friends
Potent at court; he, none but he ſhall have her;
Tho' twenty thouſand worthier came to crave her.
[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the* Garter-Inn.

Enter Host *and* Simple.

Host. WHAT would'ſt thou have, boor? what, thick-ſkin? ſpeak, breathe, diſcuſs; brief, ſhort, quick, ſnap.

Simp. Marry, Sir, I come to ſpeak with Sir *John Falſtaff*, from Mr. *Slender*.

Hoſt. There's his chamber, his houſe, his caſtle, his ſtanding-bed and truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the ſtory of the Prodigal, freſh and new; go, knock and call; he'll ſpeak like an anthropophaginian unto thee: knock, I ſay.

Simp. There's an old woman, a fat woman gone up into his chamber; I'll be ſo bold as ſtay, Sir, 'till ſhe come down: I come to ſpeak with her, indeed.

Hoſt. Ha! a fat woman? the Knight may be robb'd: I'll call. Bully-Knight! Bully-Sir *John!* ſpeak from thy lungs military: art thou there? it is thine Hoſt, thine *Epheſian* calls.

Falſtaff, *above.*

Fal. How now, mine Hoſt?

Hoſt. Here's a *Bohemian-Tartar* tarries the coming down of thy fat woman: let her deſcend, bully, let her deſcend; my chambers are honourable. Fie, privacy? fie!

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. There was, mine Hoſt, an old fat woman even now with me, but ſhe's gone.

Simp. Pray you, Sir, was't not the wiſe woman of *Brainford?*

Fal. Ay, marry was it, muſſel-ſhell, what would you with her?

Simp. My maſter, Sir, my maſter *Slender* ſent to her, ſeeing her go thro' the ſtreet, to know, Sir, whether one *Nym*, Sir, that beguil'd him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Simp. And what says she, I pray, Sir?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man, that beguil'd master *Slender* of his chain, cozen'd him of it.

Simp. I would, I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Simp. I may not conceal them, Sir.

Fal. Conceal them, or thou dy'st.

Simp. Why, Sir, they were nothing but about mistress *Anne Page*; to know, if it were my master's fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Simp. What, Sir?

Fal. To have her, or no: go; say, the woman told me so.

Simp. May I be so bold to say so, Sir?

Fal. Ay, Sir; like who more bold.

Simp. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [*Exit* Simple.

Host. Thou art clarkly; thou art clarkly, Sir *John:* was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine Host; one, that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Out, alas, Sir, cozenage! meer cozenage!

Host. Where be my horses, speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners; for so soon as I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw me off from behind one of them in a slough of mire, and set spurs, and away, like three *German* devils, three Doctor *Faustus's*.

Host. They are gone but to meet the Duke; villain; do not say, they are fled; *Germans* are honest men.

Enter

Enter Evans.

Eva. Where is mine Hoſt?

Hoſt. What is the matter, Sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments; there is a friend o'mine come to town, tells me, there is three cozen-jermans that has cozen'd all the Hoſts of *Reading*, of *Maidenhead*, of *Colebrook*, of horſes and mony. I tell you for good will, look you; you are wiſe, and full of gibes and vlouting-ſtocks, and 'tis not convenient you ſhould be cozen'd; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver' is mine *Hoſt de Jartere?*

Hoſt. Here, maſter Doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a-me, dat you make a grand preparation for a Duke *de Jamany*; by my trot, der is no Duke, dat the Court is know, to come: I tell you for good will; adieu. [*Exit.*

Hoſt. Hue and cry, villain, go! aſſiſt me, Knight, I am undone; fly, run, hue and cry! Villain, I am undone! [*Exit.*

Fal. I would, all the world might be cozen'd, for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it ſhould come to the ear of the Court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been waſh'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fiſhermens boots with me. I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, 'till I were as ereſt-faln as a dry'd pear. I never proſper'd ſince I forſwore myſelf at *Primero*. Well, if my wind were but long enough to ſay my prayers, I would repent.——

Enter Miſtreſs Quickly.

Now, whence come you?

Quic. From the two parties, forſooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and ſo they ſhall be both beſtow'd. I have ſuffer'd more for

for their ſakes, more than the villanous inconſtancy of man's diſpoſition is able to bear.

Quic. And have not they ſuffer'd? yes, I warrant, ſpeciouſly one of them; miſtreſs *Ford*, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot ſee a white ſpot about her.

Fal. What tell'ſt thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myſelf into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of *Brainford*; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, counterfeiting the (17) action of a wood woman, deliver'd me, the knave conſtable had ſet me i'th' ſtocks, i'th' common ſtocks, for a witch.

Quic. Sir, let me ſpeak with you in your chamber; you ſhall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will ſay ſomewhat. Good hearts, what ado is here to bring you together? ſure, one of you does not ſerve heav'n well, that you are ſo croſs'd.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Fenton *and* Hoſt.

Hoſt. Maſter *Fenton*, talk not to me, my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

Fen. Yet hear me ſpeak; aſſiſt me in my purpoſe,
And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee

(17) *Action of* an old *Woman.*] This Reading is no great Compliment to the Sagacity of our former Editors, who could content themſelves with Words, without any Regard to the Reaſoning. What! was it any Dexterity of Wit in Sir *John Falſtaff*, to counterfeit the Action of an *Old* Woman, in order to eſcape being apprehended for a *Witch?* Surely, one would imagine, This was the readieſt Means to bring him into ſuch a Scrape: for none but *Old* Women have ever been ſuſpected of being *Witches*. The Text muſt certainly be reſtor'd, as I have corrected it, *a wood* Woman; i. e. a crazy, frantick Woman; one too wild, and ſilly, and unmeaning, to have either the Malice, or miſchievous Subtlety of a Witch in her. I have already explain'd, and prov'd the uſe of this Term, in one of my Notes on *The two Gentlemen of* Verona.

A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, master *Fenton*; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fen. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair *Anne Page*;
Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection,
(So far forth as herself might be her chuser)
Ev'n to my wish. I have a letter from her
Of such contents, as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof's so larded with my matter,
That neither singly can be manifested,
Without the shew of both. Fat Sir *John Falstaff*
Hath a great Scene; the image of the jest
I'll shew you here at large. Hark, good mine Host;
To night at *Herne*'s Oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet *Nan* present the Fairy Queen;
The purpose why, is here; in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with *Slender*, and with him at *Eaton*
Immediately to marry; she hath consented.—Now, Sir,
Her mother, ever strong against that match,
And firm for Doctor *Caius*, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are tasking of their minds;
And at the Deanry, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her; To this her mother's Plot
She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
Made promise to the Doctor.—Now, thus it rests;
Her father means she shall be all in white,
And in that dress when *Slender* sees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go.
She shall go with him.—Her mother hath intended,
The better to devote her to the Doctor,
(For they must all be mask'd and vizarded)
That, quaint in green, she shall be loose enrob'd,
With ribbands-pendent, flaring' bout her head;
And when the Doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host.

Host. Which means she to deceive? father or mother?

Fen. Both, my good Host, to go along with me;
And here it rests, that you'll procure the Vicar
To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device; I'll to the Vicar.
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fen. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides, I'll make a present recompence. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Falstaff *and Mistress* Quickly.

Fal. Pr'ythee, no more prattling; go, I'll hold. This is the third time; I hope, good luck lyes in odd numbers; away, go; they say, there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance or death; away.

Quic. I'll provide you a chain, and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns. [*Exit Mrs.* Quickly.

Fal. Away, I say, time wears: hold up your head and mince.

Enter Ford.

How now, master *Brook?* master *Brook*, the matter will be known to night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at *Herne*'s Oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, Sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, master *Brook*, as you see, like a poor old man; but I came from her, master *Brook*, like a poor old woman. That same knave, *Ford* her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousie in him, master *Brook*, that ever govern'd frenzy. I will tell you; he beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of a man, master *Brook*, I fear not *Goliah* with a weaver's beam; because I know also, life is a shuttle; I am in haste; go along with me, I'll tell you all, master *Brook*. Since I pluckt geese, play'd truant, and whipt top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, 'till lately.

Follow

Follow me, I'll tell you ſtrange things of this knave *Ford*, on whom to night I will be reveng'd, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow; ſtrange things in hand, maſter *Brook!* follow.—— [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, Windſor *Park.*

Enter Page, Shallow, *and* Slender.

PAGE.

COME, come; we'll couch i'th' caſtle-ditch, 'till we ſee the light of our fairies. Remember, ſon *Slender*, my daughter.

Slend. Ay, forſooth, I have ſpoke with her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry, *mum*; ſhe cries, *budget*; and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too; but what needs either your *mum*, or her *budget?* the white will decipher her well enough. It hath ſtruck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark, light and ſpirits will become it well; heav'n proſper our ſport! No man means evil but the devil, and we ſhall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Miſtreſs Page, *Miſtreſs* Ford *and* Caius.

Mrs. *Page.* Mr. Doctor, my daughter is in green; when you ſee your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanry, and diſpatch it quickly; go before into the Park; we two muſt go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do; adieu. [*Exit.*

Mrs. *Page.* Fare you well, Sir. My huſband will not rejoice ſo much at the abuſe of *Falſtaff*, as he will chafe at the Doctor's marrying my daughter; but 'tis no

no matter; better, a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. *Ford.* Where is *Nan* now, and her troop of fairies, (18) and the *Welch* devil *Evans?*

Mrs. *Page.* They are all couch'd in a pit hard by *Herne*'s Oak, with obſcur'd lights; which, at the very inſtant of *Falſtaff*'s and our meeting, they will at once diſplay to the night.

Mrs. *Ford.* That cannot chuſe but amaze him.

Mrs. *Page.* If he be not amaz'd, he will be mock'd; if he be amaz'd, he will every way be mock'd.

Mrs. *Ford.* We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. *Page.* Againſt ſuch lewdſters, and their lechery, Thoſe, that betray them, do no treachery.

Mrs. *Ford.* The hour draws on; to the Oak, to the Oak. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Evans *and* Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies; come, and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-'ords, do as I pid you; come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Falſtaff, *with a Buck's head on.*

Fal. The *Windſor* bell hath ſtruck twelve, the minute draws on; now, the hot-blooded Gods aſſiſt me! Remember, *Jove*, thou waſt a bull for thy *Europa*; love ſet on thy horns. Oh powerful love! that, in ſome reſpects, makes a beaſt a man; in ſome other, a man a beaſt: You were alſo, *Jupiter*, a ſwan, for the love of *Leda:*

(18) *And the* Welch *Devil* Herne?] Thus all the Impreſſions have blunder'd after each other; but *Falſtaff* was to repreſent *Herne*, and he was no *Welchman*. Where was the Attention, or Sagacity, of our Editors, not to obſerve that Mrs. *Ford* is inquiring for *Evans* by the Name of the *Welch* Devil? The Miſtake of the Word *Herne* getting into the Text, might eaſily happen by the Inadvertence of Tranſcribers, who threw their Eyes too haſtily on the ſucceeding Line, where the Word again occurs. Dr. *Thirlby* likewiſe diſcover'd the Blunder of this Paſſage.

Oh,

Oh, omnipotent love! how near the God drew to the complexion of a goose? A fault done first in the form of a beast,——O *Jove*, a beastly fault; and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl:——think on't, *Jove*, a foul fault. When Gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? for me, I am here a *Windsor* stag, and the fattest, I think, i'th' forest. Send me a cool rut-time, *Jove*, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? who comes here? my Doe?

Enter Mistress Ford *and Mistress* Page.

Mrs. *Ford.* Sir *John?* art thou there, my deer? my male-deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut? let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Green-Sleeves*; hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

Mrs. *Ford.* Mistress *Page* is come with me, sweet heart.

Fal. (19) Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch; I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like *Herne* the hunter? why, now is *Cupid* a child of conscience, he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome!

[*Noise within.*

Mrs. *Page.* Alas! what noise?
Mrs. *Ford.* Heav'n forgive our sins!
Fal. What should this be?
Mrs. *Ford.* }
Mrs. *Page.* } Away, away.

[*The women run out.*

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damn'd, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he never would else cross me thus.

(19) *Divide me like a* brib'd-Buck,] Thus all the old Copies, mistakingly: It must be *bribe-buck*; i. e. a Buck sent for a Bribe.

Enter

Enter Sir Hugh *like a Satyr*; Quickly, *and others, dreſt like Fairies, with Tapers.*

Quic. Fairies, black, gray, green, and white,
You moon-ſhine revellers, and ſhades of night,
You Ouphen heirs of fixed deſtiny, (20)
Attend your office, and your quality.
Crier hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

Eva. Elves, liſt your names; ſilence, you airy toys.
Cricket, to *Windſor* chimneys ſhalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'ſt unrak'd, and hearths unſwept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilbery.
Our radiant Queen hates ſluts and ſluttery.

Fal. They're fairies; he, that ſpeaks to them, ſhall die.
I'll wink and couch; no man their works muſt eye.
[*Lyes down upon his face.*

Eva. Where's *Pede?* go you, and where you find a maid,
That, ere ſhe ſleep, hath thrice her prayers ſaid,
Raiſe up the organs of her fantaſie;
Sleep ſhe as ſound as careleſs infancy;
But thoſe, that ſleep, and think not on their ſins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, ſhoulders, ſides and ſhins.

Quic. About, about;
Search *Windſor* caſtle, elves, within and out.
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every ſacred room,
That it may ſtand 'till the perpetual Doom,
In ſtate as wholſom, as in ſtate 'tis fit;
Worthy the owner, as the owner it.

(20) *You* Orphan *heirs of*] Why, *Orphan heirs?* Deſtiny, to which they ow'd their Original, and to whom they were heirs, was yet in *Being* ſure: therefore they could not be call'd Orphans. Doubtleſs, the Poet wrote:

You Ouphen *heirs of fixed Deſtiny.*

i. e. You *Elves*, that ſucceed to, and miniſter in, ſome of the Works of Deſtiny. They are call'd both before and after, in this Play, *Ouphes*; here, *Ouphen*; for *en* is the *Saxon* Termination of *plural* Nouns. Mr. *Warburton.*

The

The ſeveral chairs of Order look you ſcour,
With juice of balm and ev'ry precious flow'r:
Each fair Inſtalment-Coat and ſev'ral Creſt,
With loyal blazon evermore we bleſt!
And nightly-meadow-fairies, look, you ſing,
Like to the *Garter*-compaſs, in a ring:
Th' expreſſure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-freſh than all the field to ſee;
And, *Hony Soit Qui Maly Penſe* write.
In emrold-tuffs, flow'rs purple, blue and white,
Like ſaphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair Knight-hood's bending knee;
Fairies uſe flow'rs for their charactery.
Away, diſperſe: but, 'till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of cuſtom round about the Oak
Of *Herne*, the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand, yourſelves in order ſet:
And twenty glow-worms ſhall our lanthorns be,
To guide our meaſure round about the tree.
But ſtay, I ſmell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heav'ns defend me from that *Welch* fairy, leſt he transform me to a piece of cheeſe!

Eva. Vild worm, thou waſt o'er-look'd ev'n in thy birth.

Quic. With tryal-fire touch me his finger-end;
If he be chaſte, the flame will back deſcend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he ſtart,
It is the fleſh of a corrupted heart.

Eva. A tryal, come.——

[*They burn him with their tapers, and pinch him.*

Come, will this wood take fire.

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Quic. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in deſire;
About him, fairies, ſing a ſcornful rhime:
And, as you trip, ſtill pinch him to your time.

Eva. (21) It is right, indeed, he is full of leacheries and iniquity.

(21) Eva. *It is right, indeed:*] This ſhort Speech, which is very much in Character for Sir *Hugh*, I have inſerted from the old *Quarto*.

The

The S O N G.

Fie on sinful phantasie,
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart, whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villany:
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
'Till candles, and star-light, and moon-shine be out.

(22) *During this Song, they pinch him. Doctor* Caius *comes one way, and steals away a boy in green;* Slender *another way, and he takes away a boy in white; and* Fenton *comes, and steals away Mrs.* Anne Page. *A noise of hunting is made within. All the Fairies run away.* Falstaff *pulls off his Buck's head, and rises.*

Enter Page, Ford, *&c. They lay hold on him.*

Page. Nay, do not fly; I think, We've watcht you now;
Will none but *Herne* the hunter serve your turn?
Mrs. *Page.* I pray you, come; hold up the jest no higher.
Now, good Sir *John*, how like you *Windsor* wives?
See you these, husbands? do not these fair Yoaks (23)
Become the Forest better than the Town?

Ford.

(22) *During this Song,*] This Direction I thought proper to insert from the old *Quarto's*, as it is necessary to explain what is in Action on the Scene; and on which a Part of the *Catastrophe* of the Fable depends.

(23) *See you these husbands? Do not these fair* Oaks *Become the Forest better than the Town?*] What *Oaks*, in the Name of Nonsense, do our sagacious Editors make Mrs. *Page* talk of? The *Oaks* in the *Park?* But there was no Intention of transplanting them into the *Town.*——*Talis insaniæ me quidem pudet, pigetque.* The first *Folio* reads, as the Poet intended,

Ford. Now, Sir, who's a cuckold now? maſter *Brook*, *Falſtaff*'s a knave, a cuckoldly knave, here are his horns, maſter *Brook*; and, maſter *Brook*, he hath enjoy'd nothing of *Ford*'s but his buck-baſket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of mony, which muſt be paid to maſter *Brook*; his horſes are arreſted for it, maſter *Brook*.

Mrs. *Ford.* Sir *John*, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive, that I am made an aſs.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too: both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And theſe are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies; and yet the guiltineſs of my mind, the ſudden ſurprize of my powers, drove the groſsneſs of the foppery into a receiv'd belief, in deſpight of the teeth of all rhime and reaſon, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill imployment!

Eva. Sir *John Falſtaff*, ſerve Got, and leave your deſires, and fairies will not pinſe you.

Ford. Well ſaid, fairy *Hugh*.

Eva. And leave you your jealouſies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never miſtruſt my wife again, 'till thou art able to woo her in good *Engliſh*.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the ſun and dry'd it, that it wants matter to prevent ſo groſs o'er-reaching as this? am I ridden with a *Welch* goat too? ſhall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'tis time, I were choak'd with a piece of toaſted cheeſe.

Eva. Seeſe is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seeſe and putter? have I liv'd to ſtand in the taunt of one, that makes fritters of *Engliſh*? this is

intended, *Yoaks*: and Mrs. *Page*'s Meaning is this. She ſpeaks it to her own, and Mrs. *Ford*'s Huſband, and aſks them, if they ſee the *Horns* in *Falſtaff*'s Hand; and then, alluding to them as the Types of *Cuckoldom*, puts the Queſtion, whether thoſe *Yoaks* are not more proper in the *Foreſt* than in the *Town*: i. e. than in their Families, as a Reproach to them.

enough to be the decay of luſt and late-walking, through the Realm.

Mrs. *Page.* Why, Sir *John*, do you think, though we would have thruſt virtue out of our hearts by the head and ſhoulders, and have given ourſelves without ſcruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax? (24)

Mrs. *Page.* A puft man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as ſlanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as *Job?*

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and ſacks, and wines, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and ſwearings, and ſtarings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme; you have the ſtart of me; I am dejected; I am not able to anſwer the *Welch* flannel; ignorance itſelf is a plummet o'er me; uſe me as you will.

Ford. Marry, Sir, we'll bring you to *Windſor* to one Mr. *Brook*, that you have cozen'd of mony, to whom you ſhould have been a pander: over and above that you have ſuffer'd, I think, to repay that mony, will be a biting affliction.

(25) Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, huſband, let That go to make amends:
Forgive that Summ, and ſo we'll all be Friends.

Ford.

(24) *What, a* Hog's *Pudding?*] Mr. *Pope* has help'd us to this *Hog's-pudding*; all the other Editions, which I have ſeen, have it rightly *Hodge-pudding*, as it is vulgarly written and pronounc'd; the *French* call, to ſhake, or jumble together, *hocher*: and they have a Diſh call'd, *un hoche-pot*, which is a Mixture of ſeveral Sorts of Meats cook'd up together: and ſuch a *Gallimaufry*, does *Ford* mean, is *Falſtaff*.

(25) *Mrs.* Ford. *Nay, Husband,*] This and the following little Speech I have inſerted from the old *Quarto's*. The Retrenchment, I preſume, was by the Players; and an injudicious One, in

Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at last.

Page. Yet be cheerful, Knight; thou shalt eat a posset to night at my house, where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her, Mr. *Slender* hath marry'd her daughter.

Mrs. *Page.* Doctors doubt that; if *Anne Page* be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor *Caius*'s wife. [*Aside.*

Enter Slender.

Slen. What hoe! hoe! father *Page.*

Page. Son, how now? how now, son, have you dispatch'd?

Slen. Dispatch'd? I'll make the best in *Gloucestershire* known on't; would I were hang'd la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry mistress *Anne Page*, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i'th' church, I would have swing'd him, or he should have swing'd me. If I did not think it had been *Anne Page*, would I might never stir, and 'tis a post-master's-boy.

Page. Upon my life, then you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: if I had been marry'd to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white and cry'd *mum*, and she cry'd *budget*, as *Anne* and I had appointed; and yet it was not *Anne*, but a post-master's-boy.

in my Opinion. Sir *John Falstaff* is design'd the Favourite Character in the Play. His Vices are the Subject of all the Pleasantry: and he is sufficiently punish'd, in being disappointed and exposed. The Expectation of his being persecuted for the twenty Pounds, gives the Conclusion too tragical a Turn. Besides, it is *poetical Justice* that *Ford* should sustain this Loss, as a Fine for his unreasonable Jealousy.

Eva. Jeshu! Master *Slender*, cannot you see but marry boys?

Page. O, I am vext at heart. What shall I do?

Mrs. *Page.* Good *George*, be not angry; I knew of your purpose, turn'd my daughter into green, and, indeed, she is now with the Doctor at the Deanry, and there married.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver is mistress *Page?* by gar, I am cozen'd; I ha' marry'd one garsoon, a boy; one peasant, by gar; a boy; it is not *Anne Page*; by gar, I am cozen'd.

Mrs. *Page.* Why? did you not take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy; be gar, I'll raise all *Windsor.*

Ford. This is strange! who hath got the right *Anne?*

Page. My heart misgives me; here comes Mr. *Fenton.*

Enter Fenton, *and* Anne Page.

How now, Mr. *Fenton?*

Anne. Pardon, good father; good my mother, pardon.

Page. Now, mistress, how chance you went not with Mr. *Slender?*

Mrs. *Page.* Why went you not with Mr. Doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her: Hear the truth of it.
You would have marry'd her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love:
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve us.
Th' offence is holy, that she hath committed;
And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or unduteous title;
Since therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedy.
In love, the heav'ns themselves do guide the state;
Many buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal.

Fal. I am glad, tho' you have ta'en a ſpecial Stand to ſtrike at me, that your arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what remedy? *Fenton*, heav'n give thee joy!
What cannot be eſchew'd, muſt be embrac'd.

Eva. I will alſo dance and eat plums at your Wedding.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all ſorts of deer are chac'd.

Mrs. *Page.* Well, I will muſe no further. Mr. *Fenton*,
Heaven give you many, many merry days!
Good huſband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this ſport o'er by a country fire,
Sir *John* and all.

Ford. Let it be ſo: ——— Sir *John*,
To maſter *Brook* you yet ſhall hold your word;
For he, to night, ſhall lye with miſtreſs *Ford.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

H.Gravelot in & del. Vol: 1. P: 295. G.V.^a Gucht Scul

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MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

VINCENTIO, *Duke of* Vienna.

Angelo, *Lord Deputy in the Duke's abſence.*

Eſcalus, } *An ancient Lord, join'd with* Angelo *in the Deputation.*

Claudio, *a young Gentleman.*

Lucio, *a Fantaſtick.*

Two Gentlemen.

Varrius, *a Gentleman, Servant to the Duke.*

Provoſt.

Thomas, } *two Friars.*
Peter, }

A Juſtice.

Elbow, *a ſimple Conſtable.*

Froth, a *fooliſh Gentleman.*

Clown, *Servant to Mrs.* Over-done.

Abhorſon, *an Executioner.*

Barnardine, *a diſſolute Priſoner.*

Iſabella, *Siſter to* Claudio.

Marina, *betrothed to* Angelo.

Juliet, *beloved of* Claudio.

Franciſca, *a Nun.*

Miſtreſs Over-done, *a Bawd.*

Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Vienna.

MEA-

MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

ACT I.

SCENE, *the Duke's PALACE.*

Enter Duke, Escalus, *and Lords.*

DUKE.

ESCALUS,——

Escal. My Lord.

Duke. Of Government the properties t'unfold,
Would seem in me t'affect speech and discourse.
Since I am not to know, that your own Science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you: then no more remains: (1)

(1) ——————*then no more remaines:*
Put *that to your Sufficiency, as your Worth is able,*
And let them work.] I doubt not, but this Passage, either from the Impertinence of the Actors, or the Negligence of the Copyists, has come maim'd to us. In the first Place, what an unmeasurable, inharmonious, Verse have we here; and, then, how lame is the Sense! What was *Escalus* to put to his *Sufficiency?* Why, his *Science.* But his Science and his Sufficiency were but one and the same Thing. On what then does the Relative, *them,* depend? The old Editions read thus.

——*Then*

Put that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
Of common justice, y'are as pregnant in,
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our Commission,
From which we would not have you warp. Call hither,
I say, bid come before us *Angelo:*
What figure of us, think you, he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our Absence to supply;
Lent him our Terror, dress't him with our Love;
And giv'n his Deputation all the organs
Of our own Power: say, what think you of it?

Escal. If any in *Vienna* be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is lord *Angelo.*

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Look, where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your Grace's will,

———*Then no more remaines,*
But that to your Sufficiency, as your Worth is able,
And let them work.

Here, again, the Sense is manifestly lame and defective, and as the Versification is so too, they concur to make me think, a Line has accidentally been left out. Perhaps, something like This might supply our Author's Meaning.

———*Then no more remains,*
But that to your Sufficiency you add
Due Diligency, *as your Worth is able;*
And let them work.

By some such Supplement both the Sense and Measure would be cur'd. But as the Conjecture is unsupported by any Authorities, I have not pretended to thrust it into the Text; but submit it to Judgment. They, who are acquainted with Books, know, that, where two Words of a similar Length and Termination happen to lie under one another, nothing is more common than for Transcribers to glance their Eye at once from the *first* to the *undermost* Word, and so leave out the intermediate part of the Sentence.

I come to know your pleaſure.
Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That to th' obſerver doth thy hiſtory
Fully unfold: thy ſelf and thy belongings
Are not thine own ſo proper, as to waſte
Thy ſelf upon thy virtues; they on thee.
Heav'n doth with us, as we with torches do,
Not light them for themſelves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine iſſues: nor Nature never lends
The ſmalleſt ſcruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty Goddeſs, ſhe determines
Her ſelf the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and uſe. But I do bend my ſpeech
To one that can my part in him advertiſe;
Hold therefore, *Angelo:*
In our Remove, be thou at full our ſelf.
Morality and Mercy in *Vienna*
Live in thy tongue and heart: old *Eſcalus*,
Though firſt in queſtion, is thy Secondary.
Take thy Commiſſion.
Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be ſome more teſt made of my metal,
Before ſo noble and ſo great a figure
Be ſtampt upon it.
Duke. Come, no more evaſion:
We have with a prepar'd and leaven'd choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haſte from hence is of ſo quick condition,
That it prefers it ſelf, and leaves unqueſtion'd
Matters of needful value. We ſhall write to you,
As time and our concernings ſhall importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befal you here. So fare you well.
To th'hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your Commiſſions.
Ang. Yet give me leave, my lord,
That we may bring you ſomething on the way.

Duke.

Duke. My haſte may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any ſcruple; your ſcope is as mine own,
So to enforce, or qualify the Laws,
As to your ſoul ſeems good. Give me your hand;
I'll privily away. I love the people;
But do not like to ſtage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not reliſh well
Their loud applauſe, and *Ave's* vehement:
Nor do I think the man of ſafe diſcretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heav'ns give ſafety to your purpoſes!

Eſcal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happineſs!

Duke. I thank you, fare you well. [*Exit.*

Eſcal. I ſhall deſire you, Sir, to give me leave
To have free ſpeech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my Place:
A pow'r I have, but of what ſtrength and nature
I am not yet inſtructed.

Ang. 'Tis ſo with me: let us withdraw together,
And we may ſoon our ſatisfaction have
Touching that point.

Eſcal. I'll wait upon your Honour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Lucio, *and two gentlemen.*

Lucio. IF the Duke, and the other Dukes, come not to compoſition with the King of *Hungary*, why, then all the Dukes fall upon the King.

1 *Gent.* Heav'n grant us its peace, but not the King of *Hungary's?*

2 *Gent.* Amen.

Lucio. Thou conclud'ſt like the ſanctimonious Pirate, that went to ſea with the ten Commandments, but ſcrap'd one out of the Table,

2 *Gent.* Thou ſhalt not ſteal.——

Lucio. Ay, that he raz'd.

1 *Gent.* Why, 'twas a Commandment to command the captain and all the reſt from their functions; they put

put forth to steal; there's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, do relish the petition well that prays for Peace.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee: for, I think, thou never wast where grace was said.

2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at least.

1 *Gent.* What? in meeter?

Lucio. In any proportion, or in any language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay, why not? grace is grace, despight of all controversie; as for example, thou thy self art a wicked villain, despight of all grace.

1 *Gent.* Well there went but a pair of sheers between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet. Thou art the list.

1 *Gent.* And thou the velvet; thou art good velvet; thou'rt a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of an *English* kersey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a *French* velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think I have done my self wrong, have I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted, or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam *Mitigation* comes.

1 *Gent.* I have purchas'd as many diseases under her roof, as come to——

2 *Gent.* To what I pray?

1 *Gent.* Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thousand dollars a Year.

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

Lucio. A *French* crown more. (2)

1 *Gent.*

(2) *A* French *Crown more.*] *Lucio* means here not the piece of mony so call'd, but that *Venereal* Scab which among the Surgeons

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diſeaſes in me; but thou art full of error; I am ſound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would ſay healthy; but ſo ſound, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; impiety hath made a feaſt of thee.

Enter Bawd.

1 *Gent.* How now, which of your hips has the moſt profound ſciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arreſted, and carry'd to priſon, was worth five thouſand of you all.

1 *Gent.* Who's that, I pr'ythee?

Bawd. Marry, Sir, that's *Claudio*; Signior *Claudio*.

1 *Gent.* *Claudio* to priſon? 'tis not ſo.

Bawd. Nay, but I know, 'tis ſo; I ſaw him arreſted; ſaw him carry'd away; and, which is more, within theſe three days his head is to be chopt off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it ſo: art thou ſure of this?

Bawd. I am too ſure of it; and it is for getting madam *Julietta* with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be; he promiſed to meet me two hours ſince, and he was ever preciſe in promiſe-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Beſides, you know, it draws ſomething near to the ſpeech we had to ſuch a purpoſe.

1 *Gent.* But moſt of all agreeing with the Proclamation.

Lucio. Away, let's go learn the truth of it. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Bawd.

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the ſweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am cuſtom-ſhrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

Surgeons is ſtil'd *Corona Veneris*. To this, I think, our Author likewiſe makes *Quince* allude in *Midſummer Night's Dream*.

Some of your French *Crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.*

For where theſe Eruptions are, the Skull is carious, and the Party becomes bald.

Enter

Enter Clown.

Clown. Yonder man is carry'd to prison.

Bawd. Well? what has he done?

Clown. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clown. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What? is there a maid with child by him?

Clown. No but there's a woman with maid by him: You have not heard of the Proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What Proclamation, man?

Clown. All houses in the suburbs of *Vienna* must be pluck'd down.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the city?

Clown. They shall stand for seed; they had gone down too, but that a wise burger put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down?

Clown. To the ground, mistress.

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the common-wealth; what shall become of me?

Clown. Come, fear not you; good counsellors lack no clients; though you change your place, you need not change your trade: I'll be your tapster still. Courage, there will be pity taken on you; you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Bawd. What's to do here, *Thomas Tapster?* let's withdraw.

Clown. Here comes Signior *Claudio*, led by the Provost to prison; and there's Madam *Juliet*.

[*Ex.* Bawd *and* Clown.

Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet *and Officers.* Lucio *and two Gentlemen.*

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to th' world?
Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from lord *Angelo* by special charge.

Claud.

Claud. Thus can the Demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down, for our offence, by weight
The words of heaven; on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Lucio. Why, how now, *Claudio?* whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my *Lucio*, liberty;
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So ev'ry scope by the immod'rate use
Turns to restraint: our natures do pursue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil; and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors; and yet, to say the truth I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality of imprisonment: what's thy offence, *Claudio?*

Claud. What but to speak of, would offend again.

Lucio. What is't, murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Letchery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, Sir, you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend: —— *Lucio*, a word with you.

Lucio. A hundred; if they'll do you any good: is letchery so look'd after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me; upon a true contract
I got possession of *Julietta*'s bed,
(You know the lady,) she is fast my wife;
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order. This we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
'Till time had made them for us. But it chances,
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment,
With character too gross, is writ on *Juliet*.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.
And the new Deputy now for the Duke,

(Whe-

(Whether it be the fault, and glimpſe, of newneſs;
Or whether that the body publick be
A horſe whereon the Governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the ſeat, that it may know
He can command, lets it ſtrait feel the ſpur;
Whether the tyranny be in his Place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I ſtagger in:) but this new Governor
Awakes me all th' enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unſcour'd armour, hung by th' wall
So long, that nineteen Zodiacks have gone round, (3)
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowſie and neglected Act
Freſhly on me; 'tis, ſurely, for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is; and thy head ſtands ſo tickle on thy ſhoulders, that a milk-maid, if ſhe be in love, may ſigh it off. Send after the Duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done ſo, but he's not to be found.
I pr'ythee, *Lucio*, do me this kind ſervice:
This day my Siſter ſhould the Cloiſter enter,
And there receive her Approbation.
Acquaint her with the danger of my ſtate,
Implore her, in my voice, that ſhe make friends
To the ſtrict Deputy; bid her ſelf aſſay him;
I have great hope in that; for in her youth
There is a prone and ſpeechleſs dialect,
Such as moves men! beſide, ſhe hath proſp'rous art
When ſhe will play with reaſon and diſcourſe,
And well ſhe can perſuade.

Lucio. I pray, ſhe may; as well for the encouragement of the like, which elſe would ſtand under grievous impoſition; as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be ſorry ſhould be thus fooliſhly loſt at a game of tick-tack.

(3) *So long, that* nineteen *Zodiacks have gone round.*] The Duke, in the Scene immediately following, ſays,

Which for theſe fourteen *Years we have let ſlip,*

The Author could not ſo diſagree with himſelf, in ſo narrow a Compaſs. The Numbers muſt have been wrote in Figures, and ſo miſtaken: for which reaſon, 'tis neceſſary to make the two Accounts correſpond.

I'll

I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend *Lucio.*

Lucio. Within two hours,———

Claud. Come, officer, away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A* MONASTERY.

Enter Duke, *and Friar* Thomas.

Duke. NO; holy father, throw away that thought;
Believe not, that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a compleat bosom: why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave, and wrinkled, than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your Grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy Sir, none better knows than you,
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd;
And held in idle price to haunt Assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.
I have deliver'd to lord *Angelo*
(A man of stricture and firm abstinence)
My absolute Pow'r and Place here in *Vienna*;
And he supposes me travell'd to *Poland*;
For so I've strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is receiv'd: now, pious Sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict Statutes and most biting Laws,
(The needful bits and curbs for head-strong Steeds,) (4)
Which for these nineteen years we have let sleep; (5)
Even

(4) *The needful* Bits *and* Curbs *for headstrong* Weeds:] There is no manner of Analogy, or Consonance, in the Metaphors here: and, tho' the Copies agree, I do not think, the Author would have talk'd of *Bits* and *Curbs* for *Weeds*. On the other hand, nothing can be more proper, than to compare Persons of *unbridled Licentiousness* to headstrong *Steeds*: and, in this View, *bridling the Passions* has been a Phrase adopted by our best Poets.

(5) *Which for these* fourteen *years we have let* slip,] For *fourteen* I have made no Scruple to replace *nineteen*. The Reason

Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey: now, as fond fathers
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to ſtick it in their children's ſight,
For terror, not to uſe; in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd, than fear'd: ſo our Decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themſelves are dead;
And Liberty plucks Juſtice by the noſe;
The baby beats the nurſe, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It reſted in your Grace
T'unlooſe this ty'd up juſtice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadful would have ſeem'd,
Than in lord *Angelo*.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful.
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people ſcope,
'Twould be my tyranny to ſtrike, and gall them,
For what I bid them do. For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permiſſive paſs,
And not the puniſhment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on *Angelo* impos'd the office:
Who may in th' ambuſh of my name ſtrike home,

ſon will be obvious to the Reader, who ſhall look back to the 3d Note upon this Play. I have, I hope, upon as good Authority, alter'd the odd Phraſe of *letting the Laws ſlip:* for, ſuppoſing the Expreſſion might be juſtified, yet how does it ſort with the Compariſon, that follows, of a Lion in his Cave that went not out to prey? But letting the Laws *ſleep*, as I have reſtor'd to the Text, adds a particular Propriety to the Thing repreſented, and accords exactly too with the *Simile*. It is the Metaphor too, that our Author ſeems fond of uſing upon this Occaſion, in ſeveral other Paſſages of this Play.

The Law hath not been dead, tho' it hath ſlept:
——————*'Tis now* awake.

And ſo, again,

——————*but this new Governor*
Awakes *me all th' enrolled* Penalties;
——————*and for a Name*
Now puts the drowſie *and neglected* Act
Freſhly on me.

And

And yet, my nature never in the fight
To do in ſlander: And to behold his ſway,
I will, as 'twere a Brother of your Order,
Viſit both prince and people; therefore, pr'ythee,
Supply me with the habit, and inſtruct me
How I may formally in perſon bear,
Like a true Friar. More reaſons for this action
At our more leiſure ſhall I render you;
Only, this one:——Lord *Angelo* is preciſe;
Stands at a guard with envy; ſcarce confeſſes
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than ſtone: hence ſhall we ſee,
If pow'r change purpoſe, what our ſeemers be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A Nunnery.*

Enter Iſabella *and* Franciſca.

Iſab. AND have you Nuns no further privileges?

Nun. Are not theſe large enough?

Iſab. Yes, truly; I ſpeak not as deſiring more;
But rather wiſhing a more ſtrict reſtraint
Upon the ſiſter-hood, the votariſts of Saint *Clare*.

Lucio. [*within.*] Hoa! Peace be in this place!

Iſab. Who's that, which calls?

Nun. It is a man's voice: gentle *Iſabella*,
Turn you the key, and know his buſineſs of him;
You may; I may not; you are yet unſworn:
When you have vow'd, you muſt not ſpeak with men,
But in the preſence of the Prioreſs;
Then, if you ſpeak, you muſt not ſhew your face;
Or, if you ſhew your face, you muſt not ſpeak.
He calls again; I pray you, anſwer him. [*Exit* Franc.

Iſab. Peace and proſperity! who is't that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, (if you be) as thoſe cheek-roſes
Proclaim you are no leſs; can you ſo ſtead me,
As bring me to the ſight of *Iſabella*,
A novice of this place, and the fair ſiſter
To her unhappy brother *Claudio*?

Iſab.

Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that *Isabella*, and his sister.
Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you;
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.
Isab. Wo me! for what?
Lucio. For that, which, if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks;
He hath got his friend with child.
Isab. Sir, make me not your story.
Lucio. 'Tis true:—I would not (tho' 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart) play with all virgins so.
I hold you as a thing en-sky'd, and sainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal Spirit;
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a Saint.
Isab. You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me.
Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis thus;
Your brother and his lover having embrac'd,
As those that feed grow full, as blossoming time
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foyson; so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.
Isab. Some one with child by him?—my cousin *Juliet?*
Lucio. Is she your cousin?
Isab. Adoptedly, as school-maids change their names,
By vain, tho' apt, affection.
Lucio. She it is.
Isab. O, let him marry her!
Lucio. This is the point.
The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand and hope of action; but we learn,
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs lord *Angelo*; a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels

The

The wanton ſtings and motions of the ſenſe;
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, ſtudy and faſt.
He, (to give fear to uſe and liberty,
Which have long time run by the hideous law,
As mice by lyons;) hath pickt out an act,
Under whoſe heavy ſenſe your brother's life
Falls into forfeit; he arreſts him on it;
And follows cloſe the rigour of the ſtatute,
To make him an example; all hope's gone,
Unleſs you have the grace by your fair prayer
To ſoften *Angelo*; and that's my pith of buſineſs
'Twixt you and your poor brother.

Iſab. Doth he ſo
Seek for his life?

Lucio. H'as cenſur'd him already;
And, as I hear, the Provoſt hath a warrant
For's execution.

Iſab. Alas! what poor
Ability's in me, to do him good?

Lucio. Aſſay the power you have.

Iſab. My power? Alas! I doubt.

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors;
And make us loſe the good, we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. Go to lord *Angelo*,
And let him learn to know, when maidens ſue,
Men give like Gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as truly theirs,
As they themſelves would owe them.

Iſab. I'll ſee what I can do.

Lucio. But, ſpeedily.

Iſab. I will about it ſtrait;
No longer ſtaying, but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you;
Commend me to my brother: ſoon at night
I'll ſend him certain word of my ſucceſs.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Iſab. Good Sir, adieu. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, *The Palace.*

Enter Angelo, Eſcalus, *a Juſtice, and Attendants.*

ANGELO.

WE muſt not make a ſcare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one ſhape, 'till cuſtom make it
Their pearch, and not their terror.

Eſcal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruiſe to death. Alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would ſave, had a moſt noble father;
Let but your Honour know,
Whom I believe to be moſt ſtraight in virtue,
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wiſhing,
Or that the reſolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd th' effect of your own purpoſe;
Whether you had not ſometime in your life
Err'd in this point, which now you cenſure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, *Eſcalus*,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, paſſing on the priſoner's life,
May in the ſworn twelve have a thief or two,
Guiltier than him they try; what's open made to juſtice,
That juſtice ſeizes on. What know the laws,
That thieves do paſs on thieves? 'tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we ſtoop and take't,
Becauſe we ſee it; but what we do not ſee,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not ſo extenuate his offence,

For

For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Enter Provost.

Escal. Be't, as your wisdom will.
Ang. Where is the *Provost?*
Prov. Here, if it like your Honour.
Ang. See, that *Claudio*
Be executed by nine to morrow morning.
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.——

[*Exit* Prov.

Escal. Well, heav'n forgive him! and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run through brakes of vice, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, *and* Officers.

Elb. Come, bring them away; if these be good people in a common-weal, that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law; bring them away.

Ang. How now, Sir, what's your name? and what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your Honour, I am the poor Duke's constable, and my name is *Elbow*; I do lean upon justice, Sir, and do bring in here before your good Honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your Honour, I know not well what they are; but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well; here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to: what quality are they of? *Elbow* is your name? why dost thou not speak, *Elbow?*

Clown.

Clown. He cannot, Sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, Sir?

Elb. He, Sir? a tapſter, Sir; parcel-bawd; one that ſerves a bad woman; whoſe houſe, Sir, was, as they ſay, pluckt down in the ſuburbs; and now ſhe profeſſes a hot-houſe; which, I think, is a very ill houſe too.

Eſcal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, Sir, whom I deteſt before heav'n and your Honour, ——

Eſcal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, Sir; whom, I thank heav'n, is an honeſt woman; ——

Eſcal. Doſt thou deteſt her therefore?

Elb. I ſay, Sir, I will deteſt myſelf alſo, as well as ſhe, that this houſe, if it be not a bawd's houſe, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty houſe.

Eſcal. How doſt thou know that, conſtable!

Elb. Marry, Sir, by my wife; who, if ſhe had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accuſed in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanneſs there.

Eſcal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, Sir, by miſtreſs *Over-done*'s means, but as ſhe ſpit in his face, ſo ſhe defy'd him.

Clown. Sir, if it pleaſe your Honour, this is not ſo.

Elb. Prove it before theſe varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Eſcal. Do you hear how he miſplaces?

Clown. Sir, ſhe came in great with child; and longing (ſaving your Honour's reverence) for ſtew'd prewns; Sir, we had but two in the houſe, which at that very diſtant time ſtood, as it were, in a fruit-diſh, a diſh of ſome three pence; (your Honours have ſeen ſuch diſhes; they are not *China* diſhes, but very good diſhes.)

Eſcal. Go to, go to; no matter for the diſh, Sir.

Clown. No, indeed, Sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but to the point; as I ſay, this miſtreſs *Elbow*, being, as I ſay, with child, and being great-belly'd, and longing, as I ſaid, for prewns; and having but two in the diſh, as I ſaid; maſter *Froth* here, this

very man, having eaten the reſt, as I ſaid, and, as I ſay, paying for them very honeſtly; for, as you know, maſter *Froth*, I could not give you three pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Clown. Very well; you being then, if you be remembred, cracking the ſtones of the foreſaid prewns.

Froth. Ay, ſo I did, indeed.

Clown. Why, very well; I telling you then, if you be remembred, that ſuch a one, and ſuch a one, were paſt cure of the thing you wot of, unleſs they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clown. Why, very well then.

Eſcal. Come, you are a tedious fool; to the purpoſe: what was done to *Elbow*'s wife, that he hath cauſe to complain of? come to what was done to her.

Clown. Sir, your Honour cannot come to that yet.

Eſcal. No, Sir, nor I mean it not.

Clown. Sir, but you ſhall come to it, by your Honour's leave: and, I beſeech you, look into maſter *Froth* here, Sir, a man of fourſcore pound a year; whoſe father dy'd at *Hallowmas*. Was't not at *Hallowmas*, maſter *Froth?*

Froth. All-holland eve.

Clown. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, Sir, ſitting, as I ſay, in a lower chair, Sir, 'twas in the bunch of grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to ſit, have you not?

Froth. I have ſo, becauſe it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clown. Why, very well then; I hope, here be truths.

Ang. This will laſt out a night in *Ruſſia*,
When nights are longeſt there. I'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cauſe;
Hoping, you'll find good cauſe to whip them all.

Eſcal. I think no leſs. Good morrow to your lordſhip. [*Exit* Angelo.
Now, Sir, come on: what was done to *Elbow*'s wife, once more?

Clown.

Clown. Once, Sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beſeech you, Sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clown. I beſeech your Honour, ask me.

Eſcal. Well, Sir, what did this gentleman to her?

Clown. I beſeech you, Sir, look in this gentleman's face; good maſter *Froth*, look upon his Honour; 'tis for a good purpoſe; doth your Honour mark his face?

Eſcal. Ay, Sir, very well.

Clown. Nay, I beſeech you, mark it well.

Eſcal. Well, I do ſo.

Clown. Doth your Honour ſee any harm in his face?

Eſcal. Why, no.

Clown. I'll be ſuppos'd upon a book, his face is the worſt thing about him: good then; if his face be the worſt thing about him, how could maſter *Froth* do the conſtable's wife any harm? I would know that of your Honour.

Eſcal. He's in the right; conſtable, what ſay you to it?

Elb. Firſt, an' it like you, the houſe is a reſpected houſe; next, this is a reſpected fellow; and his miſtreſs is a reſpected woman.

Clown. By this hand, Sir, his wife is a more reſpected perſon than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou lieſt; thou lieſt, wicked varlet; the time is yet to come, that ſhe was ever reſpected with man, woman, or child.

Clown. Sir, ſhe was reſpected with him before he marry'd with her.

Eſcal. Which is the wiſer here? *Juſtice*, or *Iniquity*?—Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked *Hannibal!* I reſpected with her, before I was marry'd to her? If ever I was reſpected with her, or ſhe with me, let not your worſhip think me the poor duke's officer; prove this, thou wicked *Hannibal*, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o'th'ear, you might have your action of ſlander too.

Elb. Marry I thank your good worſhip for't: what is't your worſhip's pleaſure I ſhall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, becauſe he hath ſome offences in him, that thou wouldſt diſcover if thou couldſt, let him continue in his courſes, 'till thou know'ſt what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worſhip for it; thou ſeeſt, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee. Thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend? [*To* Froth.

Froth. Here in *Vienna*, Sir.

Escal. Are you of fourſcore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, and't pleaſe you, Sir.

Escal. So. What trade are you of, Sir? [*To the* Clown.

Clown. A tapſter, a poor widow's tapſter.

Escal. Your miſtreſs's name?

Clown. Miſtreſs *Over-done*.

Escal. Hath ſhe had any more than one huſband?

Clown. Nine, Sir: *Over-done* by the laſt.

Escal. Nine? Come hither to me, maſter *Froth*: maſter *Froth*, I would not have you acquainted with tapſters; they will draw you, maſter *Froth*, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worſhip; for mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouſe, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well; no more of it, maſter *Froth*; farewel. [*Exit Froth.*

Come you hither to me, maſter tapſter; what's your name, maſter tapſter?

Clown. Pompey.

Escal. What elſe?

Clown. Bum, Sir.

Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greateſt thing about you, ſo that, in the beaſtlieſt ſenſe, you are *Pompey* the

the Great. *Pompey*, you are partly a bawd, *Pompey*; howſoever you colour it in being a tapſter; are you not? come, tell me true, it ſhall be the better for you.

Clown. Truly, Sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Eſcal. How would you live, *Pompey?* by being a bawd? what do you think of the trade, *Pompey?* is it a lawful trade?

Clown. If the law will allow it, Sir.

Eſcal. But the law will not allow it, *Pompey*; nor it ſhall not be allowed in *Vienna.*

Clown. Does your worſhip mean to geld and ſplay all the youth in the city?

Eſcal. No, *Pompey.*

Clown. Truly, Sir, in my poor opinon, they will to't then. If your worſhip will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Eſcal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you; it is but heading and hanging.

Clown. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten years together, you'll be glad to give out a commiſſion for more heads: if this law hold in *Vienna* ten years, (6) I'll rent the faireſt houſe in it, after three pence a bay: if you live to ſee this come to paſs, ſay, *Pompey* told you ſo.

(6) *I'll rent the faireſt houſe in it, after three pence a* Day.] For my part I believe, our Poet had no Notion of reducing Houſe-rent to a Proportion by the *Day.* The Meaning is this. The Faſhion of Buildings, in our Author's time, was to have two or three ſemi-circular juttings out in Front, (which we ſtill ſee in the Remains of old Houſes,) where the Windows were plac'd: And theſe Projections were call'd *Bays*; as the Windows were, from them, call'd *Bay-windows.*

Minſhew tells us, the Reaſon of the name being given was, becauſe this Form of Building reſembled a *Bay*, or Road for Ships, which is always round, and bow-ing, to break off the Force of the Water. ——— So that, Houſes, as I ſaid, having not above two or three of theſe Juttings out, the *Clown* ſays, "the Houſes won't be worth above three pence a *Bay.*" i. e. Nine-pence *per* Year at the largeſt Computation.

Escal. Thank you, good *Pompey*; and in requital of your prophecy, hark you; I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do; if I do, *Pompey*, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd *Cæsar* to you: in plain dealing, *Pompey*, I shall have you whipt: so for this time, *Pompey*, fare you well.

Clown. I thank your worship for your good counsel; but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? no, no; let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [*Exit.*

Escal. Come hither to me, master *Elbow*; come hither, master constable; how long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, Sir.

Escal. I thought by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time: you say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, Sir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you; they do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, Sir, few of any wit in such matters; as they are chosen, they are glad to chuse me for them. I do it for some piece of mony, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you, bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, Sir?

Elal. To my house; fare you well. What's a clock, think you? [*Exit* Elbow.

Just. Eleven, Sir.

Escal. I pray you, home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of *Claudio:*
But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord *Angelo* is severe.

Escal. It is but needful:
Mercy is not it self, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:

But

But yet, poor *Claudio!* there's no remedy.
Come, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Provoſt, *and a Servant.*

Serv. He's hearing of a cauſe; he will come ſtrait:
I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do; I'll know
His pleaſure; 't may be, he'll relent; alas!
He hath but as offended in a dream:
All ſects, all ages ſmack of this vice; and he
To die for it! ———

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, *Provoſt?*

Prov. Is it your will, *Claudio* ſhall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did not I tell thee, yea? hadſt thou not order?
Why doſt thou ask again?

Prov. Leſt I might be too raſh.
Under your good correction, I have ſeen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine,
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you ſhall well be ſpar'd.

Prov. I crave your pardon.
What ſhall be done, Sir, with the groaning *Juliet?*
She's very near her hour.

Ang. Diſpoſe of her
To ſome more fitting place, and that with ſpeed.

Serv. Here is the ſiſter of the man condemn'd,
Deſires acceſs to you.

Ang. Hath he a ſiſter?

Prov. Ay, my good lord, a very virtuous maid,
And to be ſhortly of a ſiſter-hood,
If not already.

Ang. Well; let her be admitted. [*Exit Servant.*
See you, the fornicatreſs be remov'd;
Let her have needful, but not laviſh, means;
There ſhall be order for it.

Enter Lucio *and* Iſabella.

Prov. 'Save your honour.

Ang. Stay yet a while.———Y'are welcome; what's your will?

Iſab. I am a woful ſuitor to your Honour,
Pleaſe but your Honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your ſuit?

Iſab. There is a vice that moſt I do abhor,
And moſt deſire ſhould meet the blow of juſtice;
For which I would not plead, but that I muſt;
For which I muſt not plead, but that I am
At war, 'twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?

Iſab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die;
I do beſeech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Prov. Heav'n give thee moving graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done;
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To find the faults, whoſe fine ſtands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Iſab. O juſt, but ſevere law!
I had a brother then;——heav'n keep your Honour!

Lucio. Give not o'er ſo: to him again, intreat him.
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold; if you ſhould need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue deſire it.
To him, I ſay.

Iſab. Muſt he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Iſab. Yes; I do think, that you might pardon him;
And neither heav'n, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Iſab. But can you, if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Iſab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong.

If

If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse,
As mine is to him?

Ang. He's sentenc'd; 'tis too late.

Lucio. You are too cold.

Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again: Well believe this, (7)
No ceremony that to Great ones 'longs,
Not the King's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does: if he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slipt like him;
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, be gone.

Isab. I wou'd to heav'n I had your potency,
And you were *Isabel*; should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucio. Ay, touch him; there's the vein.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas! alas!
Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And he, that might the 'vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you, as you are? oh, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother.
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him; he dies to-morrow.

(7) *Well, believe this,*] This manner of Pointing, which runs thro' all the Copies, gives an Air of Address too familiar for an Inferior to use to a Person of Distinction. But taking away the Comma after, *Well*, not only removes the Objection, but restores a Mode of Expression, which our Author delights to use. *Well believe this*: i. e. Be convinc'd, be throughly assur'd of this.

Isab. To-morrow, Oh! that's sudden. Spare him, spare him.
He's not prepar'd for death: Even for our kitchins
We kill the fowl, of season; shall we serve heav'n
With less respect, than we do minister
To our gross selves? good, good my lord, bethink you:
Who is it, that hath dy'd for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio. Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, tho' it hath slept:
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first man, that did th' edict infringe,
Had answer'd for his deed. Now, 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass that shews what future evils,
Or new, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees;
But here they live, to end.

Isab. Yet shew some pity.

Ang. I shew it most of all, when I shew justice;
For then I pity those, I do not know;
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gaul;
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfy'd;
Your brother dies to morrow; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first, that gives this sentence;
And he, that suffers: oh, 'tis excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous,
To use it like a giant.

Lucio. That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder
As *Jove* himself does, *Jove* would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting, petty, officer
Would use his heav'n for thunder;
Nothing but thunder: merciful heav'n!
Thou rather with thy sharp, and sulph'rous bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle: O, but man! proud man,

Dress

Dreſt in a little brief authority,
Moſt ignorant of what he's moſt aſſur'd,
His glaſſy eſſence, like an angry ape,
Plays ſuch fantaſtick tricks before high heav'n,
As makes the angels weep; who, with our ſpleens,
Would all themſelves laugh mortal.

Lucio. Oh, to him, to him, Wench; he will relent;
He's coming: I perceive't.

Prov. Pray heav'n, ſhe win him!

Iſab. We cannot weigh our brother with yourſelf: (8)
Great men may jeſt with Saints; 'tis wit in them;
But, in the leſs, foul prophanation.

Lucio. Thou'rt right, girl; more o' that.

Iſab. That in the captain's but a cholerick word,
Which in the ſoldier is flat blaſphemy.

Lucio. Art avis'd o' that? more on't.

Ang. Why do you put theſe ſayings upon me?

Iſab. Becauſe authority, tho' it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itſelf,
That ſkins the vice o' th' top: go to your boſom;
Knock there, and aſk your heart, what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault; if it confeſs
A natural guiltineſs, ſuch as is his,
Let it not ſound a thought upon your tongue
Againſt my brother's life.

Ang. She ſpeaks, and 'tis ſuch ſenſe,
That my ſenſe breeds with it. Fare you well.

Iſab. Gentle, my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me: come again to-morrow.

Iſab. Hark, how I'll bribe you: good my lord, turn back.

(8) *We cannot weigh our Brother with* ourſelf.] Why not? Tho' this ſhould be the Reading of all the Copies, 'tis as plain as Light, it is not the Author's Meaning. *Iſabella* would ſay, there is ſo great a Diſproportion in Quality betwixt Lord *Angelo* and her Brother, that their Actions can bear no Compariſon, or Equality, together: but her Brother's Crimes would be aggravated, *Angelo*'s Frailties extenuated, from the Difference of their Degrees and State of Life, Mr. *Warburton.*

Ang.

Ang. How? bribe me?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts, that heav'n shall share with you.

Lucio. You had marr'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond shekles of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rate are either rich, or poor,
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heav'n, and enter there,
Ere sun-rise: prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well; come to-morrow.

Lucio. Go to; 'tis well; away.

Isab. Heav'n keep your Honour safe!

Ang. Amen:
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Isab. Save your Honour! [*Exe.* Lucio *and* Isabella.

Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue.
What's this? what's this? is this her fault, or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most?
Not she; nor doth she tempt; but it is I,
That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense,
Than woman's lightness? having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? oh, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou? or what art thou, *Angelo?*
Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
That make her good? Oh, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What? do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? what is't I dream on?
Oh, cunning enemy, that, to catch a Saint,

With

With Saints doſt bait thy hook! moſt dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To ſin in loving virtue: ne'er could the ſtrumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once ſtir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite: Ever 'till this very Now,
When men were fond, I ſmil'd, and wonder'd how.
[*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to a Priſon.*

Enter Duke habited like a Friar, and Provoſt.

Duke. HAIL to you, *Provoſt!* ſo, I think, you are.
Prov. I am the *Provoſt*; what's your will, good *Friar?*
Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bleſt Order,
I come to viſit the afflicted ſpirits
Here in the priſon; do me the common right
To let me ſee them, and to make me know
The nature of their crimes; that I may miniſter
To them accordingly.
Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter Juliet.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine;
Who falling in the flaws of her own youth,
Hath bliſter'd her report: ſhe is with child;
And he, that got it, ſentenc'd: a young man
More fit to do another ſuch offence,
Than die for this.
Duke. When muſt he die?
Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.
I have provided for you; ſtay a while, [*To Juliet.*
And you ſhall be conducted.
Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the ſin you carry?
Juliet. I do; and bear the ſhame moſt patiently.
Duke. I'll teach you, how you ſhall arraign your conſcience,

And

And try your penitence, if it be ſound,
Or hollowly put on.
Juliet. I'll gladly learn.
Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?
Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.
Duke. So then, it ſeems, your moſt offenceful act
Was mutually committed.
Juliet. Mutually.
Duke. Then was your ſin of heavier kind than his.
Juliet. I do confeſs it, and repent it, father.
Duke. 'Tis meet ſo, daughter; but repent you not,
As that the ſin hath brought you to this ſhame?
Which ſorrow's always tow'rds ourſelves, not heaven;
Shewing, we'd not ſeek heaven, as we love it,
But as we ſtand in fear.
Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil;
And take the ſhame with joy.
Duke. There reſt.
Your partner, as I hear, muſt die to-morrow,
And I am going with inſtruction to him;
So, grace go with you! *benedicite.* [*Exit.*
Juliet. Muſt die to-morrow! oh, injurious love,
That reſpites me a life, whoſe very comfort
Is ſtill a dying horror!
Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Palace.*

Enter Angelo.

Ang. WHEN I would pray and think, I think and pray
To ſev'ral ſubjects: heav'n hath my empty words,
Whilſt my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on *Iſabel.* Heav'n's in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew its name;
And in my heart the ſtrong and ſwelling evil
Of my conception: the ſtate, whereon I ſtudied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,

Wherein

Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I with boot change for an idle plume
Which the air beats for vain. Oh place! oh form!
How often doſt thou with thy caſe, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiſer ſouls
To thy falſe ſeeming? blood, thou art but blood:
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn;
'Tis not the devil's creſt.

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there? ——

Serv. One *Iſabel*, a ſiſter, deſires acceſs to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. Oh heav'ns!
Why does my blood thus muſter to my heart,
Making both That unable for itſelf,
And diſpoſſeſſing all my other parts
Of neceſſary fitneſs?
So play the fooliſh throngs with one that ſwoons;
Come all to help him, and ſo ſtop the air
By which he ſhould revive: and even ſo
The gen'ral ſubjects to a well-wiſht King
Quit their own part, and in obſequious fondneſs
Crowd to his preſence, where their untaught love
Muſt needs appear offence. How now, fair maid?

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. I am come to know your pleaſure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better pleaſe me,
Than to demand, what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

Iſab. Ev'n ſo?—Heav'n keep your Honour! [*Going.*

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and, it may be,
As long as you or I; yet he muſt die.

Iſab. Under your ſentence?

Ang. Yea.

Iſab. When, I beſeech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer or ſhorter, he may be ſo fitted,
That his ſoul ſicken not.

Ang. Ha? fie, theſe filthy vices! 'twere as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature ſtol'n

A man already made, as to remit
Their ſaucy ſweetneſs, that do coin heav'n's image
In ſtamps that are forbid: 'tis all as eaſie,
Falſely to take away a life true made;
As to put metal in reſtrained means,
To make a falſe one.

Iſab. 'Tis ſet down ſo in heav'n, but not in earth.

Ang. And ſay you ſo? then I ſhall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the moſt juſt law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to ſuch ſweet uncleanneſs,
As ſhe, that he hath ſtain'd?

Iſab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my ſoul.

Ang. I talk not of your ſoul; our compell'd ſins
Stand more for number than accompt.

Iſab. How ſay you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can ſpeak
Againſt the thing I ſay. Anſwer to this:
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a ſentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in ſin,
To ſave this brother's life?

Iſab. Pleaſe you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my ſoul,
It is no ſin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do't at peril of your ſoul,
Were equal poize of ſin and charity.

Iſab. That I do beg his life, if it be ſin,
Heav'n, let me bear it! you, granting my ſuit,
If that be ſin, I'll make it my morn-pray'r
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your anſwer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your ſenſe purſues not mine: either, you're ignorant;
Or ſeem ſo, craftily; and that's not good.

Iſab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciouſly to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wiſdom wiſhes to appear moſt bright,
When it doth tax itſelf: as theſe black maſks

Proclaim

Proclaim an en-ſhield beauty ten times louder,
Than beauty could diſplay'd. But mark me,
To be received plain, I'll ſpeak more groſs;
Your brother is to die.

Iſab. So.

Ang. And his offence is ſo, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Iſab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to ſave his life,
(As I ſubſcribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loſs of queſtion,) that you his ſiſter,
Finding yourſelf deſir'd of ſuch a perſon,
Whoſe credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-holding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to ſave him, but that either
You muſt lay down the treaſures of your body
To this ſuppos'd, or elſe to let him ſuffer;
What would you do?

Iſab. As much for my poor brother, as myſelf;
That is, were I under the terms of death,
Th' impreſſion of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And ſtrip myſelf to death, as to a bed
That longing I've been ſick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to ſhame.

Ang. Then muſt your brother die.

Iſab. And 'twere the cheaper way;
Better it were, a brother dy'd at once;
Than that a ſiſter, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the ſentence,
That you have ſlander'd ſo?

Iſab. An ignominious ranſom, and free pardon,
Are of two houſes; lawful mercy, ſure,
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Ang. You ſeem'd of late to make the law a tyrant,
And rather prov'd the ſliding of your brother
A merriment, than a vice.

Iſab. O pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we ſpeak not what we mean:

I something do excuſe the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.
Ang. We are all frail.
Iſab. Elſe let my brother die, (9)
If not a feodary, but only he,
Owe, and ſucceed by weakneſs!
Ang. Nay, women are frail too.
Iſab. Ay, as the glaſſes where they view themſelves;
Which are as eaſy broke, as they make forms.
Women! help heav'n; men their creation mar,
In profiting by them: nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are ſoft as our complexions are,
And credulous to falſe prints.
Ang. I think it well;
And from this teſtimony of your own ſex,
(Since, I ſuppoſe, we're made to be no ſtronger,
Than faults may ſhake our frames) let me be bold:
I do arreſt your words: be That you are,
That is, a woman; if you're more, you're none.
If you be one, as you are well expreſs'd
By all external warrants, ſhew it now,
By putting on the deſtin'd livery.
Iſab. I have no tongue but one; gentle my lord,
Let me intreat you, ſpeak the former language.
Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

(9) *Elſe let my Brother dye,*
If not a Feodary, *but only He*, &c.] This is ſo obſcure a Paſſage, but ſo fine in its Application, that it deſerves to be explain'd. A *Feodary* was One, that, in the Times of Vaſſalage, held Lands of the chief Lords, under the Tenure of paying Rent and Service: which Tenures were call'd *Feuda* amongſt the *Goths*. This being premiſed, let us come to a Paraphraſe of our Author's Words. "We are all *frail*, ſays *Angelo*; yes, "replies *Iſabella*; if all Mankind were not *Feodaries*, who owe "what they have to this Tenure of *Imbecillity*, and who ſucceed "each other by the ſame Tenure, as well as my Brother, I would "give him up." And the comparing Mankind, (who, according to ſome Divines, lye under the Weight of Original Sin) to a *Feodary* who owes *Suit* and *Service* to his Lord, is, I think, one of the moſt beautiful Alluſions imaginable.

Mr. *Warburton.*

Iſab.

Isab. My brother did love *Juliet*;
And you tell me, that he shall die for it.
Ang. He shall not, *Isabel*, if you give me love.
Isab. I know, your virtue hath a licence in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.
Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.
Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious purpose! seeming, seeming!——
I will proclaim thee, *Angelo*; look for't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or, with an out-stretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art.
Ang. Who will believe thee, *Isabel?*
My unsoil'd name, th' austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i'th' state,
Will so your accusation over-weigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my sensual race the rein.
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite,
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes,
That banish what they sue for: redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will:
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To ling'ring sufferance. Answer me to-morrow;
Or by th' affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can; my false o'erweighs your true.
[*Exit.*
Isab. To whom should I complain? did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O most perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof;
Bidding the law make curtsie to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite,
To follow, as it draws. I'll to my brother.
Tho' he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,

Yet

Yet hath he in him ſuch a mind of honour,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up;
Before his ſiſter ſhould her body ſtoop
To ſuch abhorr'd pollution.
Then, *Iſabel*, live, chaſte; and, brother, die;
More than our brother is our chaſtity.
I'll tell him yet of *Angelo*'s requeſt;
And fit his mind to death, for his ſoul's Reſt.
[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *the Priſon.*

Enter Duke, Claudio, *and* Provoſt.

DUKE.

SO, then you hope of pardon from lord *Angelo?*

Claud. The miſerable have no other medicine,
But only Hope: I've hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be abſolute for death: or death, or life,
Shall thereby be the ſweeter. Reaſon thus with life; (10)

(10) ——— *Reaſon thus with Life:*
If I do loſe thee, I do loſe a Thing
That none but Fools would keep.] But this Reading is not only contrary to all Senſe and Reaſon; but to the Drift of this moral Diſcourſe. The *Duke*, in his aſſum'd Character of a *Friar*, is endeavouring to inſtil into the condemn'd Priſoner a Reſignation of Mind to his Sentence; but the Senſe of the Lines, in this Reading, is a direct Perſuaſive to *Suicide*: I make no Doubt but the Poet wrote,

That none but Fools would reck.

i. e. care for, be anxious about, regret the Loſs of.

Mr. *Warburton.*

If

If I do loſe thee, I do loſe a thing,
That none but fools would reck; a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skiey influences;
That doſt this habitation, where thou keep'ſt,
Hourly afflict; meerly thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'ſt by thy flight to ſhun,
And yet runn'ſt tow'rd him ſtill. Thou art not noble;
For all th' accommodations, that thou bear'ſt,
Are nurs'd by baſeneſs: thou'rt by no means valiant;
For thou doſt fear the ſoft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy beſt of Reſt is ſleep,
And that thou oft provok'ſt; yet groſly fear'ſt
Thy death, which is no more. Thou'rt not thy ſelf;
For thou exiſt'ſt on many a thouſand grains,
That iſſue out of duſt. Happy thou art not;
For what thou haſt not, ſtill thou ſtriv'ſt to get;
And what thou haſt forget'ſt. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion ſhifts to ſtrange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
For, like an aſs, whoſe back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'ſt thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloadeth thee. Friend thou haſt none;
For thy own bowels, which do call thee Sire,
The meer effuſion of thy proper loins,
Do curſe the *Gout*, *Serpigo*, and the *Rheum*,
For ending thee no ſooner. Thou haſt nor youth, nor age;
But as it were an after-dinner's ſleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy bleſſed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palſied Eld; and when thou'rt old and rich,
Thou haſt neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty
To make thy riches pleaſant. What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? yet in this life
Lye hid more thouſand deaths; yet death we fear,
That makes theſe odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To ſue to live, I find, I ſeek to die;
And, ſeeking death, find life: let it come on.

Enter

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. What, ho? peace here, grace and good company!

Prov. Who's there? come in: the wiſh deſerves a welcome.

Duke. Dear Sir, ere long I'll viſit you again.

Claud. Moſt holy Sir, I thank you.

Iſab. My Buſineſs is a word, or two, with *Claudio:*

Prov. And very welcome. Look, Signior, here's your ſiſter.

Duke. Provoſt, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you pleaſe.

Duke. Bring them to ſpeak where I may be conceal'd,
Yet hear them. [*Exeunt* Duke *and* Provoſt.

Claud. Now, ſiſter, what's the comfort?

Iſab. Why, as all comforts are; moſt good in Deed:
Lord *Angelo,* having affairs to heav'n,
Intends you for his ſwift ambaſſador;
Where you ſhall be an everlaſting leiger.
Therefore your beſt appointment make with ſpeed,
To morrow you ſet on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Iſab. None, but ſuch remedy, as, to ſave a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Iſab. Yes, brother, you may live:
There is a deviliſh mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you 'till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Iſab. Ay, juſt; perpetual durance; a reſtraint,
Tho' all the world's vaſtidity you had,
To a determin'd ſcope.

Claud. But in what nature?

Iſab. In ſuch a one, as you, conſenting to't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Isab. Oh, I do fear thee, *Claudio*; and I quake,
Left thou a fev'rous life ſhould'ſt entertain,
And ſix or ſeven Winters more reſpect
Than a perpetual Honour. Dar'ſt thou die?
The ſenſe of death is moſt in apprehenſion:
And the poor Beetle, that we tread upon,
In corp'ral ſufferance finds a pang as great,
As when a Giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this ſhame?
Think you, I can a reſolution fetch
From flow'ry tenderneſs? if I muſt die,
I will encounter darkneſs as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There ſpake my brother; there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou muſt die:
Thou art too noble to conſerve a life
In baſe appliances. This outward-ſainted Deputy,
Whoſe ſettled viſage and delib'rate word
Nips youth i'th' head; and follies doth emmew,
As faulcon doth the fowl; is yet a devil:
His filth within being caſt, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The Princely *Angelo?*

Isab. Oh, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'ſt body to inveſt and cover
In Princely guards. Doſt thou think, *Claudio*,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'ſt be freed?

Claud. Oh, heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give't thee; from this rank offence
So to offend him ſtill. This night's the time
That I ſhould do what I abhor to name,
Or elſe thou dy'ſt to morrow.

Claud. Thou ſhalt not do't.

Isab. Oh, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud.

Claud. Thanks, deareſt *Iſabel.*

Iſab. Be ready, *Claudio*, for your death to morrow.

Claud. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by th' noſe,
When he would force it? ſure, it is no ſin;
Or of the deadly ſeven it is the leaſt.

Iſab. Which is the leaſt?

Claud. If it were damnable, he being ſo wiſe,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd? oh *Iſabel!*

Iſab. What ſays my brother?

Claud. Death's a fearful thing.

Iſab. And ſhamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lye in cold obſtruction, and to rot;
This ſenſible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted ſpirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reſide
In thrilling regions of thick-ribb'd ice;
To be impriſon'd in the viewleſs winds,
And blown with reſtleſs violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worſe than worſt
Of thoſe, that lawleſs and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling; 'tis too horrible!
The wearieſt and moſt loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury, impriſonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradiſe
To what we fear of death.

Iſab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet ſiſter, let me live;
What ſin you do to ſave a brother's life,
Nature diſpenſes with the deed ſo far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Iſab. Oh, you beaſt!
Oh, faithleſs coward! oh, diſhoneſt wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of inceſt, to take life
From thine own ſiſter's ſhame? what ſhould I think?
Heav'n grant, my mother plaid my father fair!
For ſuch a warped ſlip of wilderneſs

Ne'er

Ne'er iſſu'd from his blood. Take my defiance,
Die, periſh! might my only bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it ſhould proceed.
I'll pray a thouſand prayers for thy death;
No word to ſave thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, *Iſabel.*

Iſab. Oh, fie, fie, fie!
Thy ſin's not accidental, but a trade;
Mercy to thee would prove it ſelf a bawd;
'Tis beſt, that thou dy'ſt quickly.

Claud. Oh hear me, *Iſabella.*

To them, Enter Duke *and* Provoſt.

Duke. Vouchſafe a word, young ſiſter; but one word.

Iſab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you diſpenſe with your leiſure, I would by and by have ſome ſpeech with you: the ſatisfaction I would require, is likewiſe your own benefit.

Iſab. I have no ſuperfluous leiſure: my ſtay muſt be ſtolen out of other affairs: but I will attend you a while.

Duke. Son I have over-heard what hath paſt between you and your ſiſter. *Angelo* had never the purpoſe to corrupt her; only he hath made an aſſay of her virtue, to practiſe his judgment with the diſpoſition of natures. She having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial, which he is moſt glad to receive: I am Confeſſor to *Angelo*, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare your ſelf to death. Do not ſatisfie your reſolution with hopes that are fallible; to morrow you muſt die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my ſiſter pardon: I am ſo out of love with life, that I will ſue to be rid of it.

[*Exit* Claud.

Duke. Hold you there; farewel. *Provoſt*, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone; leave me a while with the maid: my mind promiſes with my habit, no loſs ſhall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time. [*Exit* Prov.

Duke. The hand, that hath made you fair, hath made you good; the goodneſs, that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodneſs; but grace, being the ſoul of your complexion, ſhall keep the body of it ever fair. The aſſault that *Angelo* hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my underſtanding; and but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I ſhould wonder at *Angelo:* how will you do to content this Subſtitute, and to ſave your brother?

Iſab. I am now going to reſolve him; I had rather my brother die by the law, than my ſon ſhould be unlawfully born. But, oh, how much is the good Duke deceiv'd in *Angelo?* if ever he return, and I can ſpeak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or diſcover his Government.

Duke. That ſhall not be much amiſs; yet as the matter now ſtands, he will avoid your accuſation; he made tryal of you only. Therefore faſten your ear on my adviſings: to the love I have in doing good, a remedy preſents it ſelf. I do make my ſelf believe, that you may moſt uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no ſtain to your own gracious perſon; and much pleaſe the abſent Duke, if, peradventure, he ſhall ever return to have hearing of this buſineſs.

Iſab. Let me hear you ſpeak farther; I have ſpirit to do any thing, that appears not foul in the truth of my ſpirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and Goodneſs never fearful: have you not heard ſpeak of *Mariana*, the ſiſter of *Frederick*, the great ſoldier who miſcarried at ſea?

Iſab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her ſhould this *Angelo* have marry'd; was affianc'd to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between

between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother *Frederick* was wreckt at sea, having in that perish'd vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark, how heavily this befel to the poor gentlewoman; there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming *Angelo*.

Isab. Can this be so? did *Angelo* so leave her?

Duke. Left her in tears, and dry'd not one of them with his comfort; swallow'd his vows whole, pretending, in her, discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestow'd her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! what corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! but how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Shew me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-nam'd maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, (that in all reason should have quenched her love,) hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to *Angelo*, answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage: first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted, in course now follows all: we shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge it self hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence; and here by this is your brother saved, your Honour untainted,

tainted, the poor *Mariana* advantaged, and the corrupt Deputy ſcaled. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt: if you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleneſs of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Iſab. The image of it gives me content already, and, I truſt, it will grow to a moſt proſperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up; haſte you ſpeedily to *Angelo*; if for this night he intreat you to his bed, give him promiſe of ſatisfaction. I will preſently to St. *Luke*'s; there at the moated Grange reſides this dejected *Mariana*; at that place call upon me, and diſpatch with *Angelo*, that it may be quickly.

Iſab. I thank you for this comfort: fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE *changes to the Street.*

Re-enter Duke *as a Friar*, Elbow, Clown, *and Officers.*

Elb. NAY, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and ſell men and women like beaſts, we ſhall have all the world drink brown and white baſtard.

Duke. Oh, heav'ns! what ſtuff is here?

Clown. 'Twas never merry world ſince of two uſuries the merrieſt was put down, and the worſer allow'd by order of law. A furr'd gown to keep him warm, and furr'd with fox and lamb-ſkins too, to ſignifie, that craft, being richer than innocency, ſtands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, Sir: bleſs you, good father *Friar*.

Duke. And you, good brother father; what offence hath this man made you, Sir?

Elb. Marry, Sir, he hath offended the law; and, Sir, we take him to be a Thief too, Sir; for we have found upon

upon him, Sir, a ſtrange pick lock, which we have ſent to the Deputy.

Duke. Fie, Sirrah, a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou cauſeſt to be done,
That is thy means to live. Doſt thou but think,
What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a back,
From ſuch a filthy vice? ſay to thy ſelf,
From their abominable and beaſtly touches
I drink, I eat, array my ſelf, and live. (11)
Canſt thou believe thy living is a life,
So ſtinkingly depending! go mend, mend.

Clown. Indeed, it doth ſtink in ſome ſort, Sir; but yet, Sir, I would prove——

Duke. Nay if the devil have giv'n thee proofs for ſin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to priſon, officer;
Correction and inſtruction muſt both work,
Ere this rude beaſt will profit.

Elb. He muſt before the Deputy, Sir; he has given him warning; the Deputy cannot abide a whore-maſter; if he be a whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as ſome would ſeem to be,
Free from all faults, as faults from ſeeming free!

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waſte, a cord, Sir.

Clown. I ſpy comfort: I cry, bail: here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

(11) *I drink, I eat* away *myſelf, and live.*] Thus hitherto in all the Impreſſions. This is one very excellent Inſtance of the Sagacity of our Editors, and it were to be wiſh'd heartily, they would have oblig'd us with their phyſical Solution, how a Man can *eat away* himſelf *and live.* The ingenious Mr. *Biſhop*, when we read this Play together, gave me that moſt certain Emendation, which I have ſubſtituted in the Room of the former fooliſh Reading; by the help whereof, we have this eaſy Senſe; that the Clown fed himſelf, and put Cloaths on his Back, by exerciſing the vile Trade of a Bawd.

Lucio. How now, noble *Pompey?* what, at the wheels of *Cæsar?* art thou led in triumph? what, is there none of *Pigmalion*'s images newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracting it clutch'd? what reply? ha? what say'ſt thou to this tune, matter and method? is't not drown'd i'th' laſt rain? ha? what say'ſt thou, trot? is the world as it was, man? which is the way? is it ſad and few words? or how? the trick of it?

Duke. Still thus and thus; ſtill worſe?

Lucio. How doth my dear morſel, thy miſtreſs? procures ſhe ſtill? ha?

Clown. Troth, Sir, ſhe hath eaten up all her beef, and ſhe is her ſelf in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it muſt be ſo. Ever your freſh whore, and your powder'd bawd; an unſhunn'd conſequence, it muſt be ſo. Art going to priſon, *Pompey?*

Clown. Yes, faith, Sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiſs, *Pompey*: farewel: go, ſay, I ſent thee thither. For debt, *Pompey?* or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then impriſon him; if impriſonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his Right. Bawd is he, doubtleſs, and of antiquity too; bawd born. Farewel, good *Pompey:* commend me to the priſon, *Pompey*; you will turn good huſband now, *Pompey*; you will keep the houſe.

Clown. I hope, Sir, your good worſhip will be my bail.

Lucio. No indeed, will I not, *Pompey*; it is not the wear; I will pray, *Pompey*, to encreaſe your bondage; if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more: adieu, truſty *Pompey*. Bleſs you, *Friar.*

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does *Bridget* paint ſtill, *Pompey?* ha?

Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Clown. You will not bail me then, Sir?

Lucio. Then *Pompey*, nor now. What news abroad, *Friar?* what news?

Elb.

Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Lucio. Go to kennel, *Pompey*, go:

[*Exeunt* Elbow, Clown, *and Officers.*

What news, *Friar*, of the *Duke?*

Duke. I know none: can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some ſay, he is with the Emperor of *Ruſſia*; other Some, he is in *Rome:* but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where; but whereſoever, I wiſh him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantaſtical trick of him to ſteal from the State, and uſurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord *Angelo* dukes it well in his abſence; he puts Tranſgreſſion to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to leachery would do no harm in him; ſomething too crabbed that way, *Friar.*

Duke. It is too general a vice, and ſeverity muſt cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good ſooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well ally'd; but it is impoſſible to extirp it quite, *Friar*, 'till eating and drinking be put down. They ſay, this *Angelo* was not made by man and woman after the downright way of creation; is it true, think you?

Duke. How ſhould he be made then?

Lucio. Some report, a ſea-maid ſpawn'd him. Some, that he was got between two ſtock-fiſhes. But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true: (12) and he is a motion ungenerative, that's infallible.

(12)——*and he is a Motion* generative; *that's infallible.*] This may be Senſe; and *Lucio*, perhaps, may mean, that tho' *Angelo* have the Organs of Generation, yet that he makes no more Uſe of them than if he were an inanimate Puppet. But I rather think, our Author wrote; —— and he is a Motion *ungenerative,* ——becauſe *Lucio* again in this very Scene ſays; —— *this* ungenitur'd Agent *will unpeople the Province with Continency.*

Duke. You are pleasant, Sir, and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece to take away the life of a man; would the Duke, that is absent, have done this? ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport, he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent Duke much detected for women; he was not inclin'd that way.

Lucio. Oh, Sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who, not the Duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was, to put a ducket in her clack-dish; the Duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too, that let me inform you.

Duke You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his: a shy fellow was the Duke; and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, pr'ythee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No: pardon: 'tis a secret must be lockt within the teeth and the lips; but this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the Duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? why, no question, but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed, must, upon a warranted Need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious, a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore, you speak unskilfully; or if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dear love.

Lucio.

Lucio. Come, Sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, ſince you know not what you ſpeak. But if ever the duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me deſire you to make your anſwer before him: if it be honeſt you have ſpoke, you have courage to maintain it; I am bound to call upon you, and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is *Lucio*, well known to the duke.

Duke. He ſhall know you better, Sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope, the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an oppoſite; but, indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forſwear this again?

Lucio. I'll be hang'd firſt: thou art deceiv'd in me, *Friar*. But no more of this. Canſt thou tell, if *Claudio* die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why ſhould he die, Sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-diſh: I would, the duke, we talk of, were return'd again; this ungenitur'd agent will unpeople the province with continency. Sparrows muſt not build in his houſe-eaves, becauſe they are leacherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly anſwered; he would never bring them to light; would he were return'd! Marry, this *Claudio* is condemned for untruſſing. Farewel, good *Friar*; I pry'thee, pray for me: (13) the duke, I ſay to thee again, would eat mutton on *Fridays*. He's now paſt it; yet, and I ſay to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, tho' ſhe ſmelt of brown bread and garlick: ſay, that I ſaid ſo, farewel. [*Exit.*

(13) *The Duke, I ſay to thee again, would eat* Mutton *on* Fridays.] This is not meant to impeach the Duke of being an ill *Catholick*, as tranſgreſſing the Rules of Abſtinence in Diet: But the Joke, alluded to, will be explain'd by looking back to the ſecond Note on *The two Gentlemen of* Verona.

Duke. No might nor greatneſs in mortality
Can cenſure ſcape: back-wounding calumny
The whiteſt virtue ſtrikes. What king ſo ſtrong
Can tie the gall up in the ſland'rous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter Eſcalus, Provoſt, Bawd, *and Officers.*

Eſcal. Go, away with her to priſon.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your Honour is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Eſcal. Double and treble admonition, and ſtill forfeit in the ſame kind? this would make mercy ſwear, and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it pleaſe your Honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one *Lucio*'s information againſt me: miſtreſs *Kate Keep-down* was with child by him in the duke's time; he promis'd her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come *Philip* and *Jacob:* I have kept it myſelf; and ſee, how he goes about to abuſe me.

Eſcal. This fellow is a fellow of much licence; let him be call'd before us. Away with her to priſon: go to; no more words. [*Exeunt with the* Bawd.] *Provoſt*, my brother *Angelo* will not be alter'd; *Claudio* muſt die to-morrow: let him be furniſh'd with divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it ſhould not be ſo with him.

Pro. So pleaſe you, this *Friar* has been with him, and advis'd him for the entertainment of death.

Eſcal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliſs and goodneſs on you!

Eſcal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, tho' my chance is now
To uſe it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the See
In ſpecial buſineſs from his holineſs.

Eſcal. What news abroad i'th' world?

Duke.

Duke. None, but that there is ſo great a fever on goodneſs, that the diſſolution of it muſt cure it. Novelty is only in requeſt; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of courſe, as it is virtuous to be conſtant in any undertaking. There is ſcarce truth enough alive, to make ſocieties ſecure; but ſecurity enough, to make fellowſhips accurſt. Much upon this riddle runs the wiſdom of the world; this news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, Sir, of what diſpoſition was the duke?

Eſcal. One, that, above all other ſtrifes,
Contended ſpecially to know himſelf.

Duke. What pleaſure was he giv'n to?

Eſcal. Rather rejoicing to ſee another merry, than merry at any thing which profeſt to make him rejoice. A gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove proſperous; and let me deſire to know, how you find *Claudio* prepar'd? I am made to underſtand, that you have lent him viſitation.

Duke. He profeſſes to have received no ſiniſter meaſure from his judge, but moſt willingly humbles himſelf to the determination of juſtice; yet had he fram'd to himſelf, by the inſtruction of his frailty, many deceiving promiſes of life; which I by my good leiſure have diſcredited to him, and now is he reſolv'd to die.

Eſcal. You have paid the heav'ns your function, and the priſoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman, to the extremeſt ſhore of my modeſty; but my brother Juſtice have I found ſo ſevere, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, he is indeed juſtice.

Duke. If his own life anſwer the ſtraitneſs of his proceeding, it ſhall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath ſentenc'd himſelf.

Eſcal. I am going to viſit the priſoner; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Duke. Peace be with you!
He, who the ſword of heav'n will bear,

Should

Should be as holy as ſevere:
Pattern in himſelf to know,
Grace to ſtand, and virtue go;
More nor leſs to others paying,
Than by ſelf-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whoſe cruel ſtriking!
Kills for faults of his own liking.
Twice treble ſhame on *Angelo*,
To weed my vice, and let his grow!
Oh, what may man within him hide,
Tho' angel on the outward ſide!
How may that likeneſs, made in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
Draw with idle ſpiders' ſtrings
Moſt pond'rous and ſubſtantial things!
Craft againſt vice I muſt apply.
With *Angelo* to night ſhall lye
His old betrothed, but deſpis'd;
So diſguiſe ſhall by th' diſguis'd
Pay with falſhood falſe exacting:
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *A Grange.*

Enter Mariana *and Boy ſinging.*

SONG.

TAKE, oh, take thoſe lips away,
That ſo ſweetly were forſworn;
And thoſe eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do miſlead the morn;
But my kiſſes bring again,
Seals of love, but ſeal'd in vain.

Enter

Enter Duke.

Mari. Break off thy ſong, and haſte thee quick away:
Here comes a man of comfort, whoſe advice
Hath often ſtill'd my brawling diſcontent.
I cry you mercy, Sir, and well could wiſh,
You had not found me here ſo muſical:
Let me excuſe me, and believe me ſo,
My mirth is much diſpleas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good; tho' muſick oft hath ſuch a charm
To make bad, good; and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body enquir'd for me here to day? much upon this time, have I promis'd here to meet.

Mari. You have not been enquir'd after: I have ſate here all day.

Enter Iſabel.

Duke. I do conſtantly believe you: the time is come, even now. I ſhall crave your forbearance a little; may be, I will call upon you anon for ſome advantage to your ſelf.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*

Duke. Very well met, and welcome:
What is the news from this good deputy?

Iſab. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,
Whoſe weſtern ſide is with a vineyard backt;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There, on the heavy middle of the night,
Have I my promiſe made to call upon him.

Duke. But ſhall you on your knowledge find this way?

Iſab. I've ta'en a due and wary note upon't;
With whiſp'ring and moſt guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did ſhew me
The way twice o'er.

Duke.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her obſervance?
Iſab. No: none, but only a repair i'th' dark:
And that I have poſſeſt him, my moſt ſtay
Can be but brief; for I have made him know,
I have a ſervant comes with me along,
That ſtays upon me; whoſe perſuaſion is,
I come about my brother.
Duke. 'Tis well born up.
I have not yet made known to *Mariana*
A word of this. What, hoa! within! come forth!

Enter Mariana.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.
Iſab. I do deſire the like.
Duke. Do you perſuade your ſelf that I reſpect you?
Mari. Good *Friar*, I know you do; and I have found it.
Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a ſtory ready for your ear:
I ſhall attend your leiſure; but make haſte;
The vaporous night approaches.
Mari. Wilt pleaſe you walk aſide?
[*Exeunt* Mar. *and* Iſab.
Duke. O place and greatneſs! millions of falſe eyes
Are ſtuck upon thee: volumes of report
Run with theſe falſe and moſt contrarious queſts
Upon thy doings: thouſand 'ſcapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
And rack thee in their fancies! welcome: how agreed?

Re-enter Mariana, *and* Iſabel.

Iſab. She'll take the enterprize upon her, father,
If you adviſe it.
Duke. 'Tis not my conſent,
But my intreaty too.
Iſab. Little have you to ſay,

When

When you depart from him, but ſoft and low,
" *Remember now my brother.*
Mari. Fear me not.
Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contract;
To bring you thus together, 'tis no ſin;
Sith that the juſtice of your title to him
Doth flouriſh the deceit. Come, let us go;
Our corn's to reap; for yet our tilth's to ſow. (14) [*Exe.*

SCENE *changes to the Priſon.*

Enter Provoſt *and* Clown.

Pro. COME hither, ſirrah: can you cut off a man's head?

Clown. If the man be a batchelor, Sir, I can: but if he be a marry'd man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, Sir, leave me your ſnatches, and yield me a direct anſwer. To morrow morning are to die *Claudio* and *Barnardine:* here is in our priſon a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper; if you will take it on you to aſſiſt him, it ſhall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you ſhall have your full time of impriſonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping; for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clown. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind, but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman: I would be glad to receive ſome inſtruction from my fellow-partner.

Prov. What hoa, *Abhorſon!* where's *Abhorſon,* there?

Enter Abhorſon.

Abhor. Do you call, Sir?

(14) ——*for yet our* tythe's *to ſow.*] It muſt be *Tilth*; that is, our Tillage is yet to be made; our Grain is yet to be put in the Ground; the Project, from which we expect to profit in the Iſſue, is ſtill to be put in hand.

Prov.

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to morrow in your execution; if you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you, he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, Sir? fie upon him, he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, Sir, you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [*Exit.*

Clown. Pray, Sir, by your good favour; (for, surely, Sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look;) do you call, Sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, Sir; a mystery.

Clown. Painting, Sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, Sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clown. Proof———

Abhor. (15) Every true man's apparel fits your thief, clown: If it be too little for your true man, your Thief thinks it big enough. If it be too big for your

(15) Abhor. *Every true Man's Apparel fits your Thief.*
Clown. *If it be too little for your Thief, your true Man thinks it big enough. If it be too big for your Thief, your Thief thinks it little enough: so every true Man's Apparel fits your Thief.*] This is a very notable Passage, as it stands in all the Editions; but, I dare say, is notably corrupted; and both the Speeches, and the Words, shuffled and misplaced. What! does the *Clown* ask Proof, how the Hangman's Trade is a Mystery; and, so soon as ever *Abhorson* advances his *Thesis* to prove it, the *Clown* takes the Argument out of his Mouth, and perverts the very Tenour of it? I am satisfied, the Poet intended a regular *Syllogism*; and I submit it to judgment, whether my Regulation has not restor'd that Wit, and Humour which was quite lost in the Depravation.

true

true man, your thief thinks it little enough; ſo every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provoſt.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clown. Sir, I will ſerve him: for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftner ask forgiveneſs.

Prov. You, ſirrah, provide your block and your ax to morrow, four o' clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd, I will inſtruct thee in my trade; follow.

Clown. I do deſire to learn, Sir; and I hope, if you have occaſion to uſe me for your own turn, you (16) ſhall find me yare: for, truly, Sir, for your kindneſs I owe you a good turn. [*Exit.*

Prov. Call hither *Barnardine*, and *Claudio*:
One has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murth'rer, tho' he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here's the warrant, *Claudio*, for thy death;
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to morrow
Thou muſt be made immortal. Where's *Barnardine?*

Claud. As faſt lock'd up in ſleep, as guiltleſs labour
When it lyes ſtarkly in the traveller's bones:
He'll not awake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare your ſelf. [*Ex.* Claud.] But, hark, what noiſe? [*Knock within.*
Heav'n give your ſpirits comfort!——by and by;——

(16) *You ſhall find me* yours;] This Reading, I believe, was firſt Mr. *Rowe*'s; and conſequently adopted by the laſt Editor. The old Books have it, *You ſhall find me* y'are.——Very little Sagacity might have inſtructed them, that the Corruption is only in the *Apoſtrophe*; and that the Poet's Word was *yare*; i. e. dextrous in the Office; a Word very frequent in our Author's Writings.

I hope, it is ſome pardon, or reprieve,
For the moſt gentle *Claudio*. Welcome, father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The beſt and wholſom'ſt ſpirits of the night
Invellop you, good *Provoſt!* who call'd here of late?
Prov. None, ſince the curphew rung.
Duke. Not *Iſabel?*
Prov. No.
Duke. They will then, ere't be long.
Prov. What comfort is for *Claudio?*
Duke. There is ſome in hope.
Prov. It is a bitter deputy.
Duke. Not ſo, not ſo; his life is parallel'd
Ev'n with the ſtroak and line of his great juſtice;
He doth with holy abſtinence ſubdue
That in himſelf, which he ſpurs on his pow'r
To qualifie in others. Were he meal'd
With that, which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being ſo, he's juſt. Now they are come.
[*Knock again.* Provoſt *goes out.*
This is a gentle *Provoſt*; ſeldom, when
The ſteeled goaler is the friend of men.
How now? what noiſe? that ſpirit's poſſeſt with haſte,
That wounds th' unreſiſting poſtern with theſe ſtrokes.
[Provoſt *returns.*
Prov. There he muſt ſtay, until the officer
Ariſe to let him in; he is call'd up.
Duke. Have you no countermand for *Claudio* yet,
But he muſt die to morrow?
Prov. None, Sir, none.
Duke. As near the dawning, *Provoſt*, as it is,
You ſhall hear more ere morning.
Prov. Happily,
You ſomething know; yet, I believe, there comes
No countermand; no ſuch example have we:
Beſides, upon the very ſiege of juſtice,
Lord *Angelo* hath to the publick ear
Profeſt the contrary.

Enter

Enter a Meſſenger.

Duke. This is his lordſhip's man.

Prov. And here comes *Claudio*'s pardon.

Meſſ. My lord hath ſent you this note, and by me this further charge, that you ſwerve not from the ſmalleſt article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumſtance. Good morrow; for as I take it, it is almoſt day.

Prov. I ſhall obey him. [*Exit Meſſenger.*

Duke. This is his pardon, purchas'd by ſuch ſin,
For which the pardoner himſelf is in:
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority;
When vice makes mercy, mercy's ſo extended,
That, for the fault's love, is th' offender friended.
Now, Sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: lord *Angelo*, be-like, thinking me remiſs in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on; methinks, ſtrangely; for he hath not us'd it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Provoſt *reads the letter.*

Whatſoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio *be executed by four of the clock, and in the afternoon* Barnardine: *for my better ſatisfaction, let me have* Claudio's *head ſent me by five. Let this be duly perform'd, with a thought that more depends on it than we muſt yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will anſwer it at your peril.*

What ſay you to this, Sir?

Duke. What is that *Barnardine*, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A *Bohemian* born; but here nurſt up and bred; one, that is a priſoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it, that the abſent Duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do ſo.

Prov.

Prov. His friends ſtill wrought reprieves for him, and, indeed, his fact, 'till now in the government of lord *Angelo*, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Moſt manifeſt, and not deny'd by himſelf.

Duke. Hath he born himſelf penitent in priſon? how ſeems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken ſleep; careleſs, reckleſs, and fearleſs of what's paſt, preſent, or to come; inſenſible of mortality, and deſperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none; he hath evermore had the liberty of the priſon: give him leave to eſcape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and ſhew'd him a ſeeming warrant for it; it hath not mov'd him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, *Provoſt*, honeſty and conſtancy; if I read it not truly, my ancient ſkill beguiles me; but in the boldneſs of my cunning, I will lay myſelf in hazard. *Claudio*, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than *Angelo*, who hath ſentenc'd him. To make you underſtand this in a manifeſted effect, I crave but four days reſpite; for the which you are to do me both a preſent and a dangerous courteſie.

Prov. Pray, Sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an expreſs command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of *Angelo?* I may make my caſe as *Claudio*'s, to croſs this in the ſmalleſt.

Duke. By the vow of mine Order, I warrant you, if my inſtructions may be your guide: let this *Barnardine* be this morning executed, and his head borne to *Angelo.*

Prov.

Prov. *Angelo* hath ſeen them both, and will diſcover the favour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great diſguiſer, and you may add to it; ſhave the head, and tie the beard, and ſay it was the deſire of the penitent to be ſo barb'd before his death; you know the courſe is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune; by the Saint whom I profeſs, I will plead againſt it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is againſt my oath.

Duke. Were you ſworn to the Duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his ſubſtitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the juſtice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a reſemblance, but a certainty. Yet ſince I ſee you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my perſuaſion, can with eaſe attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, Sir, here is the hand and ſeal of the Duke; you know the character, I doubt not; and the ſignet is not ſtrange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the Duke; you ſhall anon over-read it at your pleaſure; where you ſhall find, within theſe two days he will be here. This is a thing, which *Angelo* knows not, for he this very day receives letters of ſtrange tenor; perchance, of the Duke's death; perchance, of his entering into ſome monaſtery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding ſtar calls up the ſhepherd; put not yourſelf into amazement how theſe things ſhould be; all difficulties are but eaſie, when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with *Barnardine*'s head: I will give him a preſent ſhrift, and adviſe him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this ſhall abſolutely reſolve you. Come away, it is almoſt clear dawn. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Clown.

Clown. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our houſe of profeſſion; one would think, it were miſtreſs *Over-done*'s own houſe; for here be many of her old cuſtomers. Firſt, here's young Mr. *Raſh*; he's in for a commodity of brown pepper and old ginger, nineſcore and ſeventeen pounds; of which he made five marks ready mony: marry, then, ginger was not much in requeſt: for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Mr. *Caper*, at the ſuit of maſter *Three-Pile* the mercer; for ſome four ſuits of peach-colour'd ſattin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young *Dizzy*, and young Mr. *Deep-vow*, and Mr. *Copper-ſpur*, and maſter *Starve-lacky* the rapier and dagger-man, and young *Drop-heire* that kill'd luſty *Pudding*, and Mr. *Forthright* the tilter, and brave Mr. *Shooty* the great traveller, and wild *Half-canne* that ſtabb'd *Pots*, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now in for the Lord's ſake.

Enter Abhorſon.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring *Barnardine* hither.

Clown. Maſter *Barnardine*, you muſt riſe and be hang'd, maſter *Barnardine*.

Abhor. What, hoa, *Barnardine!*

Barnar. [*within.*] A pox o' your throats; who makes that noiſe there? what are you?

Clown. Your friend, Sir, the hangman: you muſt be ſo good, Sir, to riſe, and be put to death.

Barnar. [*within.*] Away, you rogue, away; I am ſleepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he muſt awake, and that quickly too.

Clown. Pray, maſter *Barnardine*, awake 'till you are executed, and ſleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clown. He is coming, Sir, he is coming; I hear the ſtraw ruſtle.

Enter

Enter Barnardine.

Abhor. Is the ax upon the block, Sirrah?

Clown. Very ready, Sir.

Barnar. How now, *Abhorſon?* what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, Sir, I would deſire you to clap into your prayers: for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Clown. Oh, the better, Sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may ſleep the ſounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abhor. Look you, Sir, here comes your ghoſtly father; do we jeſt now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how haſtily you are to depart, I am come to adviſe you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they ſhall beat out my brains with billets: I will not conſent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. Oh, Sir, you muſt; and therefore, I beſeech you, look forward on the journey you ſhall go.

Barnar. I ſwear, I will not die to day for any man's perſuaſion.

Duke. But hear you,——

Barnar. Not a word: if you have any thing to ſay to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to day. [*Exit.*

Enter Provoſt.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: oh, gravel heart! After him, fellows: bring him to the block.

Prov. Now, Sir, how do you find the priſoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;

And,

And, to tranſport him in the mind he is,
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the priſon, father,
There dy'd this morning of a cruel fever
One *Ragozine*, a moſt notorious pirate,
A man of *Claudio*'s years; his beard, and head,
Juſt of his colour: What if we omit
This reprobate, 'till he were well inclin'd;
And ſatisfie the deputy with the viſage
Of *Ragozine*, more like to *Claudio?*

Duke. O, 'tis an accident, that heav'n provides:
Diſpatch it preſently; the hour draws on
Prefixt by *Angelo:* ſee, this be done,
And ſent according to command; while I
Perſuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This ſhall be done, good father, preſently:
But *Barnardine* muſt die this afternoon:
And how ſhall we continue *Claudio*,
To ſave me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done;
Put them in ſecret holds, both *Barnardine* and *Claudio:*
Ere twice the ſun hath made his journal greeting
To yonder generation, you ſhall find
Your ſafety manifeſted.

Prov. I am your free dependent.

Duke. Quick, diſpatch, and ſend the head to *Angelo.*
[*Exit* Provoſt.

Now will I write letters to *Angelo*,
(The *Provoſt*, he ſhall bear them;) whoſe contents
Shall witneſs to him, I am near at home;
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publickly: him I'll deſire
To meet me at the conſecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and weal-balanced form,
We ſhall proceed with *Angelo.*

Enter

Enter Provoſt.

Prov. Here is the head, I'll carry it myſelf.
Duke. Convenient is it: make a ſwift return;
For I would commune with you of ſuch things,
That want no ears but yours.
Prov. I'll make all ſpeed. [*Exit.*
Iſab. [*within.*] Peace, hoa, be here!
Duke. The tongue of *Iſabel*——She comes to know,
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ign'rant of her good,
To make her heav'nly comforts of deſpair,
When it is leaſt expected.

Enter Iſabel.

Iſab. Hoa, by your leave.——
Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.
Iſab. The better, giv'n me by ſo holy a man:
Hath yet the deputy ſent my brother's pardon?
Duke. He hath releas'd him, *Iſabel*, from the world;
His head is off, and ſent to *Angelo*.
Iſab. Nay, but it is not ſo.
Duke. It is no other.
Shew your wiſdom, daughter, in your cloſeſt patience.
Iſab. Oh, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.
Duke. You ſhall not be admitted to his ſight.
Iſab. Unhappy *Claudio!* wretched *Iſabel!*
Injurious world! moſt damned *Angelo!*
Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore, give your cauſe to heav'n:
Mark, what I ſay; which you ſhall ſurely find
By ev'ry ſyllable a faithful verity.
The Duke comes home to-morrow; dry your eyes:
One of our convent, and his confeſſor,
Gives me this inſtance: already he hath carry'd
Notice to *Eſcalus* and *Angelo*,
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,

There to give up their pow'r. If you can, pace your wisdom
In that good path that I would wish it go,
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
And gen'ral honour.

Isab. I'm directed by you.

Duke. This letter then to Friar *Peter* give;
'Tis That he sent me of the Duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At *Mariana*'s house to night. Her cause and yours
I'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you
Before the Duke, and to the head of *Angelo*
Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy Order,
If I pervert your course. Who's here?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even;
Friar, where's the *Provost?*

Duke. Not within, Sir.

Lucio. Oh, pretty *Isabella*, I am pale at mine heart, to see thine eyes so red; thou must be patient; I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly: one fruitful meal would set me to't. But they say the Duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, *Isabel*, I lov'd thy brother: if the old fantastical Duke of dark corners had been at home, he had liv'd. [*Exit* Isabella.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholden to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so well as I do; he's a better woodman, than thou tak'st him for.

Duke. Well; you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio.

Lucio. Nay, tarry, I'll go along with thee: I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, Sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you ſuch a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I; but I was fain to forſwear it; they would elſe have marry'd me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honeſt: reſt you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it; nay, Friar, I am a kind of bur, I ſhall ſtick.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Palace.*

Enter Angelo *and* Eſcalus.

Eſcal. EVERY letter, he hath writ, hath diſvouch'd other.

Ang. In moſt uneven and diſtracted manner. His actions ſhew much like to madneſs: pray heav'n, his wiſdom be not tainted! and why meet him at the gates, and deliver our authorities there?

Eſcal. I gueſs not.

Ang. And why ſhould we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redreſs of injuſtice, they ſhould exhibit their petitions in the ſtreet?

Eſcal. He ſhews his reaſon for that; to have a diſpatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which ſhall then have no power to ſtand againſt us.

Ang. Well; I beſeech you, let it be proclaim'd betimes i'th' morn; I'll call you at your houſe: give notice to ſuch men of ſort and ſuit, as are to meet him.

Eſcal. I ſhall, Sir; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Ang. Good night.
This deed unſhapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all proceedings. A defloured maid!
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
The law againſt it! but that her tender ſhame
Will not proclaim againſt her maiden loſs,
How might ſhe tongue me? yet reaſon dares her: (17)
For my authority bears a credent bulk;
That no particular ſcandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather. He ſhould have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous ſenſe,
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge;
By ſo receiving a diſhonour'd life,
With ranſom of ſuch ſhame. 'Would yet, he had liv'd!
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not.
[*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Fields without the Town.*

Enter Duke *in his own Habit, and Friar Peter.*

Duke. THESE letters at fit time deliver me.
The *Provoſt* knows our purpoſe, and our plot:
The matter being a foot, keep your inſtruction,
And hold you ever to our ſpecial drift;
Tho' ſometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cauſe doth miniſter: go, call at *Flavius'* houſe,
And tell him, where I ſtay; give the like notice
Unto *Valentius, Rowland,* and to *Craſſus,*
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate:
But ſend me *Flavius* firſt.
Peter. It ſhall be ſpeeded well. [*Exit Friar.*

(17) —— *yet Reaſon dares her:*] The old *Folio* Impreſſions read, *yet Reaſon dares her* no: ——— perhaps, *dares her* Note: i. e. ſtifles her Voice; frights her from ſpeaking.

Enter

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, *Varrius*; thou haſt made good haſte:
Come, we will walk. There's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle *Varrius.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter Iſabella *and* Mariana.

Iſab. To ſpeak ſo indirectly, I am loth:
I'd ſay the truth; but to accuſe him ſo,
That is your part; yet I'm advis'd to do it,
He ſays, t'availful purpoſe. (18)
Mari. Be rul'd by him.
Iſab. Beſides, he tells me, that if peradventure
He ſpeak againſt me on the adverſe ſide,
I ſhould not think it ſtrange; for 'tis a phyſick,
That's bitter to ſweet end.
Mari. I would, Friar *Peter*———
Iſab. Oh, peace; the Friar is come.

Enter Peter.

Peter. Come, I have found you out a ſtand moſt fit,
Where you may have ſuch vantage on the Duke,
He ſhall not paſs you. Twice have the trumpets ſounded:
The generous and graveſt citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The Duke is entring: therefore hence, away. [*Exeunt.*

(18) *He ſays to* vail full *purpoſe.*] Thus the old Copies. I don't know what Idea our Editors form'd to themſelves, of *vailing full* purpoſe: but, I'm perſuaded, the Poet meant, as I have reſtor'd; *viz.* to a Purpoſe that will ſtand us in ſtead, that will profit us.

ACT V.

SCENE, *A publick Place near the City.*

Enter Duke, Varrius, *Lords*, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, *and Citizens at several Doors.*

DUKE.

MY very worthy cousin, fairly met;
Our old and faithful friend, we're glad to see you.

Ang. and *Escal.* Happy return be to your royal Grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thanks be to you both:
We've made enquiry of you, and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to publick thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. Oh, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves with characters of brass
A forted residence, 'gainst the tooth of time
And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the subjects see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within. Come, *Escalus*;
You must walk by us on our other hand:
And good supporters are you. [*As the Duke is going out,*

Enter Peter *and* Isabella.

Peter. Now is your time: speak loud, and kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal Duke! vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have said, a maid:
Oh,

Oh, worthy Prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
'Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice.

Duke. Relate your wrongs; in what, by whom? be brief:
Here is lord *Angelo* shall give you justice;
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. Oh, worthy Duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourself, for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you: oh, hear me, hear me.

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice!

Isab. Course of justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly, and strange. (19)

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak;
That *Angelo*'s forsworn, is it not strange?
That *Angelo*'s a murth'rer, is't not strange?
That *Angelo* is an adult'rous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violater;
Is it not strange, and strange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is *Angelo*,
Than this is all as true, as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times truer; for truth is truth
To th' end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her: poor soul,
She speaks this in th' infirmity of sense.

(19) *And she will speak most bitterly.*] Thus is the Verse left imperfect by Mr. *Rowe* and Mr. *Pope*; tho' the old Copies all fill it up, as I have done. I have restor'd an infinite Number of such Passages *tacitly* from the first Impressions: but I thought proper to take notice, once for all, here, that as Mr. *Pope* follows Mr. *Rowe*'s Edition in his Errors and Omissions, it gives great Suspicion, notwithstanding the pretended Collation of Copies, that Mr. *Pope*, for the Generality, took Mr. *Rowe*'s Edition as his Guide.

Isab. O Prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'ſt
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not; with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madneſs. Make not impoſſible
That, which but ſeems unlike; 'tis not impoſſible,
But one, the wicked'ſt caitiff on the ground,
May ſeem as ſhy, as grave, as juſt, as abſolute,
As *Angelo*; even ſo may *Angelo*,
In all his dreſſings, caracts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain: believe it, royal Prince,
If he be leſs, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badneſs.

Duke: By mine honeſty,
If ſhe be mad, as I believe no other,
Her madneſs hath the oddeſt frame of ſenſe;
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madneſs.

Isab. Gracious Duke,
Harp not on That; nor do not baniſh reaſon
For inequality; but let your reaſon ſerve
To make the truth appear, where it ſeems hid;
Not hide the falſe, ſeems true.

Duke. Many, that are not mad,
Have, ſure, more lack of reaſon.
What would you ſay?

Isab. I am the ſiſter of one *Claudio*,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To loſe his head; condemn'd by *Angelo:*
I, in probation of a ſiſterhood,
Was ſent to by my brother; one *Lucio*,
As then the meſſenger,———

Lucio. That's I, an't like your Grace:
I came to her from *Claudio*, and deſir'd her
To try her gracions fortune with lord *Angelo*,
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to ſpeak. [*To* Lucio.

Lucio. No, my good lord, nor wiſh'd to hold my peace.

Duke.

Duke. I wiſh you now then;
Pray you, take note of it, and when you have
A buſineſs for your ſelf, pray heav'n, you then
Be perfect.
Lucio. I warrant your Honour.
Duke. The warrant's for your ſelf; take heed to't.
Iſab. This gentleman told ſomewhat of my tale.
Lucio. Right.
Duke. It may be right, but you are in the wrong
To ſpeak before your time. Proceed.
Iſab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff Deputy.
Duke. That's ſomewhat madly ſpoken.
Iſab. Pardon it:
The phraſe is to the matter.
Duke. Mended again: the matter; — proceed:
Iſab. In brief; (to ſet the needleſs Proceſs by,
How I perſuaded, how I pray'd and kneel'd,
How he repell'd me, and how I reply'd;
For this was of much length) the vile concluſion
I now begin with grief and ſhame to utter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaſte body
To his concupiſcent intemp'rate luſt,
Releaſe my brother; and after much debatement,
My ſiſterly Remorſe confutes mine Honour,
And I did yield to him: But the next morn betimes,
His purpoſe ſurfeiting, he ſends a Warrant
For my poor brother's head.
Duke. This is moſt likely!
Iſab. Oh, that it were as like as it is true!
Duke. By heav'n, fond wretch, thou know'ſt not
what thou ſpeak'ſt,
Or elſe thou art ſuborn'd againſt his honour
In hateful practice. Firſt, his integrity
Stands without blemiſh; next, it imports no reaſon,
That with ſuch vehemence he ſhould purſue
Faults proper to himſelf: if he had ſo offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himſelf,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath ſet you on;

Confeſs the truth, and ſay, by whoſe advice
Thou cam'ſt here to complain.

Iſab. And is this all?
Then, oh, you bleſſed miniſters above!
Keep me in patience; and with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance: Heav'n ſhield your Grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go.

Duke. I know, you'd fain be gone. An Officer;
To priſon with her. Shall we thus permit
A blaſting and a ſcandalous breath to fall
On him ſo near us? this needs muſt be a practice.
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

Iſab. One that I would were here, *Friar Lodowick.*

Duke. A ghoſtly father, belike:
Who knows that *Lodowick?*

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling *Friar*;
I do not like the man; had he been Lay, my lord,
For certain words he ſpake againſt your Grace
In your retirement, I had ſwing'd him ſoundly.

Duke. Words againſt me? this is a good *Friar*, belike;
And to ſet on this wretched woman here
Againſt our Subſtitute! let this *Friar* be found.

Lucio. But yeſternight, my lord, ſhe and that *Friar*,
I ſaw them at the priſon: a ſaucy *Friar*,
A very ſcurvy fellow.

Peter. Bleſſed be your royal Grace!
I have ſtood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal Ear abus'd. Firſt, hath this woman
Moſt wrongfully accus'd your Subſtitute;
Who is as free from touch or ſoil with her,
As ſhe from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no leſs.
Know you that *Friar Lodowick*, which ſhe ſpeaks of?

Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy?
Not ſcurvy, nor a temporary medler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my Truſt, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, miſreport your Grace.

Lucio.

Lucio. My lord, moſt villainouſly; believe it.

Peter. Well; he in time may come to clear himſelf;
But at this inſtant he is ſick, my lord,
Of a ſtrange fever. On his meer requeſt,
(Being come to knowledge that there was Complaint
Intended 'gainſt lord *Angelo*) came I hither
To ſpeak as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and falſe; and what he with his oath
By all Probation will make up full clear,
Whenever he's conven'd. Firſt, for this woman;
To juſtifie this worthy Nobleman,
So vulgarly and perſonally accus'd,
Her ſhall you hear diſproved to her eyes,
'Till ſhe herſelf confeſs it.

Duke. Good *Friar*, let's hear it.
Do you not ſmile at this, lord *Angelo?*
O heav'n the vanity of wretched fools! ———
Give us ſome ſeats; come, Couſin *Angelo*, (20)
In this I will be partial: be you Judge
Of your own Cauſe. Is this the witneſs, *Friar?*

[Iſabella *is carried off, guarded.*

(20) ——————— *come, couſin* Angelo,

In this I'll be impartial: *be you judge*

Of your own Cauſe.] Surely, this Duke had odd Notions of Impartiality; to profeſs it, and then commit the Deciſion of a Cauſe to the Perſon accus'd of being the Criminal. He talks much more rationally on this Affair, when he ſpeaks in the Character of the Friar.

——— *The Duke's* unjuſt,
Thus to retort your manifeſt Appeal;
And put your Trial in the Villain's mouth,
Which here you come t'accuſe. ———

I think, there needs no ſtronger Authority to convince, that the Poet muſt have wrote as I have corrected,

In this I will be partial;

Enter

Enter Mariana *veil'd.*

Firſt let her ſhew her face; and, after, ſpeak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord, I will not ſhew my face,
Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you marry'd?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, are you nothing then? neither maid, widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, ſhe may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would, he had ſome cauſe to prattle for himſelf.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confeſs, I ne'er was marry'd;
And, I confeſs, beſides, I am no maid;
I've known my husband; yet my husband knows not,
That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord; it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of ſilence, would thou wert ſo too.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witneſs for lord *Angelo.*

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord.
She, that accuſes him of fornication,
In ſelf-ſame manner doth accuſe my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with ſuch a time,
When I'll depoſe I had him in mine arms,
With all th' effect of love.

Ang. Charges ſhe more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you ſay, your huſband. [*To* Mariana.

Mari. Why, juſt, my lord; and that is *Angelo*;
Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my body;
But

But knows, he thinks, that he knows *Iſabel's*.

Ang. This is a ſtrange abuſe; let's ſee thy face,

Mari. My huſband bids me; now I will unmaſk.

[*Unveiling.*

This is that face, thou cruel *Angelo*,
Which, once thou ſwor'ſt, was worth the looking on;
This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,
Was faſt belock'd in thine: this is the body,
That took away the match from *Iſabel*;
And did ſupply thee at thy garden-houſe
In her imagin'd perſon.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, ſhe ſays.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I muſt confeſs, I know this woman;
And five years ſince there was ſome ſpeech of marriage
Betwixt myſelf and her; which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promiſed proportions
Came ſhort of compoſition; but, in chief,
For that her Reputation was diſ-valu'd
In levity; ſince which time of five years
I never ſpake with her, ſaw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble Prince,
As there comes light from heav'n, and words from breath,
As there is ſenſe in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife, as ſtrongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But *Tueſday* night laſt gone, in's garden-houſe,
He knew me as a wife; as this is true,
Let me in ſafety raiſe me from my knees;
Or elſe for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument!

Ang. I did but ſmile 'till now.
Now, good my lord, give me the ſcope of juſtice;
My patience here is touch'd; I do perceive,
Theſe poor informal women are no more

But

But instruments of some more mightier member,
That sets them on. Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them unto your height of pleasure.
Thou foolish *Friar*, and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone; think'st thou, thy oaths,
Tho' they would swear down each particular Saint,
Were testimonies 'gainst his worth and credit,
That's seal'd in approbation; You, lord *Escalus*,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.
There is another *Friar*, that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

Peter. Would he were here, my lord; for he, indeed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint:
Your *Provost* knows the place, where he abides;
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth;
Do with your injuries, as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while
Will leave you; but stir not you, 'till you have well
Determined upon these slanderers. [*Exit.*

Escal. My lord, we'll do it throughly. Signior *Lucio*, did not you say, you knew that *Friar Lodowick* to be a dishoneſt person?

Lucio. Cucullus non facit monachum; honest in nothing, but in his cloaths; and one that hath spoke most villanous speeches of the Duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here 'till he come, and inforce them against him; we shall find this *Friar* a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in *Vienna*, on my word.

Escal. Call that same *Isabel* here once again: I would speak with her: pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle her.

Lucio.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, Sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she should sooner confess; perchance, publickly she'll be asham'd.

Enter Duke *in the Friar's habit, and* Provost; Isabella *is brought in.*

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at midnight.

Escal. Come on, mistress: here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of, here with the *Provost.*

Escal. In very good time; speak not you to him, 'till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum——

Escal. Come Sir, did you set these women on to slander lord *Angelo?* they have confess'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How? know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great Place; and let the devil
Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne.
Where is the Duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The Duke's in us; and we will hear you speak:
Look, you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least. But oh, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress: is the Duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The Duke's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal;
And put your tryal in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he, I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unrev'rend and unhallow'd *Friar,*
Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women
T'accuse this worthy man, but with foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,

To

To call him villain; and then glance from him
To th' duke himſelf, to tax him with injuſtice?
Take him hence; to th' rack with him: we'll touze you
Joint by joint, but we will know his purpoſe:
What? unjuſt?

Duke. Be not ſo hot; the duke dare no more ſtretch
This finger of mine, than he dare rack his own:
His ſubject am I not,
Nor here provincial; my buſineſs in this ſtate
Made me a looker on here in *Vienna*;
Where I have ſeen corruption boil and bubble,
'Till it o'er-run the ſtew: laws, for all faults;
But faults ſo countenanc'd, that the ſtrong ſtatutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's ſhop,
As much in mock as mark.

Eſcal. Slander to th' ſtate! away with him to priſon.

Ang. What can you vouch againſt him, ſignior *Lucio?*
Is this the man, that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman bald-pate:
Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, Sir, by the ſound of your voice: I met you at the priſon in the abſence of the duke.

Lucio. Oh, did you ſo? and do you remember what you ſaid of the duke?

Duke. Moſt notedly, Sir.

Lucio. Do you ſo, Sir? and was the duke a fleſh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You muſt, Sir, change perſons with me, ere you make that my report: you ſpoke ſo of him, and much more, much worſe.

Lucio. Oh thou damnable fellow! did not I pluck thee by the noſe, for thy ſpeeches?

Duke. I proteſt, I love the duke as I love my ſelf.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would cloſe now, after his treaſonable abuſes.

Eſcal.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal; away with him to prison: where is the *Provost?* away with him to prison; lay bolts enough upon him; let him speak no more; away with those giglets too, and with the other confederate companion.

Duke. Stay, Sir, stay a-while.

Ang. What! resists he? help him, *Lucio.*

Lucio. Come, Sir; come, Sir; come, Sir; foh, Sir, why, you bald-pated lying rascal; you must be hooded, must you? show your knave's visage, with a pox to you; show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour: will't not off?

[*Pulls off the* Friar's *hood, and discovers the* Duke.

Duke. Thou art the first knave, that e'er mad'st a duke.
First, *Provost*, let me bail these gentle three.
Sneak not away, Sir; for the *Friar* and you
Must have a word anon: lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down:
[*To* Escalus.
We'll borrow place of him. Sir, by your leave:
Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? if thou hast,
Rely upon it 'till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernable;
When I perceive your Grace, like pow'r divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes: then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame;
But let my tryal be mine own confession:
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, *Mariana:*
Say; wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.
Do you the office, *Friar*; which consummate,

Return

Return him here again: go with him, *Provoſt.*

[*Exeunt* Angelo, Mariana, Peter, *and* Provoſt.

Eſcal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his diſhonour,
Than at the ſtrangeneſs of it.

Duke. Come hither, *Iſabel*;
Your *Friar* is now your prince: as I was then
Advertiſing, and holy to your buſineſs,
Not changing heart with habit, I am ſtill
Attornied at your ſervice.

Iſab. Oh, give me pardon,
That I, your vaſſal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown ſovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, *Iſabel:*
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, ſits at your heart:
And you may marvel, why I obſcur'd myſelf,
Labouring to ſave his life; and would not rather
Make raſh remonſtrance of my hidden power,
Than let him be ſo loſt: Oh, moſt kind maid,
It was the ſwift celerity of his death,
Which, I did think, with ſlower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpoſe: but, peace be with him!
That life is better life, paſt fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort;
So, happy is your brother,

Enter Angelo, Mariana, Peter, *and* Provoſt.

Iſab. I do, my lord.

Duke. For this new-marry'd man, approaching here,
Whoſe ſalt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you muſt pardon
For *Mariana*'s ſake: but as he adjudg'd your brother,
Being criminal, in double violation
Of ſacred chaſtity, and of promiſe-breach,
Thereon dependant for your brother's life,
The very mercy of the law cries out
Moſt audible, even from his proper tongue,
An *Angelo* for *Claudio*; death for death.
Haſte ſtill pays haſte, and leiſure anſwers leiſure;

Like

Like doth quit like, and *Measure* ſtill for *Measure*.
Then, *Angelo*, thy faults are manifeſted;
Which tho' thou would'ſt deny, denies thee vantage.
We do condemn thee to the very block,
Where *Claudio* ſtoop'd to death; and with like haſte;
Away with him.
Mari. Oh, my moſt gracious lord,
I hope, you will not mock me with a husband?
Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband.
Conſenting to the ſafeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; elſe imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choak your good to come: for his poſſeſſions,
Altho' by confiſcation they are ours,
We do enſtate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.
Mari. Oh, my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.
Duke Never crave him; we are definitive.
Mari. Gentle, my liege——
Duke. You do but loſe your labour:
Away with him to death. Now, Sir, to you.
Mari. Oh, my good lord! Sweet *Iſabel*, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you all my life, to do you ſervice.
Duke. Againſt all ſenſe you do importune her;
Should ſhe kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghoſt his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.
Mari. Iſabel,
Sweet *Iſabel*, do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands, ſay nothing; I'll ſpeak all.
They ſay, beſt men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the moſt, become much more the better
For being a little bad: ſo may my husband.
Oh, *Iſabel!* will you not lend a knee?
Duke. He dies for *Claudio*'s death.
Iſab. Moſt bounteous Sir, [*Kneeling.*
Look, if it pleaſe you, on this man condemn'd,

As

As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,
A due ſincerity govern'd his deeds,
'Till he did look on me; ſince it is ſo,
Let him not die. My brother had but juſtice,
In that he did the thing for which he dy'd;
For *Angelo*, his act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And muſt be bury'd but as an intent,
That periſh'd by the way: thoughts are no ſubjects:
Intents, but meerly thoughts.

Mari. Meerly, my lord.

Duke. Your ſuit's unprofitable; ſtand up, I ſay:
I have bethought me of another fault.
Provoſt, how came it, *Claudio* was beheaded
At an unuſual hour?

Prov. It was commanded ſo.

Duke. Had you a ſpecial warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private meſſage.

Duke. For which I do diſcharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord.
I thought, it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:
For teſtimony whereof, one in the priſon,
That ſhould by private order elſe have dy'd,
I have reſerv'd alive.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is *Barnardine*.

Duke. I would, thou had'ſt done ſo by *Claudio*:
Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

Eſcal. I'm ſorry, one ſo learned and ſo wiſe
As you, lord *Angelo*, have ſtill appear'd,
Should ſlip ſo groſsly both in heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I'm ſorry, that ſuch ſorrow I procure;
And ſo deep ſticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy:
'Tis my deſerving, and I do intreat it.

Enter Provoſt, Barnardine, Claudio, *and* Julietta.

Duke. Which is that *Barnardine?*

Prov.

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a *Friar* told me of this man:
Sirrah, thou'rt ſaid to have a ſtubborn ſoul,
That apprehends no further than this world;
And ſquar'ſt thy life accordingly: thou'rt condemn'd;
But for thoſe earthly faults, I quit them all:
I pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come: *Friar*, adviſe him;
I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow's that?

Prov. This is another priſoner, that I ſav'd,
Who ſhould have dy'd when *Claudio* loſt his head;
As like almoſt to *Claudio*, as himſelf.

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his ſake [*To* Iſab.
Is he pardon'd; and for your lovely ſake,
Give me your hand, and ſay, you will be mine,
He is my brother too; but fitter time for that.
By this, lord *Angelo* perceives he's ſafe;
Methinks, I ſee a quickning in his eye.
Well, *Angelo*, your evil quits you well;
Look, that you love your wife; her worth, worth yours.
I find an apt remiſſion in myſelf,
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.
You, ſirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,
[*To* Lucio.
One of all luxury, an aſs, a mad-man;
Wherein have I deſerved ſo of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I ſpoke it but according to the trick; if you will hang me for it, you may: but I had rather it would pleaſe you, I might be whipt.

Duke. Whipt firſt, Sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaim it, *Provoſt*, round about the city;
If any woman, wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him ſwear himſelf, there's one
Whom he begot with child) let her appear,
And he ſhall marry her; the nuptial finiſh'd,
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Lucio. I beſeech your highneſs, do not marry me to a whore: your highneſs ſaid even now, I made you a duke;

duke; good my lord, do not recompence me, in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her:
Thy slanders I forgive, and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits; take him to prison:
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping and hanging.

Duke. Sland'ring a prince deserves it.
She, *Claudio*, that you wrong'd, look, you restore.
Joy to you, *Mariana:* love her, *Angelo*;
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.
Thanks, good friend *Escalus*, for thy much goodness:
There's more behind, that is more gratulate.
Thanks, *Provost*, for thy care and secresie;
We shall imploy thee in a worthier place:
Forgive him, *Angelo*, that brought you home
The head of *Ragozine* for *Claudio*'s;
Th' offence pardons itself. Dear *Isabel*,
I have a motion much imports your good,
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine:
So bring us to our palace, where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet You all should know.

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the First Volume.

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